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WAR MAKERS AND PEACE MAKERS

Character Studies of the Leading Actors in the Conflict

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Woodrow Wilson

HARPER'S PICTORIAL LIBRARY OF THE WORLD WAR

In Twelve Volumes
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FOREWORD BY CHARLES W. ELIOT, PhD.
President Emeritus, Harvard University

VOLUME IX

War Makers and Peace Makers

Character Studies of the Leading Actors in the Conflict

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

Edited by
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INTRODUCTION

By John Grier Hibben

President of Princeton University

THE great war was a conflict of ideas. Back of the men and munitions, the armies and navies of the Allies and of the Central Powers, there were the directing and controlling personalities who won and lost for their causes. It was a contest of wits, mind challenging mind, will against will. Natural resources and equipment were essential, but nevertheless secondary to the wise intelligence capable of using them so as to serve its cleverly conceived purposes, and sustained in every crisis by a spirit which, conscious of the power and promise of its cause, never lost faith in its will to conquer. Therefore it is peculiarly fitting that the American people, particularly the youth of the coming generation, should have at hand a dependable record of the lives and character of those conspicuous figures whose names will be forever intimately associated with this war which has shaken the very foundations of the world, and, as we confidently believe, marks the beginning of a new heaven and a new earth.

The brief biographies of these men are a revelation of their character, their temperament, their struggle, of their defeats and their victories, their perseverance in the preliminary tests of the temper of their spirits—all preparatory to the great crises, in which they proved their power, as leaders of their people and saviors of the world's civilization.

To understand fully the significance of the lives of the victors, it is necessary to recognize by contrast also the defects and shortcomings of their foes. Consequently, a portion of this volume is given to an account of the personality of those who sought the destruction of the world that they might build it anew in all the arrogance of their pride, and in cruel contempt of the rights and liberties of their fellow-men.

A biographical sketch does not explain a great man. Is he ever adequately explained? It does serve, however, to illuminate his personality and powers, by bringing him out of the shadow, and giving to a figure vague and indefinite a concrete setting distinctly focused and clearly defined. Biography gives life to a name, arousing our interests and sympathies, by presenting to us something which has the true ring of reality. From time to time we see human nature in its lowest phases, and it is good for us to come into intimate contact with that other phase which appears as the highest and best expression of human endeavor and achievement. Our national heroes become symbols for us of the supreme values in life. They illustrate and embody in their own persons a set of ideas which express the traditions and aspirations by which we as a people must live or perish.

The men upon whom rested the responsibility for the conduct of the war and its victorious issue will take their place in history, not only as representatives of their own nations, but as representatives also of the great cause, and of the moral and spiritual element which was the secret of its inspiring and conquering power. Such men do not come to their hour of opportunity by chance or by the favor of fortune. Their lives prove that all unconsciously to themselves they had been in training to meet the great emergency. There is a logical uniformity behind their years of preparation, and the supreme test of their ability and character. Such men do not happen; they swing into their orbits as by an inevitably predestined fitness for their tasks. They are the men who know, who believe, who dare, and who attain. By the steady and continuous accumulation of knowledge, by the rich experience in action, breeding wisdom, by the unconquerable will, and the perseverance which balks at no obstacle and acknowledges no defeat, they have come into possession of that stored power which moves unfailing toward its destined end. Some of these heroes of the war, however, seem to have had a subconscious premonition that they must inform themselves concerning the theory and the art of war and by arduous effort acquire the necessary discipline in order to command and to lead their fellow-men. We cannot call them seers, but they saw, at least, the possibility of a great war involving the nations of Europe and even of the whole world. They were vaguely aware of the dark shadow of the night which was to fall so suddenly and terribly upon an unthinking world.

Consequently they busied themselves with the study of the war game, became experts, spoke with authority, and stood in readiness to obey the call when it should come, prepared for high command, difficult undertakings, and successful achievement. One of the most conspicuous illustrations of one who in his early years determined to prepare himself to be of service to his country in the possible event of war is that of Sir Arthur Currie, Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Canadian corps in France. Upon his return to the Dominion he was given by his government and countrymen a triumphal entry into the city of Montreal in recognition of his brilliant services throughout the war, and particularly at certain critical times, when at the second battle of Ypres, at Vimy Ridge, and in Sanctuary Wood his obstinate courage and wise skill helped to save the day not only for the British front, but for the very cause of the Allies itself. The Canadians under his command had to meet at Ypres the first surprise gas attack of the war. The men had no gas-masks. They did not even know there were such things. The forced retirement of the French had left the Canadian flank unprotected and terrifically enfiladed. It was a critical moment, not only in that battle, but in the history of the world. The Canadian troops held their ground and saved the Channel ports because back of them was the grimly determined spirit of Sir Arthur Currie. "We are running short of ammunition," reported an officer from the front to Currie. "Rely upon your bayonets. Hold the trench at all costs," was the uncompromising reply. Who was this man in the days of peace? As a young lad of eighteen in 1893, he was a school-teacher acquir-

ing sufficient means to go to the Strathroy Collegiate Institute of Ontario to secure a business education, then a year or two later an insurance agent, finally establishing himself in a rapidly developing real-estate business. But with his exacting business responsibilities he found time in his leisure to give diligent attention to his duties as a member of the Canadian militia. Passing through the various grades of non-commissioned rank, he became eventually the commander of the 5th Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery of Victoria. Not satisfied with this attainment, he resigned his command in order to perfect himself in the infantry branch of the service, and organized an infantry-militia regiment, composed mostly of men of Scottish extraction like himself, to which he gave the name of the Canadian Gordon Highlanders. He was among the first to volunteer his services at the outbreak of the war and was able to offer his government something more than a sentiment of patriotic loyalty and a desire to help if he could only be taught and shown the way; he was able to stand in his place with a ready knowledge, experience, and skill, to be used at his country's bidding.

This is not an isolated case by any means. Sir Arthur Currie represents a type—men of conspicuous position and achievement in this war, men in the field directing the fortunes of an army and deciding the destinies of nations, men also who performed all-important and essential functions behind the lines, manufacturers of munitions, ship-builders, food-directors, masters of transportation, chiefs of ordnance and commissary departments, members of boards of control—industrial, political, and military—men, all of them prepared through years of untiring toil and industry to plan and to act on the grand scale, so that it was not possible for them to fear or falter when the crisis came.

In the biographies of this volume it will be noted that many of these men of mark and distinction have risen from simple and humble beginnings. With no adventitious aid of birth or breeding, with no inherited wealth or social prestige, their power has come solely from within. They have been masters of their own destiny, self-dependent and self-initiating, commanding every circumstance and condition of life to serve their need and purpose. Their careers hold out to the younger generation both the proof and the promise that ability and character will always find a chance to express themselves and win the reward which is found in the inner consciousness of the success of their endeavor, whether there be outer recognition or not.

Let us not forget, however, the countless unknown and unnamed dead who laid the promise and glory of their youth upon the high altar of sacrifice. They also belong to the company of the world's heroes. Another tribute equally heartfelt and rising as spontaneously from the same deep admiration we would offer to those true men who by thousands, and indeed by millions, manifested the anonymous heroism of routine.

It is with this innumerable host, both the living and the dead, that we would associate in our minds the conspicuously great and brave, whose names have become a common possession, and whose careers are delineated in this volume.

War Makers and Peace Makers

I. STATESMEN AND POLITICAL LEADERS

CLEMENCEAU, THE TIGER OF FRANCE

A Savior of France—"The Wrecker of Cabinets"—The Radical Turns Conservative—He Makes War and Peace

"GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, President of the Council and Minister of War, and Marshal Foch, General-in-chief of the Allied Armies, have well deserved the gratitude of the country." These simple words, by the unanimous vote of the French Senate, are to be placed in every town hall and in the council-chamber of every commune throughout France. They recall in their austere brevity the famous words of the Roman Senate when, in the dark hour after the disastrous battle of Cannæ, it gave thanks to the Consul "for not having despaired of the Republic."

Georges Clemenceau, too, did not despair of the French Republic even at a time when no ray of light broke over the Western front and the German armies were knocking at the gates of Paris for the second time. So when, after the signing of the armistice, the Senate rose as one man to greet him, when political enemies and opponents as well as friends rushed forward to applaud, to shake hands, to embrace him, they were honoring the man who, quite as truly as the great military commander, was the savior of France. Then, for the first time in his life, the fierce old fighter broke down. Tears were in his eyes and words failed him.

"THE LITTLE KALMUCK"

Words do not usually fail Clemenceau—they are his deadliest weapon. Concentrated energy and a will of iron are the dominating characteristics of the man who has made and unmade ministers in modern France as the Earl of Warwick made and unmade kings in medieval England. The short, thick-set figure, the round, bald head with its bulging forehead, the flashing black eyes that dart lightning from their dark caverns—all tell of inexhaustible nervous energy. The eyes dominate the face; the shaggy eyebrows and the gray mustache, concealing the mouth, lend it character. The ivory-tinted countenance has grown lined with the years, but the high cheek-bones, the small Japanese nose, the grim jaw, the almost ferocious energy of expression still explain why his detractors used to call Clemenceau "the little Kalmuck" when his mocking laughter grew unendurable. No one can see this man without feeling his power.

Two years ago, a writer in the *Gaulois* (Paris) said: "His energy at seventy-six equals that of Samson at twenty. The voice of Clemenceau rings out in the Chamber with all the old thunder. His epigrams are still pointed. His words flow. His metaphors are vivid. His gestures accentuate his points. The large dark eyes flash. The big bald head seems as polished as ivory and as enduring as granite. The mustache bristles. He still scolds, scolds, and storms, storms. No lack of keenness in the wonderful memory forces him to abandon his in-

veterate habit of speaking without notes. The disposition, the personal characteristics, justify more than ever the title of 'the Tiger,' borne by Clemenceau for so many years. He lowers, glares, pauses, in the tribune, as if he would spring forth from it upon the listening Deputies below, reduced to the silence of a lot of school-boys. That idea is suggested by the minatory forefinger of Clemenceau, flourished right and left. In the end he comes down from his perch, lopes heavily through the aisle, and is gone, leaving an abashed Chamber well berated. He is, all admit, a terrible old man—'the Tiger.'" [1]

Yet this terrible old man has a softer side, according to M. Marc Logé. There is a school next door to Clemenceau's home in the rue Franklin. "It often happens that during recreation hours the scholars throw their balls inadvertently over the wall separating their playground from the adjoining garden. The head of the wonderful old man has now and then a narrow escape, much to the anxiety of the ladies of the Clemenceau household. The Prime Minister of France, who loves to spend his leisure in the bit of ground from which in summer he coaxes a flower or two and a few vegetables, meekly runs after the ball that has invaded his territory and tosses it back over the wall. It is a delightful little garden in the warm weather, from which comes, as a rule, the flower in the buttonhole of the statesman. At the end of this garden Georges Clemenceau has managed to build and maintain a true poultry-farm on a diminutive scale and in this 'he takes quite a personal interest as he sups every evening on the fresh eggs laid by his own hens.'" [2]

THE YOUNGEST OLD MAN IN EUROPE

Clemenceau is now seventy-eight years old, but his physical vigor is still extraordinary, perhaps because he has never modified the abstemious, methodical habits of a lifetime, even during the war. He goes to bed every evening at eight or nine o'clock and sleeps seven consecutive hours. According to Mr. J. I. C. Clarke's interesting account in *The Sun* (New York), his day begins earlier even than the early worm's. "He rises at three in the morning and takes a half-hour of smart and thorough exercise, dresses carefully, and descends to his front door in the rue Franklin, lifts the door-mat, and, finding there a packet fresh from the office of *L'Homme Libre*, takes it up to his room on the second floor. It is the latest news collected and notated by his assistant and the paper and brought by a man on a bicycle. This package read and digested, he takes up two or three *dossiers* from the Ministry and works over them leisurely and thoroughly.

"He gets the morning papers there and runs through them. By 8:30 he is ready to receive those he has engaged himself to see, and you may suppose a prime minister never fails in this. He has his light *déjeuner* ordinarily at about ten o'clock and thereafter goes forth to his affairs—his Ministry and his newspaper. He has no idle minutes. He avoids all casual interviews. He will not halt in corridors to talk. An old friend came into his newspaper office at the wrong time. 'What do you want?' 'Just to shake hands with you.' Bending forward with extended hand, he shook the visitor's. 'It is done,' he added and went on with his work. At seven o'clock or earlier he is home to a frugal dinner."

M. Marc Logé tells us also: "Clemenceau ascribes his vigor to the persistent cultivation of a variety of intellectual interests. He is a physician by profession, and his political career has not been allowed to interfere with his interest in the scientific developments at the medical schools. He followed the work of Pasteur with sympathy. He is something of an authority on the work of Claude Bernard. His library is rich in standard works on the vaccines. He is particularly well informed upon such subjects as opsonins and the thyroid gland. He delighted in the speculations of Metchnikoff on the theme of old age. Clemenceau's command of the English tongue was acquired in his youth. He is like Frenchmen generally in believing Poe the supreme American author. The supreme American statesman to Clemenceau, according to the *Humanité*, is Jefferson.

[1] *Current Opinion*, April, 1918. [2] *Ibid.*

Paul Thompson

Georges Clemenceau, Premier of France

'The Tiger of France," now seventy-eight years old, was one of the half-dozen supreme figures of the World War, and one of the "Big Three" at the Peace Conference. A wrecker of Cabinets, a stormy petrel of French politics, he had always been a destructive force; yet in November, 1917, when the aspect was blackest for France, he was chosen Prime Minister, and he led his country to success.

The essential American characteristic, he contends, is originality. . . . Like all men of his temperament, 'he puts a little coquetry' into the manifestations of himself, seeking never to disclose his soul wholly, trying to retain some recess of his nature from prying eyes. The consequence is that no character sketch of so complex a being is quite like any other. Different journalists seem to be writing about a different man, and as orator, physician, journalist, that he made his reputation. But in the World War the greatest destructive power in France became a constructive force, holding together disintegrating influences and welding them into a shield and sword for "*la Patrie*."

A MAN OF GRANITE FROM A GRANITE LAND

Counting by years, Clemenceau is the oldest man of those who decided the fate of

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Premier Clemenceau's Boyhood Home

Here, in the granite land of France, La Vendée, Clemenceau spent the happy days of boyhood.

critic of the drama and of literature, teacher, and politician, Clemenceau has many gifts and many characters. He takes a sort of pride in showing his defects, in hiding his greatness. He has curbed his furies a little—a very little—in recent years. He seems a trifle less impetuous, a bit less indiscreet of speech. The patriot in Clemenceau is to-day extinguishing the Jacobin." [1]

Yet it was as a Jacobin and a Radical Republican that Clemenceau began his career and as a *Tombeur de Ministères*

[1] *Current Opinion*, April, 1918.

Europe. Born September 28, 1841, at Mouilleron-en-Pareds near Fontenay-le-Comte on the Bay of Biscay, he is a son of La Vendée, the granite land of France, stubborn and inflexible, the home of Chateaubriand, Lamennais, and Renan. Thus Clemenceau, like Lloyd George, is of ancient Celtic stock, and Breton and Briton have sat at the Peace Table together. According to Clemenceau his name was originally a nickname, a diminutive of clément, or *le peu clément*, the unmild—an adjective well fitted to this scourge of folly, stupidity, and cowardice. In a land of religious

superstition and political conservatism, Clemenceau's father was a materialist and a Jacobin. Rigid in his principles, he would not allow any of his children to be christened and at the time of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* in 1851 he was imprisoned for opposing the Empire. He seems to have been something of an oddity, and although medicine was his profession, he devoted most of his time to the pursuit of philosophy, philanthropy, sculpture, and painting. His influence on his son was great, and Clemenceau's Spartan stoicism, his independence, his hatred of injustice, his scientific devotion to facts, his love of art—he is a collector of bibelots and paintings—and his consistent opposition to the power of the Church were all inherited from his father.

Clemenceau studied first at the *lycée* of Nantes, next at the school of medicine at Nantes, and then went up to Paris in 1861. The medical schools at that time were hotbeds of republicanism and atheism, and Clemenceau was a fiery young radical. One writer informs us: "Before he was twenty Georges was thrown into prison for shouting '*Vive la République!*' on the streets of Paris in the midst of the celebration of one of the anniversaries. He served his term in jail, and then, practically an exile, he came to America.

HE TEACHES FRENCH IN AMERICA

"Between 1865 and 1869 he lived in this country, chiefly in New York and in Stamford, Connecticut. He had been educated as a physician, and it was as a medical practitioner that he established himself on West Twelfth Street and became known in the neighborhood about Washington Square. Before he left France he had made the acquaintance of William E. Marshall, the artist who made the famous engraving of Lincoln, and it was as his friend, and indeed upon his invitation, that the young physician came to New York.

"But Georges Clemenceau, though his father had been a physician before him and generations of his family had followed that profession, was not successful as a doctor of medicine. He was not deeply interested in his calling. It is true that his university thesis for his doctor's degree was not only considered an important work at the time, but was still consulted as authoritative fifty years after he had written it. But even as a student in Paris young Clemenceau had found time to inform himself carefully on political questions and to contribute controversial papers to the political reviews. In New York he gravitated naturally toward the study of social and political conditions. And he drew his income not from the practice of his profession, but largely from the letters about things in America that he sent to the papers at home. Clemenceau wrote back to Paris that his first impression of the Americans was that they had 'no general ideas and no good coffee.'" [1]

Clemenceau's own ideas at this time were not only general, but positive. His doctor's thesis on "*La génération des éléments anatomiques*" refuted the agnostic theories of certain disciples of Comte; and not long after he published a translation of John Stuart Mill's *Auguste Comte and Positivism*, dedicated to Mill, whom he greatly admired. Meanwhile, since it was necessary to live and funds were low, he accepted a position as teacher of the French language and literature in Miss Aikens's Young Ladies' Seminary at Stamford, Connecticut. Here he fell in love with Miss Mary Plummer, of Springfield, Massachusetts, whom he married in 1869. A friend of Clemenceau, M. Maurice Le Blond, tells the story in characteristic French fashion as follows:

HE TAKES LESSONS IN AMERICAN FLIRTATION

"An admirable horseman, the young Frenchman accompanied the still younger American misses in their ride. There were free and delightful little tours on horseback, charming excursions along the shady roads which traverse the gay landscape of Connecticut. Such years carried with them for Clemenceau ineffaceable memories of a period during which his temperament accomplished the task of gaining strength and acquiring refinement. At the same time that he enriched his mind with solid conceptions of Anglo-Saxon philosophy and

[1] *The Times*, New York.

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Georges Clemenceau

This is the latest snapshot of Premier Clemenceau, taken as he was leaving the Peace Conference. With his hat at a saucy angle, a twinkle in his eye, and a smile on his lips, he is gripping his cane and buttoning up his coat with the air of a man who has won a good fight.

perfected his general cultivation, he took his first lessons in the delicacies of American flirtation. It was in the course of these pleasing jaunts, where the fresh laughter of these young ladies echoed through the bright scenery, that it was his lot to become betrothed to one of them, Miss Mary Plummer. Henceforth, in consequence of the sound, independent, and many-sided education which he had, so to say, imposed upon himself, Clemenceau had completed the last stage of his intellectual development. He was ripe to play great parts."

Although he returned to France with an American wife, Clemenceau seems otherwise to have been little affected by his stay in this country and always showed a curious indifference to American and English thought and political conditions. He settled down to the practice of medicine in the Montmartre district, and after the great *débâcle* of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 he was appointed Mayor of his district by his old friend, Étienne Arago. Of this period, the writer before quoted says:

"Throughout the Franco-Prussian War and the siege of Paris, Clemenceau was Mayor of the district of Montmartre. One of his duties during the siege was to see that 150,000 men were properly fed. Another was to look after thousands of refugees. He was also responsible for large amounts of money, and they tell a story that, foreseeing the accusations against any one's honesty that might be made in those trying days, he took the precaution of engaging an expert accountant to 'check up' and made public his use of every sou of public funds. At the end of the war he did all he could to gain 'home rule' for Paris, and then found himself the enemy of the Commune." [1]

Clemenceau resisted the demands of the mob and refused to join the Commune, because he felt this was a senseless struggle against the inevitable. As a would-be peacemaker, he was maltreated at Montmartre for trying to save the lives of the adherents of the government and hissed at Bordeaux for trying to defend the Parisians. But the recognition of his energy and ability came later when he was elected to the Municipal Council of Paris in 1871, and to the National Assembly, in the same year, with 96,000 votes, as a representative of the Extreme Left—the Radical Republicans. In 1875 he became President of the Communal Assembly of Paris; from 1875 to 1885 he sat in the National Assembly as Deputy for the Seine, from 1885 to 1893 for the Department of Var.

[1] *The Times*, New York.

THE TIGER

Clemenceau's first great speech, delivered on May 16, 1876, was that in which he demanded amnesty for the Communards, of whom 17,000 had been shot and 150,000 imprisoned, while 100,000 had fled across the frontier. This placed him at once in the front rank of French orators, and from that day of triumph to the day of his first political fall in 1893, he was known as the Wrecker of Cabinets, the Overthrower of Ministers, the Tiger who bit and clawed and fought his victims. Always aggressive and independent, during fifteen years Clemenceau was the intrepid leader of the Left. He fought the royalists and imperialists who were then plotting to overthrow the Republic. He opposed the policy of colonial expansion for France, objecting to the proposed expedition to Tunis in 1881; to intervention in Egypt, as likely to alienate England; and to the expeditions to Tonkin and Madagascar in 1883, 1884, and 1885. To the specious argument that France, too, must take up the "White Man's Burden," he replied with ruthless logic:

"Why risk $100,000,000 on remote expeditions when we have our entire industrial mechanism to create, when we lack schools and country roads? To build up vanquished France again we must not waste her blood and treasure on useless enterprises. But there are much higher reasons even than these for abstaining from such wars of depredation. It is all an abuse, pure and simple, of the power which scientific civilization has over primitive civilization to lay hold upon man as man, to torture him, to squeeze everything he has in him out of him for the profit of a civilization which itself is a sham."

AN INDIVIDUALIST IN POLITICS

His political career at this period was as individualistic as the man himself. "Men could not predict the action of Clemenceau. He was independent even in his radicalism, and he followed no leader but his own principles. They called him the undisciplined vandal in those early days when he was making a reputation as an upsetter of other men's careers.

"His political power was increased by his journalistic activities. In 1880 he founded *La Justice*, the great daily paper, of which he became chief editor. He overthrew Boulanger. He caused the fall of Jules Grévy and of Jules Ferry. He wrecked the activities and position of M. de Freycinet at least three times.

"Yet his own policy was a consistent radical republicanism, clear and practical; he stood for the realization of all that the revolution had hoped and dreamed. He was opposed, we may note, to the alliance with Russia, determined that his country should not be joined in so close a friendship with a despotic power. He unceasingly upheld the complete separation of Church and State. He urged constantly the development of French resources to the utmost. And those who have watched his career closely point out the growth of the man's political philosophy from his early reckless radicalism to the saner advocacy of a just and free democracy." [1]

In 1893 came the first great turning-point in Clemenceau's life. He became involved in the Panama Canal scandal and apparently his political career was wrecked. In that great venture, engineered by Ferdinand De Lesseps and largely financed by France, enormous sums had been swallowed up by the profiteers and millions had disappeared that have never been accounted for to this day. Clemenceau's enemies accused him of having accepted bribes and of having sold France. Clemenceau laid his private accounts before his constituents, and showed that his only luxuries were a horse that he hired during nine months of the year and a shooting license! He was still so poor that he had not paid off all his debts and had been unable to provide his daughter with a marriage portion. He faced his accusers in public, and in less than an hour had demolished the elaborate structure of lies and stupidity that his enemies had built up against him. He won his case amid general applause, but he was not re-elected. On August 20, 1893, he was defeated by an almost unknown candidate and at the age of fifty-two was considered a political corpse.

[1] *The Times*, New York.

THE FIGHTER WITH THE PEN

Those who had counted on silencing the Tiger by driving him from parliamentary life knew little of the irrepressible energy of the man. Forced out of politics, he began to fight with the pen. He became a journalist and a man of letters. He wrote for half a dozen journals on every subject under the sun. His daily comments on art, on books, on various dramatic incidents of the daily life of Paris, on the political situation, were by no means profound or strikingly original, but they were expressed in the nervous, informal, pungent style that is characteristically French. But he was not content to be merely a journalist. During the nine years between 1893 and 1902 he wrote a volume on the philosophy of nature, a novel, a play, much criticism, and several volumes of essays. *La mêlée sociale* is a study of the eternal struggle of man against every form of tyranny, *Le grand Pan* of the poetic and philosophic ideas underlying nature. The novel, *Les plus forts*, a social study of the world as a place where men still struggle as the beasts of prey in the ancestral jungle, is a "novel with a purpose" that fails as a work of art; but *Le voile du bonheur*, the little one-act play about the Chinese mandarin who found that it was better to remain blind and keep his illusions than to face the cruel verities of life, is remarkably dramatic as well as poignant in its disillusioned pessimism. The spirit of scientific materialism, the abundance of ideas, the sardonic humor in his writings, were familiar to the public that had known Clemenceau as an orator, but the love of nature and of animals, the sympathy with down-trodden humanity,

and the poetic fantasy displayed in these works were new phases of the old Clemenceau.

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH"

Yet Clemenceau was distinctly not a literary man in spite of his fourteen volumes, and he never quite attained distinction as a writer. Essentially a man of the platform a lance. His duels have been much dwelt upon, and he had many. He told his seconds once he would not kill his man, but he would break his leg above the knee; it would heal easier, and he did, and it did. He has no fear, and hence his known coolness was always daunting. It is told of Paul de Cassagnac that he wanted much to fight Clemenceau, but he wanted Clemenceau to challenge, as he would choose

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Where Premier Clemenceau Was Attacked

This photograph shows the three positions from which Émil Cottin (1) fired on Clemenceau's motor in the rue Franklin, just a few yards from where the Premier boarded it; (2) fired two shots as the car came to the Delessert; (3) fired at the back of the car. Three of these shots struck Clemenceau. The revolver is shown in the insert.

rather than of the study, he could not find full scope with pen and paper. His place among men was once more awaiting him, and Mr. Clarke tells how his return to public life came about.

"Clemenceau founded another journal, *L'Aurore*, and again leaped into the arena. When the Dreyfus case first was bruited about as an injustice done to an innocent man, Clemenceau upheld the finding of the court martial. It is to his eternal honor that when he studied the case he took the side of Dreyfus and gave Émile Zola, the novelist, room for his great articles on that side. Indeed, it is to Clemenceau that is attributed the heading '*J'Accuse*,' the ringing Zola slogan. He worked tirelessly against terrible enemies until justice was done.

"Clemenceau's style was now polished, brilliant, incisive, and his pen pierced like swords. Paul was a great fencer and Clemenceau was a dead shot. It is not surprising that they never met.

"In 1902 he was elected to the Senate by the same constituency of Var that had overthrown him. In 1906 he was made Minister of the Interior in the Ministry of Sarrien. When the latter retired in the same year Clemenceau became Premier. Counting on his socialism, the great miners' strikes were started, and at first he started in person to the mines to investigate.

"But disturbances as for a great labor revolt broke out, and Clemenceau called out the military and put down rioting with an iron hand. The legislation upon Church and State and the seizure of the Church property had been decreed before he came into power. He dealt with it as best he could, insisting on the inventories

being most exactly made. Whatever he thought in his earlier days, his riper thought was:

"'Governments can do nothing with beliefs. If the question is whether or not we should or should not destroy religion, the answer is, we do not wish to; we are not able to—and I am happy to say it—destroy a single belief in a single conscience.'"

AN IRON-HANDED PRIME MINISTER

During most of his political life, Clemenceau was in opposition to the Government. Whoever was in power, he was "ag'in' the Government," like the traditional Irishman. He had overthrown eighteen Ministries in fifteen years, and had made many enemies. The Church, for obvious reasons, did not support him. His early connection with Radical Republicanism antagonized the conservatives, while Socialists were alienated by his reversal of policy in the Moroccan affair, his support of the French loans to Russia, his shooting down workmen on strike, and his refusal to allow government employees the right to combine or strike. Yet in spite of the fact that Clemenceau's political ideals were those of eighteenth-century revolutionary France, rather than those of the twentieth century, his first Ministry was the most radical government that had held office since 1871, although he was the most iron-handed of Prime Ministers.

Perhaps because he felt that France still had to "go through its apprenticeship of liberty," he opposed every movement that even suggested revolution. He broke up the "Wine War" of 1907 by a small trick of cynical statesmanship. To the striking miners of the Pas de Calais who had expected sympathy from him because of his revolutionary past, he said, "We are not fighting on the same side of the barricades now." At the close of the famous debate on Socialism in 1906, when Jaurès urged the responsibility of society at large to all its members, Clemenceau flung his final taunt at the Socialist leader, "After all, Jaurès, you are not the good God." His intense individualism prevented an alliance politically with the only party that might have stood him in good stead when his sudden overthrow came about, largely through his own fault.

"In 1909 his old enemy, Delcassé, rose up suddenly and overthrew his Ministry. A discussion over naval affairs sprang up almost overnight. There were scandals, investigations, controversies. In a verbal duel with Delcassé—in the early years of Clemenceau's activity his duels were frequently not verbal—the Premier, to quote a newspaper despatch, 'seemed, for the first time in his parliamentary career, to lose his head.' Certainly he lost his temper, declared that Delcassé had 'humiliated France,' and stalked out of the room." [1]

The vote went against him, and in a fit of anger he resigned. He is said to have remarked flippantly, as he departed, "I came in with an umbrella; I go out with a stick." At sixty-eight Clemenceau was out of office for the second time and it might well seem that his day was over.

CLEMENCEAU THE PATRIOT

Fate had its greatest tasks and its greatest rewards still in store for the old man, however, and after eight years of absence Clemenceau was once more Premier in 1917. The intervening years had been busy years for him and tragic years for France. He had visited South America, lectured in many cities there, and written a book about his travels. He had kept his place in the Senate, and, true to form, had overthrown Caillaux's Ministry in 1912 and Briand's Cabinet in 1913. In 1912, he started another newspaper, *L'Homme Libre*, in which he attacked with mordant humor the ruling powers.

Then the war broke out, and Clemenceau once more became the critic of every man and the destroyer of every Cabinet that failed to attain what he thought best for France. He had always been a firm supporter of an alliance with England, and the *entente cordiale* brought about in 1908 by him and King Edward VII now added to his prestige. He was a member of the Viviani Ministry when the war began,

[1] *The Times*, New York.

but when *l'union sacrée* (the union of political parties in 1914) and the transfer of the government to Bordeaux weakened the influence of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, one man objected—Clemenceau

dent Poincaré. He criticized the sanitary service, protested against the influence of the *embusqués* (shirkers), opposed the Dardanelles and Salonica expeditions, and attacked the General-in-chief and the Gen-

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Clemenceau, the Wounded "Tiger"

This photograph shows "the Tiger" in his study after his attempted assassination by Émil Cottin. He rallied so rapidly that his physicians were forced to watch him constantly during his convalescence lest he resume his duties too soon.

in *L'Homme Libre*. The paper was first censored, then suspended. Clemenceau calmly changed its name, defiantly called it *L'Homme Enchaîné*, and returned to the charge. For two years he attacked Viviani, Briand, Ribot, and, by implication, Presi-

eral Staff after Verdun as "powers of unpreparedness." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in 1916 noted his destructive tendency and spoke of his lacking constructive capacity. "We have dangerous men in England, but none so dangerous as M. Clemenceau," he

added. Yet when President Poincaré said to him, "You have broken down Ministries, now make the great one that you have called for till the walls shake," Clemenceau rose to the opportunity. The war had gone badly. Russia had collapsed. General Nivelle had failed at the front, authority was being vested more and more in the Ministry

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"The First Poilu of France"

This picture, showing Georges Clemenceau in the outfit of a French soldier, is very popular in France at present.

of War instead of in the General-in-chief, an atmosphere of defeat and doubt weighed upon the spirit of the nation. "At the gravest crisis in the history of France the whole nation virtually called him to power as the only man who had the strength, the character, the deep sincerity, and the full, unfavoring honesty to carry her through. He was the most thorough patriot."

As such he threw himself boldly into his work, and France supported him as one man.

HE MAKES WAR—AND WINS

"When he appeared before the Chamber a day or two later and made his statement, there was a most remarkable scene. There he was, the old Clemenceau, the scourge of fools and knaves, as it was said, his wit cutting like a razor, his truculence as of old. He was there for France, which he loved, and for nothing else. He spoke of her, 'bloody in her glory,' and said that he, an old man, had nothing to gain for himself by being where he was. 'What are my war aims? you ask. I have only one—to win!' The Chamber almost shook with emotion as this last phrase was flung upon it with a marvelous intensity of passion. And then, after a pause, he let loose a flash of the old sarcasm, remarking, 'And if I win, you may pass a vote of censure upon me.'" [1]

When Clemenceau was asked what his plans were, he answered: "*Je fais la guerre. Je fais la guerre. Je fais la guerre.*" And he did make war—on every one that stood in the way of victory. With victory in view, he reassured the army, he went into the front trenches and encouraged the *poilus*, he spent several days each week at headquarters. It was he who compelled the unified command and made General Foch the supreme commander. It was he who relentlessly pursued the intrigues of Bolo Pasha and the *Bonnet Rouge* group. It was he who challenged the "defeatist" program of M. Caillaux and his followers, and who resisted the steady opposition of the Socialists, who objected to his virtual dictatorship. He ruled with a hand of iron. In the Inter-Allied conferences on the conduct of the war he displayed much force, but little patience. At the first meeting he made the shortest speech on record for so important a gathering. "Gentlemen, we are here to work. Let us work," he said. And the conference worked.

AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Perhaps the hardest work of Clemenceau's career came at the Peace Conference, for as Premier of France he presided at all the meetings and was the most unwearied

[1] Henry Leach in *Chambers's Journal*.

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A Mighty Pen

This is the pen presented to Clemenceau with which he signed the Peace Treaty.

worker there. What struggles went on behind the closed doors we do not yet know, for Clemenceau, who had always fought the censorship, became the chief opponent of all publicity. He resisted the demands of the smaller belligerent nations for a greater share in the decisions of the conference and opposed every plan that did not conduce to the greater glory of France. He pursued a single aim as relentlessly as he had waged war, and it is still too early to judge whether his narrow intensity has served his country and Europe well.

When an attempt was made on his life by Émil Cottin, who opposed his political policies, Clemenceau again showed his mettle. He refused to be lionized, but insisted on wearing his overcoat with the bullet-holes in it, for, said he, humorously, "With the high cost of clothes, one can't throw away an overcoat merely because a fool shoots through it."

Even his eulogists do not call Clemenceau a great statesman, but he undoubtedly holds the affections of France. His biographer, Mr. H. M. Hyndman, aptly says: "Critical and cynical, though at times enthusiastic and idealistic, the Parisian crowd takes no man at his own valuation and is no less fickle than crowds in cities generally are. But Clemenceau has never failed to be on good terms with them. . . . In addition to his other higher qualities, which impress all people of intelligence, Clemenceau has in him a vein of sheer humorous mischief that savors of the Parisian *gamin* rather than of the hard-working student from La Vendée. There is something in common between him and the young rogues of the Parisian streets who are not at all averse from enjoying life at the cost of poking fun at other people and even at themselves. This spirit of Paris early got hold of Clemenceau and he of it." It is not at all strange, then, that Mrs. Humphry Ward in *A Writer's Recollections* confesses that when she met Clemenceau long ago at dinner, it seemed to her that "he was too light a weight to ride such a horse as the French democracy." Yet with his light heart and light Gallic gaiety he has ridden it—and ridden it to victory.

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CLEMENCEAU AND THE FOURTEEN POINTS

The elder statesmen of Europe did not look with favor on the new idealism embodied in President Wilson's Fourteen Points, originally intended to form a basis for the Treaty of Peace. Premier Clemenceau of France, when he first heard of them, is reported to have exclaimed with a flash of his French wit: "Fourteen Points! Oh, but that's too many! The good Lord had only ten."

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ OF FRANCE

Poincaré and Wilson—An Expert in Finance—The Lawyer-Premier—Supporter of the Anglo-Russian Alliance

"GOLDEN mediocrity" is the attribute most desired for the French Presidency, according to all traditions. It is not usually an office sought by a strong or ambitious man, since it offers little opportunity for constructive statesmanship. Ex-President Grévy called it "an honorable retirement for an old servant of the country"; M. Casimir-Périer, when he resigned, said that he had been "nothing but a master of ceremonies." Again, it has been called "a vain office best filled by a citizen of unemphatic character and unsensitive temperament." Presidents Carnot, Faure, Loubet, Fallières all had this negative distinction; for the French, like the Americans, rather distrust an excess of brains or individuality in their chief magistrate. Common sense, honesty, dignity, *savoir-faire* are needed to be acceptable; if a President can, in addition, make an eloquent speech and has tact enough to win favor in other countries, he attains the heights of the superlative.

M. Raymond Poincaré has proved, however, that the presidency of France is not necessarily a form of interment, and has found in it abundant scope for his energy and intelligence. Elected in January, 1913, at almost the same time as President Wilson in America, it is interesting to note that these two leaders of the two great republics during the Great War have many things in common. Both are sons of the sturdy middle class, both were born and reared in the "provinces," both had the academic and legal training that has stood them in good stead in their high offices, both were early interested in the constitutional government of their countries, and both have written with authority on the national constitutions. Both have attained literary eminence and have widely diversified interests in the realms of culture. Trained for their posts by previous study and experience, both have unexpectedly become "war presidents." Finally, both have always shown a decided inclination to have their own way.

In this connection one recalls with appreciation the characteristic remark made by Alexandre Dumas *fils* years ago when he first met young Poincaré at a café in Paris and noted his firm jaw and strong chin: "*Sacrebleu, quand celui-là tiendra un os, il ne lâchera pas!*" And Poincaré never has let go of anything he once took hold of, whether a lawsuit, or a budget, or a war.

POINCARÉ'S PORTRAIT

Mr. Charles Dawbarn, in his volume, *Makers of New France*, sketches a significant picture of the French President in a few lines: "In person small, . . . he has something particularly attractive in his rugged face—the face of Socrates. The stern features relax, from time to time, into a charming smile. The eyes are most expressive; alert and brilliant with thought. His hands are especially graceful, and, in speaking, they make eloquent gestures—though for a Frenchman he is singularly free from these movements. . . . When speaking in the Chamber on important occasions, his voice was curiously elevated until it became a shout. . . . His method is to memorize his speech, after elaborate preparation. . . . He distrusts the impromptu. His speeches are practically never spontaneous. . . . The language is pure, the thought precise. . . . His orations are made to last, and the best will serve as models to future generations of school-children."

M. Poincaré himself served as a model to other school-boys when he was at school. Born in 1860 at Bar-le-Duc in Lorraine, his family was of the *haute bourgeoisie*. His

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Raymond Poincaré, President of France

His face suggests the face of Socrates, but M. Poincaré is a practical philosopher—a lawyer, an expert in finance, and an orator. He and Clemenceau were political opponents until the war united them in the effort to save France.

father was a civil engineer in good circumstances as well as an authority on meteorology. His younger brother has recently become head of secondary education in the Ministry of Public Instruction; his cousin

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Madame Poincaré

This charming Italian lady won the heart of Poincaré when he, as a lawyer, was winning a verdict in her favor in a legal battle. Her graciousness and sympathy have made her an admirable hostess at the Élysée Palace.

Henri is the noted mathematician. As a true Lorrainer, Raymond Poincaré was and is serious, prudent, and patriotic. At school the boy walked off with all the prizes in French and Latin composition and early showed a love of oratory. He was noted for always carrying an umbrella. "It will not rain to-day," his friends would say, laughingly. "But it might," Raymond would answer, seriously. This caution and hereditary prudence gained for him the nickname "*la prudence lorraine*" that clung to him when he went to Paris to study. Untiringly industrious, he began his legal studies while still attending the Sorbonne and took his degree in the arts and in law at the same time. In those Latin Quarter days he first met Alexander Millerand and Gabriel Hanotaux, who were later to be his political confrères and friends.

M. POINCARÉ WINS HIS CASE AND HIS WIFE

Like most young Frenchmen, Poincaré early sowed his literary wild oats, and for a time dabbled in journalism and letters on several reviews. Although he still treasures two letters from Alphonse Daudet and Jules Claretie in which they thank him for his reviews of their books, with characteristic good sense he gave up literature as a career and devoted himself seriously to the law. His rise in his profession was rapid; and his taste for literature and art made him the defender of the French Society of Authors and other literary and journalistic bodies. Mr. Dawbarn gives this interesting personal glimpse of an early legal battle: "It was in conducting one of his cases that he met his future wife—a charming Italian lady. Mutual sympathy was awakened. She was moved by his eloquence, just as he was moved by her charms and the justice of her case. He won both the verdict and the lady. . . . It is one of his successes of which he may well be proud, for it has given him a devoted helpmate, one whose graciousness and sympathy make her an admirable hostess at the Élysée. M. Poincaré owes a great deal to his wife."

M. Poincaré's public life began in 1886, and with his election to the Chamber of Deputies in 1889 he became a part of the political life of his country. For three years he was a silent member—not a word on any measure came from "*la prudence lorraine*" while he was studying his ground. When he spoke at last it was on that dreariest of dry-as-dust subjects, the budget.

Since then he has become an expert in finance and in turn held various responsible positions until, in 1894, he was made Minister of Finance. In 1895, as Minister of Education, he labored for a better secondary education for women and for sound instruction in the classics. In the following years he became President of the Chamber of Deputies, Senator, and Minister of Justice in turn, and in 1912 filled the offices of Premier and of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

PREMIER AND PRESIDENT

As Premier, Poincaré's foreign policy supported the alliance with Russia and the *entente* with England. As a militant nationalist, he believed in keeping the army and navy at their highest efficiency, and as such opposed the anti-militaristic groups such as the Socialists. Indeed, he was bitterly accused of chauvinism and reactionary tendencies when he supported the three-years-service bill, by which the term of obligatory military training was increased from two to three years. He was strongly in favor of electoral reforms, based on proportional representation, and of financial reforms, such as incorporating a scheme for an income tax. In his general outlook M. Poincaré is a liberal, and as such has always upheld the importance of individual liberty. He is resolutely opposed to Socialism, and politically as well as artistically his sympathies are with the past. When he became President he said, in commenting on the French parliamentary system and various suggested reforms, "*Avant de modifier la constitution, on pourrait tâcher de l'appliquer.*" [1] No daring innovations or Utopian idealism in politics could appeal to a temperament so prudent and so cautious as Poincaré's. His enemies say that he makes haste so slowly that no tangible results appear; but his friends answer that it was because of his program of increased military service and increase of expenditures for military and naval purposes that France was ready for war in 1914.

In 1914 his career and achievements were summed up thus: "President Poincaré of France is the great champion of electoral reform at home, and of the Triple Entente abroad. His first executive act as President of the Republic was to appoint as ambassador to Russia M. Delcassé, father of the Triple Entente. France is now enjoying the rewards of one of these policies of Delcassé and Poincaré. She had Russia and England as allies in the long-expected conflict with Germany.

"The President of France impresses friend and foe alike with his mental ability. He has the versatility of his race. According to the painter, Degas, he 'is the only politician who knows anything about art.'

"He is a patron of the turf, an author of widely read books which won him a place in the French Academy beside his famed cousin Henri. As a lawyer he stood first at the bar, and as an educator he has been Minister of Public Instruction. While Minister of Finance he put on the statutes laws regulating and equalizing the taxation of millions. He has been counsel of the Beaux Arts, counsel of the National Museum, president of the Philotechnique Française, and president of the Society of Friends of the University of Paris.

"He is still in the prime of life and undiminished vigor, for he is only fifty-four years old. In this crisis it is fortunate for France that she has in the presidency one of the few strong characters who have held that office since the last war with Germany brought about the Third Republic." [1]

Mr. Dawbarn tells us that "the President has very few hobbies. Though his position as Chief of State compels him to give solemn *battues* at Rambouillet [the official summer home] to royal and official personages, he never holds a gun, but promenades in the covers with a stick in his hands. Destruction of life does not appeal to him as a sport. He has always been fond of animals. He has a favorite Siamese cat named Gris-Gris, who enjoyed the particular affection of his mother, and two dogs, Babette and Bravo. . . . Madame Poincaré shares her husband's love of the lower creatures, and at Sampigny [the President's private summer home] there is a sort of poultry-palace where she keeps her feathered

[1] *Before modifying the Constitution, we might try applying it.*

[1] *The World's Work*, 1914.

friends. Ducks and hens live there as pampered pensioners all the year round."

POINCARÉ THE WRITER AND ORATOR

As a writer, in addition to his purely technical financial studies, President Poincaré has several volumes of essays to his credit and an exposition of the organization and activities of the French government, known in English under the name *How France Is Governed*. His incursions into the realm of general ideas and his literary and critical essays on Dumas *fils*, Edmond de Goncourt, Franco-Belgian literature, and kindred subjects doubtless led to his election to the French Academy in 1909. As an orator the number and range of his subjects indicate his broad culture. Whether he is speaking at the Sorbonne on Renan, to a theatrical audience at the Conservatoire on Dumas *fils*, to an audience of music lovers on Saint-Saëns or Gounod or Massenet; whether he is glorifying Jeanne d'Arc, the maid of his native Lorraine, or speaking in honor of La Fontaine at Château-Thierry, or eulogizing Rouget de Lisle, author of the "Marseillaise," Poincaré's easy, polished style is always felicitous, but frequently monotonous. Logical, clear, and symmetrical, his writings, like his speeches, have too much of the "official manner." Their lack of originality is as characteristic of this safe and sane author as their neat finish. Consider, for example, the following passage: "Patriotism is shown in the discipline of daily life. A democracy whose citizens are not possessed of strong characters and robust bodies is condemned to obscurity and decay. But a democracy in which the disorders of unrestrained wills is likely to disturb the harmony and social order as established by law is exposed to deadly shocks, and to the dismemberment which springs from anarchy." Almost Rooseveltian in the courage of his platitudes, M. Poincaré, like Roosevelt, expressed faithfully the opinions of millions of his countrymen. "*Le juste milieu*" is perhaps his most obvious quality. Academic in spirit and form, his oratory lacks both the sardonic humor and the flashes of inspiration that mark M. Clemenceau's best efforts.

M. POINCARÉ AND M. CLEMENCEAU

Naturally two such men as M. Poincaré, the well-balanced, and M. Clemenceau, the violent obstructionist, are not instinctively sympathetic, nor are their political ideals the same. When M. Poincaré became a presidential candidate, M. Clemenceau supported his rival. When M. Poincaré was installed at the Élysée Palace, M. Clemenceau persisted in warning the French people against the ambition of the new President, as Brutus warned Rome against Cæsar. Even after the war broke out, Clemenceau again and again attacked the Government and the President for various shortcomings in its management. It is all the more to the credit of M. Poincaré that he could, in 1917, put aside all personal disagreements and offer his severest critic the office of Prime Minister. The two political opponents worked together as one man during the last year of the war and together achieved that unity of aims and command that helped to bring about the final victory.

The numerous points in common in the careers of Mr. Wilson and M. Poincaré have been mentioned. It is interesting in this connection to recall what was said by M. Poincaré at a luncheon given on December 14, 1918, at the Élysée Palace, in honor of President and Mrs. Wilson, when Paris for the first time entertained an American President. After expressing his sense of France's debt to America, he said: "Faithful to the memory of Lafayette and Rochambeau, she came to the aid of France, because France herself was faithful to her traditions. Our common ideal has triumphed. Together we have defended the vital principles of free nations. Now we must build together such a peace as will forbid the deliberate and hypocritical renewing of an organism aiming at conquest and oppression.

"Peace must make amends for the misery and sadness of yesterday, and it must be a guarantee against the dangers of to-morrow. The association which has been formed for the purpose of war, between the United States and the Allies, and which contains the seed of the permanent institutions of

which you have spoken so eloquently, will find from this day forward a clear and profitable employment in the concerted search for equitable decisions and in the mutual support which we need if we are to make our rights prevail.

"Whatever safeguards we may erect for the future, no one, alas! can assert that we shall forever spare to mankind the horrors of new wars. . . .

"Without lending ourselves to the illusion that posterity will be for evermore safe from these collective follies, we must introduce into the peace we are going to build all the conditions of justice, and all the safeguards of civilization that we can embody in it."

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VIVIANI, MINISTER OF JUSTICE

Socialist, Militarist, Spellbinder—His Speech at Washington's Tomb

VIVIANI is an independent Socialist, refusing to be dominated by his political sect. It was because of his independence and courage that President Poincaré demanded that he be made Premier. A writer in *The Sun* (New York) says: "Viviani has written into the French laws more statutes that are socialistic in their essence than any other of his comrades in the party. What is more, these laws have been taken up and adopted by other countries where socialism has been a dead letter so far as politics is concerned. Furthermore, contrary to the doctrines of socialism, he has been an ardent militarist. Years before the World War he favored preparedness, and when the war came he plunged into the military activities with an ardor that amazed those who knew his previous capacity for work. When Viviani throws his heart into the effort there is little withstanding his eloquence. He has gained the reputation of being one of the foremost spellbinders of his country. His skill in debate is the standard of all new members of Parliament."

THE MAN HIMSELF

M. Jules Bois gives an interesting account of M. Viviani in *The Bookman*. He says: "Among the eminent members of the French mission to the United States two personalities stand out, one representing the civil power, the other the military element. The first is M. René Viviani, the second Mar hal Joffre. A minister in several Cabinets and even president of the Council, in the days before the war, M. Viviani has since the outbreak of hostilities been a member of the government. In 1914 he was our Prime Minister, and it was he who coped with Germany's first onslaughts. He subsequently became Keeper of the Seals, then Minister of Public Instruction, then, for the second time, Minister of Justice, at the same time holding the post of vice-president of the Cabinet. In sending him to the United States France wanted to express the highest esteem and the affection which she has for the sister-republic. . . . M. René Viviani is a lawyer. As a speaker he is impassioned and highly persuasive. Several of his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies received the distinction of being posted for public reading. Clemenceau called him to the Ministry of Labor. His name is connected with the Working-men's Pension Law.

'The first time I met Viviani he was not quite thirty, but he was already Deputy of

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René Viviani, of the French Commission in America

A minister in several Cabinets, Prime Minister in 1914, Minister of Justice and Vice-president of the Cabinet since then, M. Viviani in 1917 fittingly represented France in her sister-republic, the United States. He is an impassioned speaker whose eloquence moved thousands of Americans.

Paris. He had been elected by the fi th district, one of the most industrious and intellectual in Paris. It is situated on the left bank of the Seine and is considered one of the hemispheres of the capital's brain. As a matter of fact, it is there that are found the Latin Quarter, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, the Faculty of Law. Viviani received his education there. Everything about the man already revealed the tribune destined for mighty parliamentary combats—his complexion, that had the tawny pallor of the African French; his eyes alternately keen and languid; the face with features of Latin regularity and firmness ; his carriage, at once powerful and brisk, and his ample and colorful speech.

"Born of French parents, in Algeria, where a new France, characterized by an ardent climate tempered by the breath of the Mediterranean, is in the making, Viviani combines a temperament both meditative and impetuous, with that fineness of mind which Paris alone gives to those who have passed through its tutelage. In fact, nothing that relates to art and letters was ever of unconcern to this politician, whose brilliant and vehement speeches never abandon the pure academic form. We have had an illustration of this in the memorable address he delivered in Mount Vernon, at Washington's tomb."

AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB

M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre landed at Hampton Roads on April 24, 1917, whence, on board the President's yacht *Mayflower*, they had gone up Chesapeake Bay to Washington, having had their first glimpse of the shores of America that morning at daylight. At the tomb of Washington, M. Viviani concluded his speech by saying: "While paying this supreme tribute to the memory of Washington I do not diminish the effect of my words when I turn my thought to the memory of so many unnamed heroes. I ask you before this tomb to bow in earnest meditation and all the fervor of piety before all the soldiers of the Allied nations, who for nearly three years have been fighting under different flags for the same ideal.

"I beg you to address the homage of your hearts and souls to all the heroes—born to live in happiness, in the tranquil pursuit of their labors, in the enjoyment of all human affections—who went into battle with virile cheerfulness and gave themselves up not to death alone, but to the eternal silence that closes over those whose sacrifice remains unnamed, in the full knowledge that, save for those who loved them, their names could disappear with their bodies. Their monument is in our hearts. Not the living alone greet us here; the ranks of the dead themselves rise to surround the soldiers of liberty.

"At this solemn hour in the history of the world, while saluting from this sacred mound the final victory of justice, I send to the Republic of the United States the greetings of the French Republic."

LLOYD GEORGE, CANNY CELT

From Cobbler's Shop to Parliament—Champion of the Poor—Holding Imperial Purse-strings—"Silver Bullets"—The War Premier

BETWEEN the mountains and the sea lies the romantic Welsh town of Llanystumdwy. Here lived Richard Lloyd, cobbler by trade and philosopher by avocation, second parent and first teacher to fatherless David George. When her husband, the schoolmaster, died, Mrs. George left the farm in South Wales where he had gone to recover his health, and brought her two boys to the home of the village cobbler, between the white peak of Snowdon and the waters of Carnarvon Bay. This was in 1866, when the little boy who was to become Premier of England was three years old.

The cobbler's shop and the smithy were his first school and his first parliament. Here the village scholars and wits would congregate to argue local politics and religion

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David Lloyd George

This Celtic leader of Great Britain has crowded half a dozen careers into a life that began in a cobbler's shop in Wales and reached its climax in the House of Commons, when he became War Premier. Mr. Lloyd George is an unequaled master of compromise. With Clemenceau and Wilson he was one of the "Big Three" who determined the Treaty of Peace.

with Richard Lloyd and his vigorous friend, the blacksmith. The shoemaker was a Nonconformist, but the school of Llanystumdwy was connected with the Established Church of England. Every Ash-Wednesday the children were made to give responses to the Church Catechism and recite the Apostles' Creed. David Lloyd George, the nephew of his uncle, organized a strike among the schoolchildren; one fine day they went to church and refused to make the responses. He was punished, but the habit of forcing dogmas into the mouths of children was broken.

This jolly young daredevil had a head of which his uncle was proud. Times were hard, and it was a special treat to have half an egg for breakfast on Sunday morning. But at the cost of the few hundred pounds which Richard Lloyd had saved up against his old age the boy was educated to become a solicitor. The cobbler himself learned the elements of French and Latin to spare the expense of a teacher of languages. At twenty-one David Lloyd George was formally enrolled as a lawyer. So pinched was the family for funds that he had to work in an office to earn the three guineas that purchased the official robe without which he could not practise in the local courts.

HE WINS THE HEART OF WALES

He opened his practice in a country town where villagers whose politics differed from their landlords' were thrown out of their homes and where poaching was a crime of the first order. Very early the young man was called on to defend four men who had been accused of illegally taking fish from prohibited waters. Lloyd George put in the plea that the court had no jurisdiction in the matter. The presiding magistrate replied that this point must be decided in a higher court.

"Yes, sir," said Lloyd George, "and in a perfectly just and unbiased court."

"If that remark is intended as a reflection on any magistrate sitting on this bench, I hope Mr. George will name him. A more insulting and ungentlemanly remark I have never heard in my experience as a magistrate."

"A more true remark was never made in a court of justice," said Mr. George in reply.

"Tell me to whom you are referring," said the chief magistrate, sharply. "I must insist upon your stating if you are referring to any magistrate sitting in this court."

"I refer to you in particular, sir," retorted Lloyd George.

"Then I retire from the bench," said the magistrate, adding, "This is the first time I have ever been insulted in a court of justice."

One of the magistrates declared that they could not proceed with the case unless the author of the insult apologized.

"I am glad to hear it," said Lloyd George. When they insisted, he continued: "I say this, that at least two or three magistrates of this court are bent on securing a conviction whether there is a fair case or not. I am sorry the chairman left the court, because I am in a position to prove what I have said. I shall not withdraw anything, because every word I have spoken is true."

All the magistrates left the court, only to return with another demand for the apology which was never granted.

The case, however, which made him famous in Wales, occurred when Lloyd George was twenty-five. An old quarryman's dying wish had been to be buried beside his daughter, whose body lay in the graveyard of the Church of England. The clergyman refused to perform the Nonconformist rites in that graveyard, and declared that the man should be buried in the dreary corner reserved for suicides and for those drowned at sea. The Nonconformists were outraged, and the matter was taken to Lloyd George for legal advice. Mr. George told the relatives that they were in the right, and added: "If the clergyman refuses permission, take the body to the graveyard. If the churchyard gates are locked, break them down." His advice was followed. The Church authorities, shocked and angry, brought action. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the villagers whom Mr. George defended, and when the local judge questioned a point of law, he appealed the decision to the Lord Chief Justice of London. Lloyd George won his case and with it the heart of Nonconformist Wales.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The year 1888 was big with events for him. It was the year of his marriage to pretty Maggie Owen. It was also the year of his being made candidate for Parliament by the Liberal association of the district. When Lloyd George had gone up to London for the first time as a boy of seventeen, he had written in his diary: "Went to Houses of Parliament. Very much disappointed with them. . . . I will not say but I eyed the assembly in the spirit in which William the Conqueror eyed England on his visit to Edward the Confessor—as the region of his future domain. O Vanity!" The boy's jest had become the man's earnest.

Mrs. David Lloyd George

The Premier's wife was pretty Maggie Owen when he married her in 1888. They have two sons and a daughter living. The home life of the George family reflects their love of everything Welsh, including Welsh domestics and the Welsh language.

But even his earnest was full of humor. Lloyd George is known for the quickness of his retorts. As the Liberal candidate he had to go about the country, stumping for election. There was the usual rowdy element at many of these political meetings. In one speech the young man asked, "What do my opponents really want?" "What I want," cried a husky voice from the rear, "is a change of government." "What you want," said Lloyd George, agreeably, "is a change of drink." On another occasion the speaker declared, "We must give home rule not only to Ireland, but to Scotland and to Wales." "And home rule for hell!" shouted a wrathy Conservative. "Quite right," retorted Lloyd George. "Let every man stick up for his own country."

At the end of a hard, close fight this fierce young Liberal, then twenty-seven years old, won his seat in the House of Commons. Gladstone was in power. Lloyd George, unafraid even of "the grand old man," pressed for Welsh disestablishment. When the Conservatives came in, in 1894, the determined young M. P. continued his fight, once hitting Chamberlain so hard that the Premier jumped up and asked permission to make a second speech in reply.

THE MILITANT PACIFIST

His struggle was not confined to Westminster. This was the time when the imperial grip was tightening on the Boers. Lloyd George, the champion of the under dog, of the poor villager, and of the little nation, opposed the Boer War. It was as unpopular a position at that time as that of the conscientious objector in the European War just ended. He was taunted as a coward, sneered at as a traitor, threatened with death and torture worse than death. He held firm. So hot was his purpose that he determined to go down to Birmingham, the seat of Chamberlain himself, and speak against the war. Despite the stern opposition of his friends, he went. The hall was packed with a crowd that was more like a hostile mob. When Lloyd George appeared on the platform the mob began to riot. Windows were broken, furniture was smashed, men were trampled, one man was killed. Lloyd George escaped lynching only by being smuggled out of the hall in a policeman's uniform. His purpose was defeated, but not his spirit. And when an election fell in the

midst of the war, Lloyd George retained his seat in Parliament. His comment on his election was a reiteration of his stand, "While England and Scotland are drunk with blood, the brain of Wales remains clear and she advances with steady step on the road to progress and liberty."

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

Lloyd George had been so much a free-lance that when the Liberals returned to power in 1905 it came as a general surprise that he should become a member of the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet.

About this time he was sitting in a train bound for Cardiff when a porter, noticing him, whispered to another traveler, "That's Lloyd George himself in that train." "Suppose it is," said the irritated traveler. "He's not God Almighty." "Ah yes," said the porter, softly, "remember he's young yet."

As president of the Board of Trade, Lloyd George had indeed a godlike disregard of precedents. He is said to have been responsible for the settlement of a railway strike that threatened to tie up Britain. At a later date, when there was a railway smash at Shrewsbury, this Cabinet Minister accompanied the inspector to the scene of the accident. A journalist stopped him on the street to ask if the inquiry would be held in private as usual. "The inquiry will be public," said the Minister. "There were twenty people killed in this accident, and the country has the right to know why they were killed." These were the days of his strenuous fight in favor of free trade. Joseph Chamberlain's son was following in his father's footsteps, seeking to effect tariff reform. "I do not blame Mr. Austin Chamberlain for sticking to his father," said Lloyd George, wittily. "But the considerations which have made him a protectionist are not fiscal, but filial."

In 1908 Campbell-Bannerman died, and his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith, was made Prime Minister, while Mr. Lloyd George was appointed to fill the post Mr. Asquith had left vacant. He found himself called upon to defend measures drawn up, in their main outlines, by his predecessor and to propose increased taxation.

CLIPPING THE CLAWS OF THE LORDS

This was the signal for one of the most dramatic battles of Lloyd George's vigorous life. His first Budget was planned to include those social reformswhich the Houseof Lords would not otherwise pass. The Lords were prevented by the constitution from altering money bills sent up to them by the Commons, for the power of the purse resides in the Lower House alone. Lloyd George wanted workmen's insurance against sickness and unemployment; he wanted old-age pensions; he wanted improved methods of agriculture, light railways, reclamation of land. Not for nothing had he grown up in a small Welsh village, under the thumb of its landlord, his own education and opportunities hampered by an empty pocket. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer planned to provide the necessary funds by raising the existing impost on incomes of $800 a year and over, and placing a super-tax on people whose income was $25,000 a year or more.

In defense of this and similar tax burdens Lloyd George said: ". . . I am told that no Chancellor of the Exchequer has ever been called upon to impose such heavy taxes in a time of peace. This, Mr. Chairman, is a War Budget. It is for raising money to wage implacable warfare against poverty and squalidness. I cannot help hoping and believing that before this generation has passed away we shall have advanced a great step toward that good time when poverty and wretchedness, and the human degradation which always follows in its camp, will be as remote from the people of this country as the wolves which once infested its forests."

The peers were up in arms to defend themselves. The vested interests felt the chill of fear. Lloyd George was abhorred by "the upper classes." There is a story about a man who jumped from the Brighton pier to rescue a drowning person. "How did you ever do it?" he was asked. "Oh, it was easy," said the rescuer. "I got hold of his collar just as he was going down. I turned him over on his back first to see that it wasn't Lloyd George, and then I brought him in."

The bill did not go through. But the Lords had forgotten with whom they were dealing. Mr. Asquith and Mr. George con-

sulted and decided to ask the King to create enough new peers to turn the minority into a majority. This had been done before when Queen Anne had created twelve new peers and again when William IV had created eighty. At this crisis, however, it would have meant creating about five hundred new peers. The Lords were faced with the choice of passing a bill which deprived them of their power to veto measures which had passed three successive sessions of the House of Commons or of suffering the creation of five hundred new peers who would outvote the Conservatives. The King stood behind his Premier and his Chancellor. The Lords were forced to vote themselves out of power. Lloyd George had won.

THE CHANCELLOR AT HOME

"The first and lasting impression you form [of Lloyd George] when you meet him in private life is his simplicity, his utter absence of what is called side," says T. P. O'Connor in *The Strand.* ". . . He is quite indifferent to the pleasures of the table. I doubt if he knows much what he is eating; he certainly could not say whether it were well or ill cooked. He is not a teetotaler, but he rarely touches wine. When I have been on long and cold motor tours with him, especially in France, he always asked for hot coffee. . . . He does not know one card from another; he has no amusements except an occasional game of golf; his one self-indulgence is a cigar, though he usually prefers the simple pipe. His love of everything Welsh is seen in his home surroundings. You rarely find any domestic in his household except a Welsh girl, with whom he always speaks Welsh, a language that seems to suit the softness of the Welsh girl's expression.

"For society he has no love; it bores him, rather. If he wants an enjoyable evening he gathers his friends around him. . . . He does, however, love the theater; he loves the music-hall. . . . This is perhaps partly the revolt from the narrow teachings of his earliest youth. Once Sir Herbert Tree asked him, at my suggestion, to a first night and then to the supper afterward. As he walked home with his wife in the full light of a summer morning through St. James's Park to Downing Street, he said to her, 'Would you and I have ever thought, ten years ago, that we would have gone to a theatrical supper and *enjoyed* it?'

"Take him for all in all, he has more than the usual complexity of the Celtic character. He is often unwilling to begin work; but, once he begins, he finds it difficult ever to give up. . . . He is very soft; he can be very hard. He is the most pliant and the most obstinate of men; he can be broad of vision, and under the strong and tenacious will he can put his mind in blinkers; he has weird insight as of a prophet; he never looks back; he is confident of the future. . . ."

Breakfast guests are the rule in Downing Street. Politicians, editors, prominent men who bring news from abroad, discuss affairs of state over bacon and eggs and coffee. He likes to walk the hills about the Welsh home in Criccieth, or load his family and a couple of tents into an automobile and go on the simplest of camping-out parties. It was a sadly scattered family during the war, for the two sons, one à student at Cambridge, the other a civil engineer, were off in France. There is probably no biographer who omits mention of his chum and younger daughter, Megan. The death of the elder has left him a graver man forever.

LLOYD GEORGE AND THE WAR

An indication of what Lloyd George's attitude to the World War would be was given in the Moroccan crisis of 1911. Great Britain had pledged her support to France in return for certain concessions in Egypt, to the discomfort of Germany, and at a consultation between Asquith and Grey it was decided that Lloyd George should make a speech on foreign affairs which should clarify England's position. Mr. Lloyd George made the speech. "It is to the highest interest not merely of this country, but of the world, that Britain should at all hazards maintain her place and prestige amongst the great powers. . . . I would make great sacrifices to preserve peace . . . but if a situation were forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position which Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achieve-

ment, . . . then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure." A startled constituency began to wonder if the pacifist of 1899 had turned jingo. And when war came again, in 1914, people contrasted the two attitudes and wondered which one the Chancellor of the Exchequer would adopt. They did not wonder long. Lloyd George had championed the Boers, as a small nation in the grip of a great power. He was not slow to champion Belgium; and it seems not unlikely that the British Empire was a more vital thing to him than it had been even in those days when he thought she should not have fought.

MONEY, MUNITIONS, AND MEN

As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lloyd George's first task was to find money for the war. With characteristic eloquence he made his plea for "silver bullets." He invited to 11 Downing Street the men of property whom he had attacked in his Budget, to get expert advice on financing the war. Meanwhile he was bitterly denouncing England's way of "muddling through." Lord Northcliffe, one of the most powerful men in the country, by virtue of his control of the press, began a campaign of vilification against Asquith. The immediate result was to replace the Liberal government by a coalition and to shift Lloyd George to the Ministry of Munitions, a post created especially for him.

In this new and responsible position Lloyd George made heroic efforts. His speeches to the trade-unionists and to the striking miners were models of patriotic oratory. "Coal is the most terrible of enemies," said he, "and the most potent of friends. . . . Coal is our international coinage. We buy goods abroad, food and raw material. In war it is life for us and death for our foes."

"This is an engineers' war," he said, with solemn truth. "Every shell you turn out is a life-guard," was another axiom. It is interesting to note that the man who has so strongly the gift of words is as nervous as a little boy speaking a piece on the public platform. Before he begins talking he is, by his own account, absolutely sick with stage-fright. But when he has the first phrase out he is as fluent as a running stream.

THE FRIEND OF LABOR?

His urgency in the matter of relinquishment of the hard-won rights of labor, coupled with his demand for conscription and his appeal to his old enemies, the Conservatives, for assistance, made Lloyd George's path difficult. Labor and Liberals alike joined in criticism of their quondam hero. His suppression of the Scotch Labor paper *Forward* brought a storm of hostility on his head. At a meeting in the House shortly afterward one member asked if the newspaper had been seized by the police, and if so could Mr. George's secretary state whether this had been done because the paper had published a report of the recent meeting, when the Minister of Munitions had received a hostile reception from organized labor on the Clyde. Some one else asked, belligerently, "What about free speech?" Yet another member inquired, with sullen irony, "May I ask whether it has become an offense and a crime in this country to give a truthful account of the reception accorded by organized labor in Glasgow to the Minister of Munitions, and whether we are to look upon this as the first fruits of conscription?"

While Lord Northcliffe was attacking the Coalition with his ugliest weapons, on the other hand such editorials as this one from *The New Witness* were not uncommon: "At last the working-classes know that George has always been their enemy and has always been the obsequious servant of their employers. They know that many of those employers have desired, and still desire, conscription, not for military, but for industrial purposes. They know that Harmsworth sympathizes with these desires, and that George will be as ready to carry them out as he was in the matter of the Insurance Act."

The Spectator gave forth sober warnings against "swapping horses in war-time," and *The Saturday Review* went so far as to say that "To make Mr. Lloyd George Prime Minister would, we are absolutely certain, be a most disastrous adventure." Lloyd

George had meanwhile taken the post of War Minister, and his enemies saw in this steady promotion only his lust for power; and those papers that were not reviling Premier Asquith were busily engaged with denouncing Lloyd George for turning against his old chief.

LLOYD GEORGE AS PREMIER

The ostensible reason for the break between the two was Asquith's opposition to a small war council in constant session. The underlying reason, according to so well-informed a publicist as H. N. Brailsford, was the profound difference between Sir Edward Grey, with his Liberal compromises, and David Lloyd George, with his talk of the "knock-out blow" and his opposition to American mediation. The day came when Lloyd George presented his ultimatum to Mr. Asquith, insisting that the conduct of the war should be placed in the hands of a small, workable committee with absolute power, which should be quite independent of Mr. Asquith himself. There was no compromise. Mr. Asquith, who had held the Premiership for eight successive years, resigned, and his entire Cabinet, including, of course, the Foreign Minister, followed him out of office. Upon the refusal of the Opposition to form a Cabinet, the King asked Lloyd George to do so. He accepted with alacrity.

As Prime Minister his record was consistent in its very inconsistencies. The Cabinet ceased to be an exclusive committee meeting behind closed doors. It more nearly approached a business meeting of executives who called upon expert opinion to be of service to the Government. Lloyd George worked with Celtic quickness and with keen business efficiency. As one biographer wrote: "With that intense practicalness which goes with his spiritual exaltation he has appointed a grocer and provision-dealer to control the food-supplies of the country, has put a ship-owner at the head of the mercantile marine, has given to a man who was a working steel-smelter the unshackled control of labor. . . ."

His was not an easy task. There were enemies on every side. The new Cabinet contained such men as the belligerent Ulsterman, Carson, the imperialist of India, Lord Curzon, the other imperialist of South-African fame, Lord Milner. The Liberals and the Laborites hated Lloyd George for "going over to the enemy." The Conservatives still remembered the Welshman's habit of cutting off their privileges, and a man who is not the product of the English public-school system is not a *persona grata* in political life. There was a scandal about his Marconi shares. *The Spectator* commented skeptically enough as to Mr. Lloyd George's sincerity in bewailing the hard lot of a Prime Minister: "Mr. Lloyd George had forgotten that from his youth upward his one pre-occupying desire was to be a politician, and that, now he is an extremely prominent one, he has no thought of retiring from the business."

A DYNAMIC PERSONALITY

Whether one agrees with *The Spectator* or with Lloyd George, it is clear that he has handled each fresh piece of work in turn with intense interest, rapid ingenuity, and intuitive skill. His energy, his sympathy, his enthusiasm, his virility, his demagogy, and his Celtic opportunism make a dazzling and almost irresistible composite. Always magnetic and dramatic, he has the gift of phrase-making as well. He is a master of the art of publicity. Although he assimilates ideas and facts rapidly, he is not a deep student and his learning is neither wide nor solid.

A writer in *The Nation* went so far as to say that Lloyd George's "ignorance is colossal, and his inaccuracy amazing. . . . In his Queen's Hall speech in August, 1917, he showed that he believed the Monroe Doctrine to be embodied in a treaty which had been signed by several of the great powers. . . . The leading organ of progressive movements in the Church of England declares itself profoundly shocked by the airy way in which he recently confessed his ignorance about Teschen. It means that he 'was absolutely ignorant not merely of the fact, but of the very existence of a capital question of European politics, and that during four and a half years of war he had not sought to ascertain what the question of the settle-

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King George V and Mr. Lloyd George, the Premier

The Prime Minister, here shown in a characteristic attitude with his hand in his pocket, has a stocky figure that is "surmounted by a face that alternately beams and gleams." Because of his volcanic energy he has been able to face the trials of war and the struggles of peace undaunted.

ment would be.' And when the subject actually comes up, and he is compelled to learn something about it, he 'confesses he derives his knowledge, not from history, not from study, not from experts, but from the balancing of *ex parte* statements.'"

A writer in *The New Statesman* helps to explain his success even while he undermines confidence in the man: "Mr. Lloyd George," he writes, "may be as clever as you like, but he is a master of only one device—government by expedient. A crisis arrives; he meets it by an expedient expressly designed for it, ignoring for the time all the secondary effects of the expedient. A more serious crisis arrives; he gives a still more brilliant exhibition of virtuosity, leading to a crisis yet more serious. And so on." Mr. H. W. Horwill declares that "Mr. Lloyd George's statesmanship is that of the acrobat. . . . At the time when Mr. Lloyd George was carrying through his famous Budget the defenders of the privileged interests he assailed were fond of sneering at the presumption of 'a little Welsh solicitor' in essaying so great a task. New point is given to the taunt when we find him attempting to establish a new world-order by a series of astute deals, and endeavoring to reconcile the age-long contentions of races and nationalities by the expedients with which a shrewd country lawyer appeases litigants in some petty squabble."

A correspondent has given the following description of England's fighting Premier: "You see a stocky, well-knit figure, broad of shoulder and deep of chest. The animated body is surmounted by a face that alternately beams and gleams. There are strength and sensitiveness, good humor, courage, and resolution in those features. His eyes are large and luminous, aglow at times with the poetry of the Celt; aflame again with the fervor of splendid purpose. He moves swiftly. To have him pass you by is to get a breath of life.

"To all this strength and power he brings undeniable charm. In action he is like a man exalted; in repose he becomes tender, dreamy, almost childlike. His whole nature seems to be driven by a vast and volcanic energy. This is why, like Roosevelt, he has been able to crowd the achievements of half a dozen careers into one. He is indeed the Happy Warrior."

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ASQUITH, LIBERAL PREMIER

Unromantic Success—Asquith in 1914—Social Reforms—"The Last of the True Prime Ministers"

IT has been said of England's ex-Premier that "he has marched from triumph to triumph with sure steps—school, university, the bar, Parliament—all opened their doors to a master: it is wonderful, but it is not romantic." If there is no romance in fulfilling a great ambition, then that characterization of Mr. Asquith will hold. But some one who knew him well when he was a boy at the City of London School tells the story of how young Asquith came to him one day and asked him to test his knowledge of the House of Commons, its members, and the seats for which they sat. "Why do you want to know all that stuff?" asked his friend. "I am going to the bar and into Parliament," said Herbert Asquith, "and I intend to be either Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister." Asquith is a Yorkshireman, born at Morley, Yorkshire, September 12, 1852, and his descent can be traced back for many generations. It was his privilege to inherit the background of those who are at once gentlemen and scholars.

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Herbert H. Asquith

Mr. Asquith, a scholar and a gentleman, was Liberal Premier of Great Britain from 1914 to 1916. He has been compared to Abraham Lincoln because of his ability to see a problem whole, his unlimited patience, and his willing assumption of great responsibilities in the stress of war. Gilbert K. Chesterton, a political enemy, has called him "the last of the true Prime Ministers."

ASQUITH'S PREPARATION FOR HIS CAREER

An interesting picture of Asquith in his youth is drawn by Mr. Maitra, who recounts how the man himself, referring in a public speech to his early days, "dwelt not so much perhaps on the hours spent in the class-room, or in preparing lessons at night, as upon the daily walk through the crowded, noisy, jostling streets; on the river with its barges, its steamers, and its manifold active life; in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the National Gallery; even in the House of Parliament, where he remembered they used occasionally to watch, with a sense of awe-struck solemnity, members disappear into the inner recesses to discharge the high and mysterious functions their constituents put upon them. These might be the illusions of youth, but he said he was certain there was not one among them who would not agree with him that the presence and the contact of this stimulating environment contributed a large and useful influential element in their youths."

Mr. Maitra goes on to tell about the unromantic steady success of Asquith at the university. "He carried off . . . medals and prizes and joined the famous Balliol College, Oxford. . . . There it was that his intellect was built up and his character molded by a man of whom Mr. Asquith speaks with deep reverence — Benjamin Jowett, the master of Balliol. . . . Jowett influenced very greatly the early career of England's Prime Minister, . . . probably it was Jowett who influenced him also with the thought for which the Premier is criticized so much by the Suffrage party. It was Jowett who used to say that he would rather be governed by the five most incompetent men in England than by the five wisest women." In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Asquith's second wife, whom he married in 1894, was Margot Tennant, the daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, and the keen, clever mistress of one of the most famous political and literary *salons* in England. Of his method of work in his college days another biographer remarks: "He was never guilty of late-work and wet-towel follies. He worked hard within reasonable limits, and then went to bed. He never lost sight of one advantage while he was seeking another."

In 1876 Mr. Asquith became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, London, and by 1890 he had risen to be Queen's Counsel. Ten years after he had been called to the bar he went into Parliament. The man whom, in 1914, only a European conflagration could save from the disaster threatening at home in the shape of the Irish question, went into the House as a Home-Ruler and a supporter of Gladstone.

THE "'DREFFLE' SMART MAN"

Asquith became a member of the Gladstone Cabinet in 1892. Mr. T. W. Stead said of the new Home Secretary: "That he is a smart man, almost a 'dreffle' smart man, is unquestioned, but his promotion is very audacious." It has been said that Asquith was attracted by the possibilities, rather than the glamour, of Parliamentary life, and if his appointment was audacious his success was no less so. He went in as a Liberal, and from the very beginning his interest was directed to radical measures for the benefit of the workers and the oppressed, in the factories and in the jails, and even in Parliament! It was Mr. Asquith who as early as 1889 urged the payment of members of Parliament. The motive that inspired his efforts may be seen in his definition of Empire. "What is the Empire?" he asks. "Like every political fabric which the genius of man has raised, it is a structure which must stand or fall, not by its size or splendor, but according as it provides for the social and spiritual needs and for the common human life of the men and women whom it shelters."

Three years later Mr. Asquith became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1908 he attained his boyish ambition, and, like Dick Whittington, whom the bells of his boyhood acclaimed Lord Mayor of London, Herbert Henry Asquith was Prime Minister of England. The hard, clear intellect that brought him to this eminence is eloquently described by A. G. Gardiner in his *Pillars of Society*. Speaking of that intellectual force of Asquith's, this admirer declares:

"In the House of Commons it is almost as though it works apart from his personality. See him at a time of crisis, wedged in the front bench between his lieutenants, his movements restless, his face a little flushed, his hands passing now over his knees, now across his chin. One might imagine him flustered and beaten. He rises. It is as though a machine gun has come into action. Every word finds its mark. His sentences seem to pour visible destruction into the ranks of the enemy. There is no rhetoric, no appeal to party passion, none of the sophistry with which Mr. Balfour loves to cloud his purposes, not a breath of emotion—nothing but the resistless logic of a powerful mind that marshals its resources with incomparable ease and certainty." He is very brief, and if any one tries to quote him against himself the opponent is met by the sharp query, "When did I say that?" "Few men," continues Gardiner, "seek less to score merely dialectical points, for, unlike Johnson, he does not argue for victory. But if he is attacked no one can deliver a more smashing blow. He does not suffer fools gladly, and his retorts to idle questions are apt to be abrupt and rough. 'Arising out of the answer, may I ask the Prime Minister' etc.? 'The honorable gentleman's question does not arise out of my answer.' Or, 'Am I to draw the conclusion?' 'The honorable gentleman may draw what conclusion he likes,' and as the heavy jaws snap together one seems to see the head of the unhappy questioner disappear within."

AN ENGLISH LINCOLN

A favorite parallel drawn by the many enthusiasts for the "cold and self-contained" Mr. Asquith is that between him and our own Abraham Lincoln. On the surface there is little enough resemblance. The one was a rail-splitter, the child of rough, hardy pioneers in a new, crude country; the other is the son of generations of English scholars. It is no small index to his personal history that Mr. Asquith gives in his preface to his *Occasional Addresses* when he declares, "A man who spends most of his days and nights in the law-courts and the House of Commons has a special need for the soothing and cleansing influences of literature and scholarship." The one was human, kindly, generous, however uncouth; the other is distant, so reserved that when he travels the blinds of the railway-carriage are always drawn, and withal a polished gentleman. But go deeper, examine the cruel labor of the two men in times of critical stress, follow their statesmanship, notice how the fine qualities of each are reflected in the shining deeds of the other. "The most striking similarities," says one fond historian, "seem to be these: ability to see a problem whole, and steadfastness in dealing with it; great deliberation in action; unlimited patience; continuous capacity to rise to great occasions; readiness to accept responsibility. To these should be added the not less valuable and equally rare qualities of loyalty to colleagues and supreme capacity in the management of men. A minor but important similarity is the accuracy in speech of the two men—an accuracy probably unexampled among statesmen."

"Bring me the sledge-hammer," said Asquith's predecessor to his neighbor on the Government bench, and Mr. Asquith was brought. This power of striking was possessed also by the gentle Lincoln. Both men were lawyers. That fact represented much in Mr. Asquith's life. "He has the soul of a lawyer," says Gardiner; "the reverence for the bond, for constitutional precedent, for international law, for the sacred word of nations. He touches greatness most when he is asserting some abstract principle of government, as, when replying at the Albert Hall to some airy remark of Mr. Balfour that a question of taxation was only a pedantry, he said: 'A pedantry! But it was for pedantries like these that Pym fought and Hampden died.'"

Nearest to Lincoln's terrific struggle, however, is the position of Asquith in August of 1914. There is a solemn echo of the elder statesman in the speech delivered by the Premier in the House of Commons on August 6, 1914. He defined the cause for which England fought in two sentences: "In the first place to fulfil a solemn international obligation . . . and in the second

to vindicate the principle that . . . small nationalities are not to be crushed in defiance of international good faith, by the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering Power." Mr. Elmore, who has more than once drawn a parallel between the two men, emphasizes it in the following stirring paragraphs: "Such phrases as 'He freed the slaves' . . . 'To win the war he compelled every man to bear arms' . . . give the impression that the word was spoken and it was done; the countless difficulties overcome are forgotten . . . we see Mr. Asquith, most determined opponent of conscription in the Government, driven by events to see its expediency, waiting and watching for the moment when he had by careful preparation led public opinion to accept the necessity for the step —and he himself brings in the bill. . . . But there was another and yet more momentous assumption of responsibility, . . . the fateful decision which brought us into this war. We do not know Mr. Asquith's exact share in this decision, but it may be guessed, for in the House of Commons on November 2, 1915, he said, speaking of the determination to enter into the war: 'I take my share—*and no one has a larger share* —of responsibility at that supreme moment in the attitude and policy of this country. A terrible responsibility it is, measured by what has happened and what is still to happen . . . searching . . . the utmost depths of my own heart and conscience, I would not unsay or undo that great decision.'" It was a decision that cost him the life of one of his own sons.

THE EPITAPH OF A LIVING LIBERAL

"If Mr. Asquith's epitaph had been written at the end of July, 1914," writes Wallace Notestein in *The Career of Mr. Asquith*, "it would have been that of a great social reformer. He had made old-age pensions a fact; he had put upon the books working-men's insurance, payment of members, and Welsh disestablishment; he had created labor exchanges, and—greatest accomplishment of all—he had clipped the wings of the Lords." It was Asquith who revolutionized the English constitution by abolishing the veto power of the House of Lords. "By pure force of intellectual superiority, by an almost unmatched ability in surrounding himself with strong subordinates and in keeping them together, he had done more in six years than most leaders have been able to do in a lifetime. . . . That England finds herself to-day fighting with strong allies is perhaps due to the fact that a Liberal Imperialist has been at the head of her Cabinet."

Mr. Asquith's epitaph was written several years later. In the face of extraordinary odds he kept his Cabinet together, and was even able to form a Coalition Cabinet when Kitchener's threatened resignation and the fight over the Dardanelles expedition were worrying him at the same time. But in the end he had to yield to another, if not a more powerful figure.

Chesterton, one of Mr. Asquith's bitterest enemies, has paid him an extraordinary tribute, which might indeed stand as the Premier's political epitaph: "I think Mr. Asquith will be the last of the true Prime Ministers; things are changing with blinding rapidity, and the new things are quite different. He represents the older world, notably, for instance, in the fact that he is very much of a scholar and is one of a family of scholars. It is that pagan but humane love of learning which has accompanied the English oligarchy since the Renaissance; which made Carteret confront death with the stoic hexameters of Sarpedon, and Chatham lament his failure with the desolate eloquence of Dido. It seems as if this spirit would either die out in vulgarity, or, later, be replaced by a different revival of learning not cut off from the energy and magic of the Middle Ages. And though it is perhaps irreverent to see random omens in the magnificent deeds and deaths of this war, one might almost fancy a symbol of such endings, flaming like a pagan pyre, in the splendid choice by which the son of this house of scholars needlessly cast off his scholar's robe and made to death a new salutation with the sword."

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FOREIGN MINISTER GREY

Sportsman and Statesman—Fisher in Foreign Waters—Moroccan Crisis—His Work for the Empire

THE only book Sir Edward Grey ever wrote is a volume on *Fly Fishing*. Full of good fish-stories, one of its liveliest passages concerns the landing of a fresh-run sea-trout of three pounds in a pool where a trout of one pound was "the very utmost limit of legitimate expectation." "Never," says Sir Edward, gaily reminiscent of his youthful excitement, "was a dead fish treated with more care and honor. . . . The small trout and eels and flounders were turned out of my baskets and put into my companion's, so that the great sea-trout might lie in state. It was felt that the expectation of years was justified . . . and that after the present moment the hope of great things in the future would live forever. A few years ago there was published a delightful book called *The Golden Age*, in which the author describes the world of childhood as it has been to all of us—a world whose boundaries are unknown, where everything is at the same time more wonderful and more real than it seems afterward, and where mystery is our most constant companion. So it was with me, especially in the places where I fished."

The quiet humor, the thrilled enjoyment of the fisherman's natural background, the sense of escape to another brighter and more equable world, which invest these pages with glamour, are characteristic of Sir Edward Grey. He really cares more deeply for his rivers and his garden, for roses and salmon-baiting, than for the business which has preoccupied him for the major part of his life. He has acknowledged it himself on more than one occasion, without resentment for the fate that led him into politics, but with a kind of yearning, backward look to the life of a country gentleman for which he is so eminently fitted. He was born April 25, 1862, in the rough Northumbrian country where his family had had its seat for centuries. That family is an ancient one, and Sir Edward traces his descent unquestioned at least as far back as Sir John Grey, of Berwick, who was alive in 1372. It was his great-grandfather, the second Earl Grey, who carried the reform bill of 1832, one of the most significant democratic steps in English history; and the influence of his grandfather (for his father, Captain George Grey, died when the boy was only twelve) was one of the strongest and most memorable of his early years. At fourteen Sir Edward went to Winchester, where, if we are to believe him, he was more engaged with his tackle than his teachers; and finished his education at Balliol College, Oxford, where every member without exception was obliged to read for honors in some school. Sir Edward chose the law.

He succeeded his grandfather in 1882, and two years later was launched on his political career. Unlike the practice of his contemporaries, Sir Edward had no year abroad of study and travel whereby to fit himself for the high post he was to attain. He was thrust almost willy-nilly into the political arena, when he would have preferred to maintain his estate of some 2,000 acres, looking after his tenantry, his flowers, and his fishing, remote from the worry and bustle of Westminster. These quiet tastes were shared by his wife, Dorothy Widdrington, whom he married in 1885. Her garden

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Sir Edward Grey

England's former Foreign Minister who, after efforts to preserve peace, brought Great Britain into the war to right the wrong of Belgium. He had hardly "retired" from political life– because of threatening blindness, it was said—when he was sent as Ambassador to the United States in 1919. There is a reminder of gentle Izaac Walton's *Angler* both in Grey's love of fishing and his little book on *Fly Fishing*.

was her most precious possession, and together she and her husband enjoyed the gentle sport of competing for prizes in the flower-shows. Her death in 1906 was the bitterest blow Sir Edward was called upon to sustain.

"WHERE BROOK AND RIVER MEET"

After his apprenticeship as secretary to Sir Evelyn Baring (afterward Lord Cromer), then newly appointed to the post of British Agent in Egypt, and later as secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Edward entered Parliament for Berwick-on-Tweed as Liberal candidate. When he was only thirty he became Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Gladstone's last Ministry. He held this position for three years, a period during which he had rich opportunity to study the problems of foreign relations. In 1895 the Unionists came into power, and Sir Edward Grey with his Liberal colleagues passed into the "cold shades of Opposition." These were definitive years for him, none the less. England was in the throes of the South African War, which bred so many violent internal dissensions. There were the pro-war party, the radical "Little Englanders," the Liberals who upheld the left wing, and those who, differing from them at the start, when war became inevitable threw in their lot with the government. It was to this last group, the Liberal Imperialists, that Sir Edward belonged. It is to this group that he may be said to have adhered ever since.

Ten years after Sir Edward's party had suffered defeat it again returned to power. In 1905 he became Secretary of State. It must be remembered that, in spite of the importance and dignity of his post, Sir Edward had the outlook of the islander who had never left his island. The very circumstances of political life irked him greatly. He speaks feelingly of these things, contrasting the pleasure of a June day on a chalk stream with the hot, tiresome labors of London. "There is the aggressive stiffness of the buildings, the brutal hardness of the pavement, the smell of the streets festering in the sun, the glare of the light all day striking upon hard substances, and the stuffiness of the heat from which there is no relief at night—for no coolness comes with the evening air, and bedroom windows seem to open into ovens; add to these hardships what is worse than all, the sense of being deprived of the country at this time and shut off from it. . . . At such moments there surges within you a spirit of resentment and indignation . . . and you pass through the streets feeling like an unknown alien, who has no part in the bustle and life of London. . . . Work alone, however interesting, cannot neutralize all this, because it is only partly by the mind that we live, . . . and where out-of-door things make . . . the irresistible appeal, which they do make to some natures, it is impossible to live in London without great sacrifice."

SIR EDWARD AS FOREIGN MINISTER

Sir Edward was, moreover, under double obligations, as member of Parliament and Foreign Minister. He arranged to appear in the House on certain days, and on others to have the Under Secretary answer questions, without being drawn into a supplementary discussion. Yet he remained, from 1905 to 1916, a veritable leader. That eminence has been a thorn in the side of his friends as well as his enemies. The first cannot explain it, the second cannot forgive it. For Sir Edward is not a popular, nor a commanding figure, in the ordinary sense of the term. A. G. Gardiner describes him thus: "His thought is ordinary, almost conventional. He never coins a phrase that sticks, nor wears a rhetorical flower in his buttonhole. He has none of the arts of popular appeal. . . . He is remarkable neither for learning nor ambition. His knowledge is limited, and his insularity a tradition. He never leaves the shores of England and is reputed to have little French. . . . He seems a casual figure in the field of affairs, a spectator who is a little bored by its feverish activities and idle talk. You feel that he may leave it at any moment, and be discovered at home making trout-flies."

Sir Edward's silence has become the subject of common talk. Brailsford declares

that it is now "an established convention that foreign affairs shall not be made a subject of party controversy. Formerly the acknowledged leaders of public opinion used all their resources of argument and invective to criticize a Minister's foreign policy. To-day . . . it is left to the Labor party or to a few incorrigible rebels on the Radical benches to introduce the only real element of criticism which survives. . . . The physiognomy of one of these discussions makes one despair of the introduction of any really democratic element into foreign affairs. The subject is, let us say, Turkey or Persia. The House empties at once, and a listless remnant of perhaps twenty members waits to encourage a friend or to seize the opportunity to speak. It fills again only when Sir Edward Grey rises to dismiss, with his musical voice and graceful address, criticisms to which few of his hearers had troubled to listen."

THE SILENT FISHERMAN

There have been two occasions, at least, both of them momentous, on which Sir Edward's silence has led to endless argument as to whether the man himself is the wiliest of politicians or the most guileless of gentlemen.

The first of these occurred shortly after his rise to office, when the Russian autocracy was fighting with iron fist the Red forces that so nearly overthrew it forever. The Czar, desperate for money with which to destroy the triumphing constitutional movement, turned to England for help. The Russian Liberals urged that the granting of the loan be made conditional on the consent of the Duma. Sir Edward Grey was silent. Not until after Parliament had risen was the Anglo-Russian Agreement made public. In May, 1906, the assembled Duma confronted the established autocracy; the Cossacks had been paid. In August, 1907, Sir Edward said simply that the Agreement had no bearing on the internal affairs of Russia; that it was necessary to restore her to her rank as a great Power to redress the balance in Europe.

The other occasion was, if possible, yet more fruitful of internal and external strife. This was the private understanding that Britain would support the claims of France in Morocco, in return for French recognition of British power in Egypt. Germany, "irritated," says Brailsford, "at the delay of French diplomacy and French finance," despatched the gunboat *Panther* to Agadir, a port on the Moroccan coast. Sir Edward Grey stated that Great Britain would not permit Germany to obtain a footing in Morocco. In the debate which followed the crisis, he named the risk that France might be drawn into the orbit of German diplomacy as his reason for consenting to back the more belligerent French Ministers by force of arms. That "incident," and the diplomatic conversations and tacit negotiations which followed it, have been declared by some British critics of the Foreign Minister to have sown the seeds of the Great War. A. G. Gardiner, writing before the assassination that was the pretext, if not the cause, of the war, says, flatly: "[Grey's] policy is governed by a fixed idea—the idea that peace must be preserved by having 'friends' and that the Concert of Europe is a creed outworn. Under the inspiration of this idea he has . . . given a tendency to events which is rapidly hardening Anglo-German relations into a condition of permanent antagonism. The *entente* under him has taken a sinister color, and the inflexibility of his mind, unqualified by large knowledge, swift apprehension of events, or urgent passion for humanity, constitutes a peril to the future. His aims are high, his honor stainless; but the slow movement of his mind and his unquestioning faith in the honesty of those on whom he has to rely render it easy for him to drift into courses which a more imaginative sense and a swifter instinct would lead him to question and repudiate."

THE MAN OF PEACE

A few years ago the crisis came when no slow-moving mind would serve. The behavior of Sir Edward Grey in those difficult days of July and August, 1914, is a familiar and well-beloved story. In *Sir Edward Grey, K.G.*, an anonymous Englishman briefly relates it. "It is now a matter of

history," says the writer, "that it was the violation of Belgian neutrality which brought Britain into the war.

"Up to that moment Sir Edward Grey had been working unwearyingly for peace; he had urged Serbia to go the utmost limits of concession, and, in addition to his Conference proposal, he had exercised a marked restraining influence on both Russia and France. . . .

"It is to be noted that even at the eleventh hour, even after he knew that German troops had actually entered Belgium, Sir Edward Grey despatched an ultimatum demanding that Germany should at once withdraw from the neutral territory. To that no answer was ever returned."

One of the most significant speeches which Sir Edward Grey ever made, perhaps one of the most profoundly interesting which had ever been made in the House of Commons, was that which he delivered on August 3, 1914. It is too long, and its logical construction too delicate, to quote here. But any one who cares to read it can see what was in Sir Edward Grey's mind not only in the crisis of 1914, but throughout his dealings with France in Morocco and with Russia in Persia. It is the history of British foreign diplomacy for the period during which Sir Edward Grey was Secretary of State, a period of eleven years. It is the declaration of England's attitude and the logical explanation of England's course. One paragraph at least may be quoted, typical as it is of the tenor of the entire speech: " . . . If it be the case that there has been anything in the nature of an ultimatum to Belgium, asking her to compromise or violate her neutrality, whatever may have been offered to her in return, her independence is gone if that holds. If her independence goes, the independence of Holland will follow. I ask the House, from the point of view of British interests, to consider what may be at stake. If France is beaten to her knees, loses her position as a great Power, becomes subordinate to the will and power of one greater than herself . . . and if Belgium fell under the same dominating influence, and then Holland, and then Denmark, then would not Mr. Gladstone's words come true, that just opposite to us there would be a common interest against the unmeasured aggrandizement of any Power? . . .

"I do not believe for a moment that at the end of this war, even if we stood aside and remained aside, we should be in a position, a material position, to use our force decisively to undo what had happened in the course of the war, to prevent the whole of the west of Europe opposite to us—if that had been the result of the war—falling under the domination of a single Power, and I am quite sure that our moral position would be such as to have lost us all respect."

In the end, when one considers this predominant figure in British politics, it is not this unyielding leader, with pale, serious face and deep-set eyes, that one remembers best. Significant as Sir Edward Grey's influence has been in the history of Europe, one thinks of him more readily not as a statesman, but as a fisher in foreign waters, an aristocrat curiously aligned with the Liberal party, a country gentleman forced to desert his favorite streams for the dusty corridors of Westminster.

He himself colors that picture in a response he made to a toast proposed by Mr. Churchill, picturing the time when he should leave the Foreign Office for domestic joys: "It is a time of unlimited leisure that we shall spend with old friends in a library. There is a garden outside the library, and, of course, a suitable river—not flowing too fast, nor, at the same time, flowing too slow, which is a worse fault. That will be the happiest time of all. I, in those days, shall have no thought of politics except to read the report of the brilliant speeches which Mr. Churchill will still be making in the House of Commons. Just think, those of you who are engaged in political occupations, what our libraries are now compared with what they will be when we get old—the quantities of clippings, the drawers full of opponents' speeches kept in the hope of being able to produce a quotation at an inconvenient moment; pamphlets and magazines by the hundredweight; blue books and Hansards by the ton. I think of the splendid time I shall have making a bonfire of them all. How I will stir the fire, and how I will mulch my rose-trees with the ashes!"

In December, 1916, he retired and was made Viscount Grey of Fallodon; and in 1919 he became ambassador to the United States.

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THE MANY-SIDED BALFOUR

Statesman, Scholar, Sportsman—An Enigma to His Friends—"Bloody Balfour" in Ireland—Father of the Entente—Heads Mission to America

BY long odds the most striking personality in the House of Commons, the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour won its suffrages by his courtesy, good temper, and simplicity. Accused by his opponents of dilettantism throughout his political career, he yet has a most notable list of practical achievements to his credit. In fact, few politicians can equal his record in this respect.

Augustin Filon in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, writing of Mr. Balfour, says, "If he is sincere, what an enigma, and if he is not, what a comedy!" England's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has given the impression of a mystifying personality to many another besides M. Filon. *The Times*, Los Angeles, describes him in these words: "The life of Arthur James Balfour has been an anomaly during forty-five years of public service. He is a living problem, possessing a personality composed of seemingly irreconcilable elements; he is an imperialist who preaches democracy, a skeptic who defends and teaches theology, a politician who looks upon politics with unrepressed disdain, a lover of ease and luxury who leads the life of a Spartan. Professed Unionist, he holds one of the highest offices within the gift of a Liberal Ministry.

"Caring little for public preferment, Mr. Balfour has held the highest offices to 'which an Englishman not of royal blood' can attain. During his long parliamentary career he has refused repeatedly to accept a title and sit in the House of Lords. This distinction was offered to him before the power of the Upper House of Parliament was broken. He replied, with mocking irony:

"'I am not yet ready to enter an old folks' home.'

"When proffered a Premiership in 1902 he accepted it with a yawn and relinquished it at the first opportunity. Handsome, elegant, refined, possessor of princely estates, he is a confirmed bachelor. Three times he has retired definitely from politics and three times he has been called back in times of crisis of the British Empire. Each time this call has come not from his party associates, but from his political and party enemies.

"Few Americans are aware that this remarkable man is the real father of the present Entente. It was during his leadership in the House of Commons that the alliance of England, Russia, and France was effected. It was Balfour's great constructive policy that turned England from her 'splendid isolation' to strengthen the power and the prestige of the British Empire through effecting advantageous alliances.

"The Balfours have in their veins the blood of many old Scotch houses. One of his ancestors was Maitland, Secretary of State

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The Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour

He has retired three times from public life, but has been recalled each time by crises in his country's affairs. As Great Britain's Foreign Minister at the Peace Conference he was an influential figure.

under Mary Stuart. His mother, Lady Blanche Gascoigne Cecil, descends from the famous minister of Queen Elizabeth, ancestor of the modern Salisburys. It was Maitland and Cecil who plotted together for the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland. They have been christened inventors of imperialism and, consequently, the two most ancient imperialists that the world has known. Predestination traverses a tangled path to bring this scion of imperialism with votive offerings to the temple of the Goddess of Liberty.

A DILETTANTE IN POLITICS

"Arthur James Balfour was born in that eventful year 1848, year of political tempests that gave birth to socialism, amid storms of revolution that threatened Europe. He drew his first breath on the princely domains of the House of Douglas, where, to those who can converse with the rocks in their own tongue, the very stones of Dunbar repeat the legends of the past. There the atmosphere is saturated with tradition and authority.

"Lady Blanche named him Arthur after the Duke of Wellington, and from his mother's breast he imbibed the traditions of English sovereignty and the faith of the Church of England.

"But Lady Blanche was a Spartan mother. At the time when the cotton industry was menaced and suffering was great among the working-classes in Lancashire, she decided to instruct her children in the most humble functions of the household. Arthur waxed his own slippers without enthusiasm, and ate, with less enthusiasm still, the deplorable cooking of his sister. . . .

"Young Balfour's school-days were those of the sons of the old English landed gentry. He entered Eton, where he was fag for Lord Lansdowne and comrade of Lord Rosebery. Forty years later, Lansdowne and Balfour were the leaders of the Unionist Party and directing the Opposition, the one in the House of Lords, the other in the Commons.

"At the age of eighteen Balfour entered Cambridge University. He did not choose the aristocratic and classic King's College, preferred generally by the Etonians; but established himself in Trinity College, the great propagating station of scientists, materialists, skeptics, and atheists.

"When Balfour left Cambridge in 1870 he was a polished skeptic and a dilettante. Music was his great passion. . . . Upon the death of his mother, her place was taken by his charming scholarly sister, Miss Alice Balfour. So great was his brotherly affection that in all the years that have followed he could never permit another to take her place either in his affections or in his home. He shunned alike the titles of husband and lord and remains to-day a commoner and a bachelor, his sister still looking after his home both in London and at his country estates.

"In literature as in politics his life presents strange anomalies. His first article was written soon after he left Cambridge. It was a criticism appearing in *The Edinburgh Review* on sacred music. He was a great admirer of Handel and the article is an appreciation of that master's talent. *Defense of Philosophic Doubt* appeared in 1879. It is a book of one who questions and who defends the right to question all religious and scientific phenomena; but it is not the writing of an atheist.

"Sixteen years later he published *Foundations of Belief*. From the skepticism of his youth he had progressed to a plane where he was willing to accept on faith certain phenomena which human intellects have not yet been able to understand.

"In all his literary work there are an elegance of diction and a perfection of form that attract and charm even when the reasoning does not convince. . . .

"Young Balfour was bored terribly by his first term in Parliament and left for a tour of the world to escape re-election. But his family were determined that he should continue in public life. Another uncle, then a member of the House of Commons, used to bait the young aristocrat to force him to take part in the parliamentary debates. That marked the beginning of the career which has since won for him the title of 'The first parliamentarian in the first Parliament of the world.'"

He had the art of clothing even impromptu utterances in almost perfect literary form,

HATED FOR HIS IRISH POLICY

"In 1887, the dark period in Irish history, Balfour was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. His Unionist associates were shocked, for the place had already wrecked both physically and politically a number of intelligent leaders. That the 'elegant and indolent Balfour' should accept such a place seemed incredible. His friends trembled for his personal safety.

"Parnell smiled grimly and prepared to slip the leash on his wild pack of Irish Land-Leaguers. These boasted that they had made the redoubtable Hicks-Beach weep on the ministerial bench. What would they not do to Balfour?

"A thrill of pleased anticipation ran through the ranks of the Home Rule protagonists when Balfour arose to make his first response to an insolent inquiry. His Unionist confrères saw in him a martyr approaching the stake. But they were quickly and happily reassured when they saw him standing courteous, smiling, wholly at his ease. There was a shade of raillery in look and tone as he took no notice of the insults that had accompanied the question, but contented himself with coldly demonstrating that the inferences on which the question was based were not founded in truth. It was brief and scintillating, like the parry of a practised blade.

"At the outset the Irish party referred to Balfour as 'the faded lily,' 'the sick spider,' and 'daddy-long-legs.' When he turned to the serious business of forming a new and constructive Irish policy the epithets of derision hardened quickly to hate. He was denounced as 'murderer,' 'assassin,' 'Nero,' 'Caligula,' 'monster weltering in blood,' and similar epithets.

"Balfour stated his policy clearly and fearlessly as follows: 'In that which touches repression, I shall be as pitiless as Cromwell. In reforms I shall surpass Parnell.'

"Since his beginning as Chief Secretary for Ireland Arthur Balfour has been a world figure. In Parliament he has been a consistent Unionist. He has opposed the encroachments of the labor-unions on the government of the Empire. As a member of the Opposition he has done much to check them in their ruinous course.

"Balfour was called into the Coalition Cabinet in May, 1915, to become First Lord of the Admiralty, succeeding Winston Churchill. It was his political enemies that made the personal appeal to him to forget past insults and animosities in the hour of his country's need. He accepted nonchalantly, expressing a regret that the call of his country should interfere just at the time he was perfecting a new stroke in golf. But once in the Admiralty he brought order out of chaos in a manner that was a marvel to the younger statesmen of Great Britain."

A GOLF ENTHUSIAST

Mr. Balfour is a distinguished member of the famous Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Scotland, and also plays over the course at North Berwick, which is near his country home in Scotland. A writer in *The Outlook* spent a few weeks at North Berwick and often saw Mr. Balfour on the links. In speaking of him, he said: "Mr. Balfour generally played in a foursome. Sometimes the veteran professional Ben Sayres played with or against him. Mr. Balfour had the reputation of being delightful both as a partner and as an opponent. His quiet manner, his equanimity, his expert knowledge of the fine points of the game, his respect for the traditions and etiquette of the most traditional of all British sports, his manifest love of the picturesque beauty of North Berwick, won for him the affectionate personal attachment of every lover of the national game in that golfing watering-place. . . . There can be no philosophic doubt about the fact that the courageous, friendly, and welcome visit to the United States of this distinguished English statesman, scholar, and sportsman was greeted by every American golfer with a 'Well played, sir.'"

IN AMERICA

On April 21, 1917, the British Mission arrived at the small frontier town of Vanceboro, Maine, where it was met by the American party, together with the army and

navy representatives in full uniform, at a forlorn and dilapidated station platform. The surroundings were enveloped in a thick, cold mist and the meeting was witnessed by a crowd of French-Canadians, farmers, and children.

On arriving in Washington the visitors were at once taken to the private residence of Franklin Mac Veagh, former Secretary of the Treasury. On the morning of April 23d the British Foreign Minister had his first interview with President Wilson; and that same evening the President and Mrs. Wilson gave a large dinner at the White House in honor of the party.

On May 5th Mr. Balfour was invited to attend Congress, the only time in the history of the United States that a British official had been asked to address the House of Representatives.

When Marshal Joffre visited the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon on April 29th and placed a bronze palm on the marble sarcophagus, beside it was laid a wreath of lilies with a card attached. On this card Mr. Balfour had written: "Dedicated by the British Mission to the immortal memory of George Washington, soldier, statesman, patriot, who would have rejoiced to see the country of which he was by birth a citizen, and the country his genius called into existence, fighting side by side to save mankind from a military despotism."

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CHURCHILL, THE AUDACIOUS

A Born Fighter—A Thorough Student—Head of the Navy

AS a fiery-headed boy at Harrow, Winston Churchill was asked what he intended to take up. His reply, epitomizing his attitude toward life, came promptly: "The army, of course, as long as there is any fighting to be had. When that is over I shall take a shot at politics." The only thing he forgot to mention was that where Winston Churchill is there is sure to be fighting—in the army or in politics.

He has done more than take a shot at politics. He has taken a shot at many traditions, at his opponents in Parliament, at wild beasts in the African jungle. And he still remains a puzzle. Wilful and independent, he does not inspire personal confidence, for few seem to know what his next move will be. Yet he must always be reckoned with because of his ability and his resourcefulness.

Unlike many dashing, brilliant, audacious people, Churchill is not without circumspection. There is preparation and still more preparation before he makes his *coup*. When campaigning in Scotland he never appeared at his hostess's table until tea-time. He was rehearsing his speeches in loud tones in his room, rehearsing his gestures, rehearsing every effect, so as to appear perfectly spontaneous and sure of himself when the time came to ask the British public to stand and deliver—their votes! He uses these same painstaking methods in writing his speeches, and claimed to have written one out six times. He studies his subjects until he knows all that has been written about them.

Such a man is disconcerting. He is for himself alone, and does not pretend to be anything else. He is said to be frank and open, without reserves or shams, and at times is even brusk and rude.

SOLDIER AND HUNTER

Churchill from early youth has known wars and adventures. He has been a hunter, as he tells in *My African Journey*, one of several books he has written. Nothing seems odder than to find this autocratic free lance moralizing on the right and wrong of killing a rhinoceros that was charging him on the plains of Africa. He had fired, he

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Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill are here shown before their house, starting on a shopping expedition preparatory to Mr. Churchill's expedition to France, after his resignation from the Admiralty. Mr. Churchill is half American, as his mother was Jennie Jerome, of New York; but he must not be confused with the American novelist, Winston Churchill.

tells us, an l had heard the "thud of a bul let which strikes with the impact of a ton and a quarter, tearing through hide and muscle and bone, with the hideous energy of cordite." But, though wounded, the rhinoceros came on, a huge, black, unwieldy beast, charging with unexpected speed and directness. And while he was waiting Winston Churchill mentally summed up the case and decided that he was the aggressor and therefore he justified his adversary in the counter-charge. But, having arrived at this conclusion and given the moral victory to the rhinoceros, he killed the advancing beast and saved himself for a distinguished, if much criticized, career.

Churchill has been accused of being a turncoat in politics, yet his influence is still notable whenever he chooses to exert it, and he has always had defenders, or has defended himself, against the storms of criticism he has raised.

He never lacks courage, moral or physical. As a lieutenant in the South African Light Horse in 1899, during the Natal campaign, he was on the railroad when the train was ambushed and cut in two. He led a party to clear the line in front of the engine and went on with it, the cab full of wounded, among an accompaniment of shells and bullets. He returned to share the fate of his remaining comrades, was captured by the Boers, taken to Pretoria, and escaped with Captain Haldane a month later.

HIS CAREER IN FOUR CONTINENTS

Churchill's career is of special interest to Americans because this former First Lord of the Admiralty is half American.

"His mother was Jennie Jerome, of New York, before her marriage to the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The young statesman was born November 30, 1874, and sent to Harrow when fourteen years old.

"His military training began at nineteen years of age, when he entered Sandhurst in 1893. . . . He served with theSpanish forces in Cuba, where he won his first order, 'Military Merit of the First Class,' and incidentally acted as special correspondent of *The Daily Graphic*.

"Churchill's first experience in actual warfare was when the Fourth Hussars were ordered to India. . . . In 1898 he was attached as orderly to the first expedition, joining the Twenty-first Lancers to accompany Lord Kitchener up the Nile for the reconquest of Khartoum. His interesting and outspoken correspondence for *The Morning Post* attracted wide attention.

"Continuing as war correspondent, he rushed off to South Africa, where he was captured by the Boers and made his adventurous escape from Pretoria prison. It was at this time that the Boers, with what Mark Twain designated as 'unconscious humor,' posted the following description of him: 'Englishman, twenty-five years old, about five feet eight inches high, indifferent build, walks a little with a bend forward, pale appearance, red-brownish hair, small mustache, hardly perceptible, talks through his nose, cannot pronounce the letter "S" properly and does not know any Dutch.'

"The American people first made their acquaintance with their brilliant young English cousin when he visited the United States in 1900 to lecture on the Boer War. Churchill was elected member of Parliament for Oldham, as a Conservative. He soon went over to the Liberals, and returned to the House as Under Secretary for the Colonies (1906-08).

"Upon the reconstruction of the government under Mr. Asquith in 1908, Churchill became president of the Board of Trade (1908-10). He was advanced to the post of Home Secretary in 1910 and he became head of the navy, as First Lord of the Admiralty, in 1911. He announced that he purposed to make British naval supremacy endure at any cost, a policy that gave the British navy a 60-per-cent. advantage in dreadnoughts over Germany in the war."[1]

Churchill was head of the navy until 1915. During that year the opposition proved too much for him. He had made the indiscreet statement, among many others, that the German fleet must be dug out like rats from a hole. But when, soon after, the Germans came out voluntarily and sank three British cruisers the public accorded him its usual shower of criticism. He was held account-

[1] *The World's Work*, September, 1914.

able for the failure of the attempt to save Antwerp and for the more notable failure at the Dardanelles, although it was said by his adherents that his plans were adopted, but adopted too late.

He left for the front with the rank of major in the Grenadier Guards, and in 1916 was appointed Minister of Munitions. Perhaps some of the antagonism that Churchill excites is owing to his manner of doing things. He does them—then perhaps explains or asks leave, perhaps not. The affair in which, during his term as Home Secretary, he personally supervised an attack by the artillery and police on some criminals in a London slum became known in ridicule as the "Battle of Sidney Street." Yet after the squall of criticism blew over many decided that he was justified in taking these extraordinary steps, even in the staid city of London.

He is a man who has made his own way in spite of opposition and unpopularity, perhaps because, as he said himself, "Great is the moral effect of a foe who advances."

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HENDERSON AND THE LABOR PARTY

Molder Rises to Cabinet—In Red Petrograd—Leader of British Labor

ARTHUR HENDERSON is a native of Glasgow, but he presents the picture of the typical Englishman. He has a solidly built, business-like figure, the earnest face of a good citizen and a respectable householder; his firm mouth is covered by dark mustaches, his eyes are straightforward, his chin is determined. He has his London house, with its full library and its pleasant drawing-room, cozy enough at tea-time. There were three boys and a girl in his family, who were brought up with Wesleyan discipline. One of those boys died on the field. Henderson is himself a good churchman, a confirmed total abstainer, and withal a quiet, efficient, law-abiding leader of British labor.

Not quite fifty years ago his parents apprenticed him in Newcastle as a molder. He worked in a huge "works," as the English call their factories, in the richest coal district in England. He had long hours and studied at night. Very early he showed his strength. Threatened with dismissal if he should try to organize a union in his shop, he kept grimly on. Threatened with loss of his leadership among his comrades if he refused the fellowship of alcohol, he continued to abstain. He succeeded not only in organizing a trade-union, but he was eventually chosen to organize the administration of the town of Newcastle. It is characteristic of the man that he began his political life as a Liberal.

His rise to positions of trust in his own union and in other solid organizations was steady and certain. Meanwhile labor was beginning to take a hand politically. In 1904, when Henderson was a man of about thirty-eight, he became a Labor candidate in a by-election in the same constituency in which he had worked as an agent of the Liberals. He was opposed by a Liberal, but he won the election, thereby becoming one of the first representatives on a purely Labor platform.

HENDERSON ENTERS THE CABINET

"But though associated with the new movement, he retained his original character with little change," writes A. G. Gardiner in *The Atlantic Monthly* of 1918. ". . . A man of plain, direct mind, little attracted by theories, bearing the impress of the moral restraints of a Puritan tradition, with the gift of clear, energetic speech acquired in his early association with the lay ministry of

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Arthur Henderson

A native of Glasgow, this leader of the British Labor party began as a molder in Newcastle. He was a member of the War Cabinet under Mr. Asquith and Mr. George, but resigned from it after a rupture with the latter. He was one of the leaders in England's "bloodless revolution" that has changed the position of Labor completely.

the Wesleyan body, frank and cordial in bearing and formidable in encounter with unruly gatherings, he made no appeal to extremism or to mob popularity. In the organization and development of the Parliamentary Labor party he at once assumed a definite authority between the theoretical left and the rather amorphous and nondescript right. He became the secretary of the party, and for one period was elected its chairman; and when Mr. Asquith formed his Coalition Ministry his admission to office followed as a matter of course upon his representative character, his practical capacity, and his attitude toward the war." When the Coalition Ministry fell Henderson agreed to remain in Lloyd George's Cabinet.

THE VICTORY IN DEFEAT

He is no longer a member of that Cabinet. His resignation followed one of the most momentous journeys in his career. At the time when Kerensky's fate was hanging in the balance, Henderson, as a member of the War Cabinet, was sent to Petrograd to throw his weight into the scales. He went with characteristic thoroughness to the heart of the situation. He sent word that if Kerensky was to retain power, the Allies must renounce all previous arrangements with czardom. Russia had surrendered the old claim to Constantinople and refused "to fight for objects which it had passionately renounced." Henderson indorsed the Russian program of "no annexations and no punitive indemnities," and urged the acceptance of the Stockholm Conference to which, before going to Russia, he had been opposed. Returning to England, he found his mission a failure and his efforts repudiated. An open rupture with Lloyd George followed Henderson's attempt to secure an agreement between the British Labor party and the French socialists. Henderson resigned his seat in the Cabinet and, says Gardiner, "at the next sitting of the House made a formidable attack on Mr. George, whom he charged with manipulating the press against him and with gross discourtesy toward him since his return from Russia, alleging that he had kept him on the door-mat in his secretary's office while the War Cabinet, of which he was still a member, was considering what course should be taken in respect to matters on which he had been the plenipotentiary of the War Cabinet. . . .

". . . But the essential fact in regard to Mr. Henderson is that, in the estimate of the Labor world, his fall was his fortune. He had always been respected, but for the first time he appealed to the imagination of the industrial world with a new and indisputable authority. On a matter touching the deepest issues of democracy he had shown that he could act with fearless, self-sacrificing courage, and that, having come to certain conclusions, he was made of stuff that would not yield, no matter what the cost."

A "BLOODLESS REVOLUTION"

England has achieved what is familiarly known as a "bloodless revolution." The man who helped not only to bring it about, but to give it the qualifying adjective, was Arthur Henderson. By bringing those who work with their brains together with those who work with their hands, he made the Labor party perhaps the most influential power in England. It is an open secret that if the last elections had been held later, when all the soldiers were back from the trenches, the Labor party would have been triumphant. Late in 1918 some one who had discussed politics with twelve soldiers in a London hospital ward, five of whom had been Conservatives, five Liberals, and two Socialists, was told by all twelve that they would cast their votes for the Labor party.

The spirit of the man shines through his words. In a recent discussion of "The Industrial Unrest" in *The Contemporary Review*, he concluded: ". . . Whatever remedies are adopted with a view to allaying the causes of the present unrest, they will fail to effect more than a temporary settlement unless a real effort is made in the direction of substituting the interests of the community as a whole for the interests of individuals. The motive of public service and public welfare should be the keystone of our industrial system, but this cannot be accomplished so long as industry continues to be run under private ownership for private gain. . . . The question of public own-

ership and democratic control has become a principal demand, especially among the miners, railwaymen, and transport workers. To bring about industrial peace, we must begin at once to build a new industrial structure, not in the interest of capital, but in the interest of the community."

The fact that Arthur Henderson sat in the Cabinet with peers and statesmen is not without significance. It has been said of him that "he is not less courteous, not less prosperous in his appearance, not less assured of his position, than the Lord Chancellor himself." British labor looms large in the world to-day. Its utterances have an international import. Like its leader, it is becoming the acknowledged peer of the noblest in the land.

CARSON AND CASEMENT

The Fighting Irishmen—Ulster Against Ireland—Rebellion or Revolution

SIR EDWARD CARSON is a descendant, on his mother's side, of that Lambert who fought under Cromwell. He himself was born in Dublin, in 1854, and, having graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, he entered upon that career of strenuous fighting which has proved him at once a thorough Irishman and an honest descendant of the belligerent old Roundhead. He married very young, and, says one biographer, "on an income that to many a youth to-day would be but pocket-money." After winning his first small case he and his wife went gaily off to the country for a holiday in celebration.

He was a young man of thirty-three when Balfour was Irish Secretary, and as *Mr.* Edward Carson became a well-known and terrifying figure. He was conducting prosecutions for the Crown in the ugliest districts in Ireland. Wherever he went he had to be shadowed. His mail was rich in threatening letters, post-cards with skull-and-cross-bones, model coffins. To all these threats he turned a deaf ear and set his jaw more firmly. One day after a conviction that was greeted by cries of vengeance and brandished shillalahs by the crowd outside the court-house, Mr. Carson stood contemplating that riot of angry men from the court window. The police urged him to hurry away by a back door; they could not be responsible for his safety. Mr. Carson said, grimly, "The King's highway was made for all, and by it I will go or not at all." He opened the court door and stood facing the crowd, with nothing in his hand but his walking-stick. An eye-witness described the ensuing scene as nothing short of a miracle. The cry of the mob, "To hell with Carson!" died into an inarticulate murmur. The hands, ready with their stones, dropped. The fierce, clamorous crowd surging through the lines of police suddenly quieted as Mr. Carson, with a brief, cynical smile, walked down the court-house steps and away from his silenced enemies.

He was knighted in 1900, probably as a reward for his services to the Crown in these prosecutions. From that day forward he worked for the British Empire, until, in his zeal for the Union, he went so far that even the Empire questioned his animus. "For each man kills the thing he loves. . . ." It is as true of Sir Edward Carson as another.

"ULSTER IS RIGHT, ULSTER WILL FIGHT!"

A few years before the war the Irish question became increasingly pressing. On the one hand were the Irish Nationalists, crying for Home Rule; on the other the Ulstermen, of whom Sir Edward Carson is perhaps the most prominent in recent years, as strongly opposed to Home Rule as the rest of Ireland is for it, and that for two reasons. They hate the Catholic Church, and in the phrase of the late Duke of Abercorn they believe that Home Rule means Rome Rule. And they have a fearful contempt for the business capacity of the average Nationalist. There is a third group, whose importance grew

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Sir Edward Carson

This fighting Ulsterman gathered arms and men to resist Home Rule for Ireland, and defied the British Government itself when it attempted in 1914 to carry out its promises. Yet he was made a member of the Coalition Cabinet in 1915, and later First Lord of the Admiralty. He has been called "the greatest obstacle to quiet and order in Ireland during the war," and the greatest obstructionist since.

with Carson's increasingly bitter opposition, as revolution always grows under the heel of stronger oppression—the Sinn Fein. The meaning of the Gaelic words Sinn Fein is "ourselves alone", and the platform of the Sinn Feiners is an Irish Ireland, a passive resistance to English habits of work and thought, and, if necessary, an active resistance to the British government.

For as long as he had been pursuing his energetic course, Sir Edward Carson had been the Ulster leader. When he found

Wir Wilhelm,
von Gottes Gnaden
her Kaiser, König von Preußen
usw.
nter dem Versprechen einer vollkommenen Erwiderung, alle Militär- und
nderen Staaten, sämtlichen Uns untergebenen Militär- und Zivilbehörden
usdrücklich, auf Vorzeigung dieses
er Casement,
t reisen, auch nötigenfalls
Beistand angedeihen zu lassen.
2. Vogau
(1914).
erlichen
Allerhöchsten Spezialbefehl.
Der Reichskanzler.
Im Auftrage
Schmidt Jagow

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Sir Roger Casement's Passport

This is part of a passport issued by the Kaiser on December 2, 1914, permitting Sir Roger Casement to travel unmolested in Germany. The British Ambassador to Norway offered $25,000 for Sir Roger's death, but this plot was exposed by the Irishman's Norwegian servant, who was to put his master out of the way.

matters coming to a head, and Home Rule promised, he organized Ulster's forcible resistance, and his firm hand was the first to flourish a pen in that Covenant which pledged the Ulster Protestants to resist, by force of arms if necessary, submission to a Dublin Parliament. So sturdy was his opposition, and so great his strength among his own, that he was the head of the provisional government nominated in 1913 to administer the province in that event. At this time Sir Edward Carson's practice at the Bar was yielding him an income of $100,000 a year. He surrendered it solely to throw himself, his energies, his time, all that was his, into the Ulster movement.

England was faced with prospective civil war in the little green island when a more terrible danger suddenly confronted the country. Matters had gone so far that the War Office faced open rebellion in Ulster and called upon Sir John French, chief of the Imperial General Staff, to coerce her into submission to Home Rule. This he refused to do, and he and Sir J. S. Ewart, Adjutant-General, forthwith resigned. On July 21, 1914, the King summoned the leaders of the two parties to Buckingham Palace, in the hope of averting civil war. The conference broke up three days later, having arrived at "no agreement either in principle or detail." Twelve days later England was at war with Germany. The factional fight in Ireland was temporarily called off. Home Rule was suspended. And Sir Edward himself became a member of the Coalition Cabinet in the summer of 1915.

THE RISING

"An English war is always the signal for an Irish rising." This is a bitter platitude among the Irish. Its truth was written with blood in that Easter week of 1916 which shook the Empire even in the throes of the World War. Curiously enough, the leader of the Irish Rebellion was of English parentage and a Protestant by creed. Roger Casement entered the British consular service in 1888, when he was twenty-eight years old. He was particularly active in West and South Africa, in the Belgian Congo, and in Rio de Janeiro. His exposure of the atrocities that were being perpetrated on ignorant and innocent natives in South America won him a knighthood in 1911. And, to quote an encyclopedia article, "he . . . retired on a pension in 1913 after an honorable and useful career."

Why did this "parfit, gentil knight," as all who knew him spoke of him, die on the gallows of the Empire he had served, his body burned up in a quicklime grave?

At the outbreak of the European War, thanks to Sir Edward Carson's policy of frank and organized resistance to Home Rule, there were two unofficial and illegal armies in Ireland, ready to leap at each other's throats, the one in defense of Home Rule, the other in defense of Protestant Ulster.

In the fall of 1914 the Volunteer leaders declared that "Ireland could not with honor or safety take part in foreign quarrels other than through the action of an Irish Parliament." Meanwhile Sir Roger Casement, who had devoted so much of himself to the cause of oppressed peoples the world over, was deeply concerned for that "small nationality" which claims him by right of birth. In December he proceeded to Germany, where he gained financial support, while the Volunteers were drilling at home. In the spring of 1916 the Council of Volunteers issued a manifesto which amounted to a declaration of war. By April Sir Roger was on his way home on a German submarine. He was apprehended and captured, and immediately an order went out for the arrest of all the Sinn Fein leaders. On Easter Monday the indomitable Volunteers captured the post-office on Sackville Street, established there the "Provisional Government of the Irish Republic" and ran up the tricolor, green, orange, and white.

"ERIN GO BRAGH!"

When Casement was brought to trial for treason, *The World* (New York) declared: "Casement was as sincere as Carson in his intention to make trouble in Ireland, and hardly less loyal to Britain. . . .

"The promotion of Sir Edward Carson to the Cabinet has been the greatest obstacle to quiet and order in Ireland during the war. It hampered John Redmond and the Irish Nationalists in their efforts to control their Irish supporters. It acted as a check on recruiting in Ireland. The Irish Nationalist Volunteers went to the aid of the troops in putting down the riots in Dublin, but they had been unwilling to enlist in the army because they had seen in Carson's entrance to the Cabinet a threat against Home Rule. In the circumstances, what excuse has the government for making fish of Carson and flesh of Casement?"

As for the arch-traitor, Casement, this is an Englishman's view of him, taken from an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* in the year of the rebellion: "Not only was he strikingly handsome—with tall, upright figure, black hair and beard, clear blue eyes, and fine features showing . . . the stamp of nobility in his very face and step—but few could resist his charm of manner, his perfect politeness, and a nature obviously so sympathetic, generous, and sincere."

The leaders of that abortive rebellion were for the most part quite different from the man who rose to be attorney-general. They were poets and scholars, artists and schoolmasters. Shane Leslie, no revolutionist, for all his love of Ireland, wrote of Pearse, the Provisional President: "Pearse was as utterly poetic in his nature as Shelley, and just as revolutionary and unpractical. I must be perhaps the only person who knew Pearse and Rupert Brooke at the same time. May I say that there was the same careless, life-joyous, death-careless strain in them both? But Pearse had a sinister touch that was lacking in Brooke's radiancy. I attribute it to the terrible heritage which affects all minds that try to think and work for Ireland—like a curse." Connolly, commandant-general of the army of the Irish Republic, was a contrast in his strong practicality. He it was who organized so brilliantly the Irish Transport Workers' Union. W. Dermot Darby said of him: "To the National movement he lent a practical, dynamic force, a capacity for organization and leadership which, of all that has been lost to the cause, will be the most difficult to duplicate. James Connolly was the sword of the revolt, as Padraic Pearse was its mystic symbol." Both of these men were executed; Connolly, who had been severely wounded, was allowed to recuperate until he was strong enough to be strapped into a chair and shot.

Casement's was the first case to be tried. He was charged with treason under the statute of Edward III. In his address to the court, he denied that he had taken "German gold" or that he had advised Irishmen to fight with Germans or for Germans. "An Irishman has no right to fight for any land but Ireland." Finally, he declared that the statute of Edward III had

no power over him, because "the kings of England as such had no rights in Ireland up to the time of Henry VIII. This court," he said, "is to me, an Irishman, a foreign court." *The* (English) *Times History of the War* may be quoted: "In Ireland alone, [Casement] argued, was loyalty to one's country held to be a crime. And in conclusion he said, with much emphasis and earnestness:

"'When all your rights become only an accumulated wrong; when men must beg with bated breath for leave to subsist in their own land, to think their own thoughts, to sing their own songs, to garner the fruit of their own labors, and, even while they beg

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Sir Roger Casement

Knighted in 1911 for his services to the British crown in exposing atrocities perpetrated on South American natives, Sir Roger in 1916 was hanged as a traitor for his share in the Irish Rebellion.

to see things inexorably withheld from them—then surely it is a braver, a saner, and a truer thing to be a rebel than tamely to accept it as the natural lot of man.'"

So Sir Roger Casement was hanged as a traitor, and his body flung into a pit and burned up in quicklime. And Sir Edward Carson was First Lord of the Admiralty.

IRELAND IN 1919

There was another figure, however, that played its part in the Irish rebellion, who was to be remembered after Casement was dead and Carson retired. That was the figure of the professor of mathematics at Dublin University. Professor Eamonn De Valera was tried with the other rebels and sentenced with them to be shot. But he had been born in New York City, in 1882, and as an American he was spared that ignoble end. How he escaped his prison is still a fascinating mystery. But in the summer of 1919 he came to his native city, the elected President of the Irish Republic. A tall man, with a scholarly stoop, dark, deep-set eyes, and an eager face, he addressed himself to America at a tremendous rally held on June 24th. "From to-day," he said, "I am in America as the official head of the republic established by the will of the Irish people, in accordance with the principle of self-determination. . . .

"The very same catch-cries and the very same tools were used by the English government against the leaders of the American Revolution as are being used to-day against us. But your leaders acted and so have we acted. The majority behind them justified them; our majority more than justifies us. They proclaimed their independence and their republic; we have proclaimed our independence and our republic. The justice of their cause even in its darkest moments was for them a hope, a surety, even, that they would ultimately win if they but persevered. The justice of our cause is similarly our surety. They fought; we have fought and we are still fighting."

In a war fought for self-determination and the rights of small nations, the case of Ireland must loom large. And at this uncertain point in her history the note of battle is a fitting "taps" to any one who knows an Irishman, whether he come from Ulster or from the revolutionary heart of Dublin itself.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

A Son of the Manse—Professor and Politician—The President in Peace and War—Making the World Safe for Democracy

A FEW years before the beginning of the Civil War the Rev. Dr. Joseph Wilson was called as pastor to the quiet town of Staunton in the Valley of Virginia. It was here that Thomas Woodrow Wilson was born on December 28, 1856; only to be taken at the age of two to his father's new pastorate in Augusta, Georgia. The city of Augusta chanced to be remote from the fierce currents of civil strife, and "Tom" Wilson's boyhood (Woodrow was the name of his mother, of hardy Scotch stock) was as commonplace as it was happy.

In one thing, however, it differed from that of the youth of his day. His father, the descendant of a proud line of pioneers, had his own ideas about education. His son was not taught his alphabet until he was nine years old. On the other hand, Woodrow Wilson's biographer, William Bayard Hale, gives a vivid picture of the boy's practical training: "On Mondays the father would, almost without exception, take his son out with him on some excursion in the city or neighboring country. On a Monday the two would visit the machine-shops; Tom would be shown furnaces, boilers, machinery; taught to follow the release of power from the coal to the completion of its work in a finished product of

steel or of cotton. . . . By a continuous round of visits of inspection in which the sight of visible things and visible processes was the text of running lectures on the principles of nature, chemistry, physics, and of the organization of human society, the boy learned what he would have had great difficulty in learning from books alone."

THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN

We can go to Woodrow Wilson himself for a portrait of his scholarly but active parent. "He was a man of great intellectual energy," declares the President. "My best training came from him. He was intolerant of vagueness, and from the time I began to write until his death in 1903, when he was eighty-one years old, I carried everything I wrote to him. He would make me read it aloud, which was always painful to me. Every now and then he would stop me. 'What do you mean by that?' I would tell him, and, of course, in doing so would express myself more simply than I had on paper. 'Why didn't you say so?' he would go on. 'Don't shoot at your meaning with bird-shot and hit the whole countryside; shoot with a rifle at the thing you have to say.' He was a great student of language, loved words, and often gave an archaic touch to his expressions. I remember that he used to say, 'I wonder at that with great admiration.' Of course, such an association was constantly stimulating and exciting. It broke up my habit of surrounding what I wrote with a penumbra. I came to think in definitions." It was his father, then, who fostered in Wilson's boyhood the care for the fine phrase, the precise word, the exquisite prose rhythms, which make the President's state papers such marvelous examples of style. John Burroughs has said that they are the finest writing since Lincoln's, and many have echoed this opinion.

For a while young Wilson attended a private school taught by a retired Confederate soldier, and when his father became professor in the Theological Seminary at Columbia he was put into another private school. When he was seventeen he was sent to the little, old-fashioned Davidson College, but illness brought him back to the family circle until, in 1875, he went off to Princeton.

DEBATING AND WRITING AT PRINCETON

That those years at what was then the small New Jersey college were definitely formative ones in Wilson's career is unquestioned. A studious, clever boy, going out of his way to pick up information he did not receive in the class-room, dividing his time healthily between work and football and the inevitable glee club and debating society, the young undergraduate early pledged himself to the interests that have engrossed him ever since. A. G. Gardiner tells a typical story about him that points the way he was to follow: "It was the eve of the Lynde debate, and all Princeton University was alive with anticipation. Not that there was any serious doubt as to who would win the coveted prize, for young Woodrow Wilson had established his reputation as the first debater of the university, and his victory was assured. But the event was new, and the interest in it had something of the attraction of the ring or of a baseball-match. Each of the two halls furnished representatives for the competition, the choice being determined by a preliminary debate. The subject of this preliminary debate in Whig Hall was 'Free Trade *vs.* Protection,' and the competitors were given parts by lots. The hat went round, and Wilson took out a slip. It bore the word 'Protection.' He tore up the paper and declined to debate. He was a keen Free-Trader, and not even as a mere dialectical exercise would he consent to advance arguments in which he did not believe."

It was at this time that Wilson ran across the dusty files of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, together with some more recent numbers which continued the old practice of reporting parliamentary debates. The series of articles entitled "Men and Manner in Parliament," by "The Member for the Chiltern Hundreds," was meat and wine to the undergraduate. It drew him into the study of English political history which

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President Woodrow Wilson

The American leader who became a world figure in the Great War. Although he had at first made a plea for "a peace without victory," he later advocated the use of "force to the utmost." His words, "The world must be made safe for democracy," became a popular slogan. Declaring that peace must be based on his Fourteen Points of justice, he became one of "The Big Three" at Paris that settled the fate of nations.

he never forsook. It spurred him to the writing of that memorable essay on "Cabinet Government in the United States," which was accepted by no less a journal than *The International Review*, when its author was only twenty-three years old and had not yet received his degree. It is significant that the words written so many years ago in the peaceful Princeton library should have such potency in a world utterly changed and terribly troubled. The thesis of the paper is that Congress does all its important work in secret committees, and that secrecy is the beginning of all evil. The author suggests that publicity and responsibility would be secured by giving Cabinet Ministers a seat in Congress, even if they are not allowed to vote. "Congress should legislate as if in the presence of the whole country," cried young Wilson, "in open and free debate."

THE STUDENT'S CAREER

It is noticeable that Wilson did not immediately enter the field for which his enthusiastic study had prepared him. After a year's work in the University of Virginia, he set up a partnership with Edward T. Renick in Atlanta, determined to practise law. It is characteristic of him, too, that he did not adhere stubbornly to the choice of a profession, even after he had embarked on it. He shortly returned to Johns Hopkins University, where he held the Historical Fellowship. A very charming portrait of Wilson at about this period is presented by Miss Edith Reid in an article in *The English Review:*

"I recall him as he came up, a graduate student, to the Johns Hopkins University, doubtless poorly equipped with this world's goods, but too wholesome for that to matter. . . . There was a tremendous momentum in this young man that carried him from a simple student, with a very small haversack on his back, his assets in his brain—carried him to the presidency of Princeton, to fight for the democracy of opportunity; to the Governorship of New Jersey, to force just government; to the Presidency of the United States, to hold steadily above a distracted world the scales of universal justice. . . .

"My daguerreotype shows a tall young man, whose clothes—one has to mention his clothes—were put on with so obvious a desire to show due respect to the function that he was attending, with so little thought for himself. He would never have done for a tailor's advertisement; but, though his clothes were too big for him, he was immeasurably too big for his clothes. That Georgia tailor proved so obviously that no amount of disregard to the anatomy of his victim could matter in the very least. Mr. Wilson was—he simply *was*. His kindly, humorous, intellectual face, so young, but so full of power; his graciousness of manner, so full of consideration and with so little of condescension, showed plainly the hall-marks of his ancestry, Southern, Scotch, Irish, American—he looked them all: Southern, by those dreadful clothes and gentle manners; Scotch, by stiff integrity; Irish, by his humor; and American, in being at once full of idealism and of practical common sense.

"Our acquaintance warmed into friendship, strange to say, at one of those functions devised, I believe, to show how cowed can become the spirit of man, how brave the spirit of woman—a big evening reception. . . . We had been squeezed to the very wall of our hostess's pretty drawing-room and sank upon some mercifully left-over seats. . . . We were both of us young then, and wished to be very wise—I, gay, arrogant, undisciplined; he, very humble, for he was already in harness, and his fresh, creative mind bowed to wisdom. He studied his premises and weighed his conclusions. But the trivial only held him as the lightest of surface comedies; he quickly cut through them to the great problems of past, present, and future. The unessential held him hardly at all; but, because of his humor, his talk was never ponderous; and also because of a certain vitalizing quality that was his in a degree I have never known in any other person. He was subjective only inasmuch as he minded your blame and cared for your praise; for the rest, he was purely objective. The big problems of humanity consumed him; they were so much bigger than himself that he forgot himself. . . ."

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Woodrow Wilson, the Writer

As a stylist alone President Wilson deserves the praise of lovers of good English. He has shown a remarkable faculty for expressing simply whatever he wished to emphasize, and at the same time has displayed a literary quality that makes his state papers unique. He clearly delineated the noblest ideals for which a world might strive. Not even his opponents could belittle his masterly use of words

Upon the publication, in 1885, of his scholarly volume on *Congressional Government*, he was fully launched on the student's career. This was also the year of his marriage to Miss Ellen Axson, a childhood playmate; and together they set forth for Bryn Mawr, where Wilson had accepted an associate professorship in History and Political Economy. Five years later he was called to Princeton, and so distinguished

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Woodrow Wilson's Home at Princeton, New Jersey

Mr. Wilson was a student, a professor, and a president of Princeton University in turn. He lived at Princeton from 1902 to 1911.

were his services to that institution that when the president of the university retired in 1902, the alumnus and professor Woodrow Wilson was without discussion elected to the position.

THE FIRST BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY

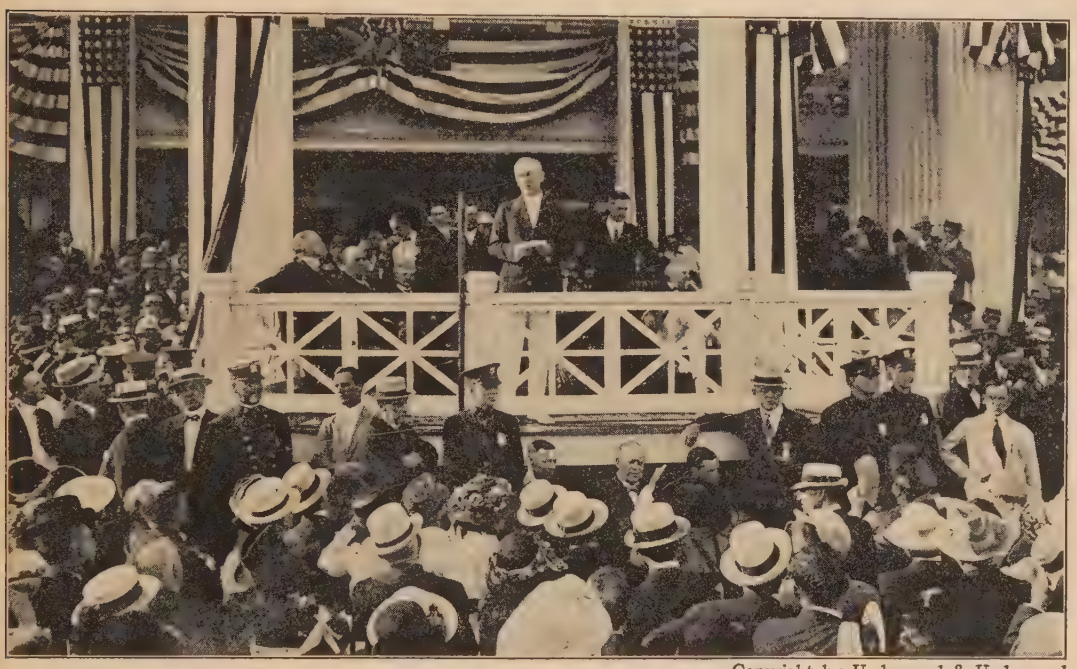
At that time Princeton was in the grip of the "quad" system: which was in fact, if not in name, merely the perpetuation of all the evils of the fraternity system. Moreover, or perhaps because of this, the university was practically governed by the vested interests. The fight centered about the influence which the rich donors were trying to exert over the prospective graduate school. "A university does not consist of buildings or of apparatus," said Mr. Wilson at that time, "a university consists of students and teachers"; again, "The country is looking to us as men who prefer ideas to money. After all, we are mistaken: we prefer money to ideas." But though Mr. Wilson was defeated as president of Princeton University, he was victor as candidate for Governor of New Jersey on the same courageous principles. Almost at once he became a dominant figure politically.

The stern determination, the iron integrity which had inspired the fight at Princeton were equally strong in the Governor. The story of how ex-Senator Smith sought re-election on the grounds that the primary was a joke is a familiar one. "It was very far from a joke," retorted the Governor-elect. "But assume that it was. Then the way to save it from being a joke hereafter is to take it seriously now." It was this sort of treatment which made Boss Croker declare that "an ingrate is no good in politics."

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN THE WHITE HOUSE

If "an ingrate is no good in politics," he may be found by the people who deserve most at his hands to be excellent in government, which seems to be another thing. At all events, on the Governor's record Woodrow Wilson was nominated on the Democratic ticket, and in 1912, for the first time since Cleveland's administration closed in 1898, the United States welcomed a Democratic President. In 1911 Mr. Wilson had said: "They called me a schoolmaster when I was running for office last year. I defined the word and said it meant a man trained to find out things and tell them as plainly as possible. I am finding them out and telling you. I propose to go on telling them as long as I live."

This was the spirit that directed his course in those years. It was this realistic bias that made him urge the repeal of the law (a flagrant breach of the treaty with Great Britain) giving American coastwise ships freedom from Panama tolls; that strengthened his fight "not . . . against big business, but simply against unfair business"; that governed his attitude toward Mexico; so that in his famous speech at Shadow Lawn, his formal acceptance of renomination for the presidency, he could declare: "I am more interested in the fortunes of oppressed men and pitiful women and children than in any property rights whatever."



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Woodrow Wilson Receiving the Notification of His Renomination to the Presidency

President Wilson is here shown making his speech of acceptance on his renomination to the Presidency, at Shadow Lawn, Long Branch, New Jersey, where a large crowd turned out to greet him.

NEUTRALITY "IN FACT AS WELL AS IN NAME"

It was in the midst of his absorption in domestic problems, in the very midst of his presidential career, that Woodrow Wilson was shaken from his interest in his own country into an overwhelming interest in Europe. From the beginning his words and acts, like the words and acts of perhaps the great majority of his countrymen, were

those of anxious neutrality. His first word was a note to the belligerents asking them to govern their operations by the Declaration of London, which laid down the rules for the signatory nations regarding blockade, contraband, and neutral shipping. On August 19th he appealed to the American people to maintain their neutrality in word and deed, as "the one people holding itself ready to play a part of immediate mediation and speak the counsels of peace and accommodation, . . . a nation fit beyond others to exhibit the fine poise of undisturbed judgment, the dignity of self-control, the efficiency of dispassionate action; a nation . . . which keeps herself fit and free to do what is honest and disinterested and truly serviceable for the peace of the world."

His first protest was against the British blockade; for while German submarine commanders had orders to refrain from all violence against neutral shipping, Great Britain's misuse of neutral flags made the conditions dangerous. The thorny question of the submarine was at work in all the discussion (and it was long and extremely complicated) that followed the President's initial protest. The British blockade was denounced as "ineffective, illegal, and indefensible." The British argument, stripped of technicalities, amounted to the statement that the submarine, having introduced a new weapon of naval warfare, must be met by new methods; and that she could not, therefore, adhere strictly to laws governing naval warfare as it had been waged in the past.

THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY LIFE

In the days before we entered the war there was a tacit rule in the White House that there should be no discussion of the war in Mr. Wilson's presence. There is a story of how he came into the room one day to be greeted by a sharp, embarrassed silence. "I know what you're talking about," said the President, with one of his broad, good-humored smiles. "You were talking about the war. In five minutes I could get just as excited as all the rest of you, but that's one reason why one person at least must keep his head and remain sane." The story is not merely an indication of the President's temper and vision, but of the quiet sympathy of his family life. He is very humanly proud of his wife's beauty (and very humble about his own unlovely, if strongly intellectual, face), and he has cause to be equally proud of his three daughters, all of them women with keen minds and active energies. Margaret did not reserve her voice for drawing-rooms, but traveled from one camp to another to sing for the soldiers. Jessie has been an ardent Y. W. C. A. worker; and Eleanor is admired for the fact that, in spite of a difference of years, she made a true love-match with no less a person than Mr. McAdoo. So the president has become a proud grandfather; but grandpapa is none the less a boy. His daily visit to the golf-course, while actually a matter of keeping him "fit" for his tremendous duties, is one of his keenest pleasures. He was like a child on a holiday when he was permitted "time off" from the Peace Conference to attend the races at Longchamps; and nothing so charms the weary statesman as the glamour of the footlights at the vaudeville. Every one has seen pictures of the President tossing the ball to open the league games. But it is no small index to his courage, as well as to his *naïf* boyishness, that Mr. Wilson has a youthful passion for marching at the head of parades, the sturdy standard-bearer before the multitudes.

"TOO PROUD TO FIGHT"

On May 7, 1915, the *Lusitania* was torpedoed by a German submarine and sank almost immediately, with a loss of over one thousand lives, among them American citizens. By this time the country was in a tumult. People who had been unwilling to mix in European quarrels, even to assist martyred Belgium (among whom was so belligerent a leader as the late Mr. Roosevelt), demanded instant reparation. On the other hand, those who had followed Mr. Wilson's neutral policies with the grim idealism which they believed to characterize his own feeling, hoped that he would yet

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Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

"The Lady of the White House" accompanied the President on his two journeys to Europe. In France, England, and Italy she was the recipient of many attentions, and added to the popularity that she has achieved at home.

remain sensible of the fact that the causes of the war were not America's concern, and that the issues of the war could be America's concern most nobly if she kept aloof from its passions.

Three days after the sinking of the *Lusitania* President Wilson made his famous address to several thousand naturalized citizens. The address had been written before the tragic news arrived. It was delivered as it had been written. But the country took it for a clear comment on the situation, for the President's unaltered view of America's position and America's mission. "The example of America," he said, "must be a special example. The example of America must be the example not merely of peace because it will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."

In November, 1916, Mr. Wilson was re-elected on the program he had carried out, and on the slogan, "He kept us out of war." On January 22, 1917, he again put forth his plea for a dispassionate settlement in words whose passionate earnestness only an economist and a historian can fully appreciate: "The statesmen of both of the groups of nations now arrayed against one another have said, in terms that could not be misinterpreted, that it was no part of the purpose they had in mind to crush their antagonists. But the implications of these assurances may not be equally clear to all—may not be the same on both sides of the water. I think it will be serviceable if I attempt to set forth what we understand them to be.

"They imply, first of all, that it must be a peace without victory. . . .

"I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealments. Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory, upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand."

THE WAR PRESIDENT

On January 31st Germany renewed submarine warfare and virtually closed the sea to all neutral vessels. The President's response was "armed neutrality." On April 2d he relinquished the pride that would not let him fight and asked Congress for a declaration of war against Germany.

In what amounted to a declaration of war, the President failed to relinquish, however, the idealistic viewpoint which had characterized all his previous utterances. Phrases from the address of January 22d have become slogans in the mouths of ordinary men and women. "We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. . . .

"We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nation can make them."

A DAY'S WORK OF THE PRESIDENT

Writing in *The Century* in March, 1917, David Lawrence described the day's work of the President before America became so immitigably involved in the European War. "Take one day last August as an example," says Mr. Lawrence. . . . "It was an extraordinary day, but it will illustrate the scope of the presidential duty and obligation. Mr. Wilson rose early, breakfasted with his family in the state dining-room, glanced at the head-lines in the morning newspapers, and in a few minutes was in his study on the second floor of the White House, the historic room where Lincoln held his famous Cabinet meetings long before the days of the new executive offices. Mr.

Wilson was attended only by Charles Swem, his stenographer, one of the fastest shorthand men in the world. He had brought the mail from the executive offices, where a staff of clerks had sifted the letters and telegrams and collected the most urgent ones. The President read them all hastily, put aside some for a second reading, and answered others promptly. He dictated for half an hour or more. . . .

"His dictation finished, the President hurried from the White House proper to the executive offices, passing through a latticed corridor, screened from public view and of course constantly guarded. As a rule his first engagement is at ten o'clock, but this day it was at half past nine. Several Congressmen and Senators wished to see the President, and each said he wished only two or three minutes, and the secretaries at the White House had grouped the calls in that first half-hour. . . .

"On that particular day the President's engagement-list included five minutes given over to the ceremony of signing four important acts of Congress. . . .

"The signing of the four important measures competed for attention with a dozen or more pressing questions, and committees of Congress had come to witness the ceremony. . . .

"The room was clear again, and the President sat down for another half-hour of conferences, this time with the Secretary of the Treasury and later with the Secretary of Commerce. At noon he was ready for another session with the railroad executives whom he had seen the night before. Until one o'clock he was debating, arguing, pleading with them, and finally walked over to luncheon, mentally worn out. One o'clock is the luncheon hour at the White House, but that day it was not a breathing-spell. Ambassador Walter Hines Page and Ambas-

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President Wilson Making His Second Inaugural Address on the Steps of the Capitol, Washington, D. C., March 4, 1917

sador William G. Sharp were home from London and Paris, respectively, on their first furloughs. They had made long cable and mail reports, but by way of supplement they had much to tell the President. . . .

"Immediately afterward the Japanese Ambassador was due to call. The formalities were over in a few minutes, and the President turned to his next callers. . . . He was with his political aids for nearly an hour; it was his first conference in weeks.

"Finally he took refuge from all this congestion of business in a motor-ride with Mrs. Wilson. . . .

"On the President's return, the Secretary of State was waiting with a mass of cablegrams and diplomatic notes received from other governments. He made a brief, comprehensive explanation of new developments, and together the President and he determined the policy of the government. . . .

"After the Secretary of State had gone, the President received Franklin K. Lane, the Secretary of the Interior, whom he had sent for to discuss the railroad situation. . . .

"It was now after sunset and nearly dinner-time, and still the day was not ended for the President. It was an interminable procession of nerve-racking problems and duties. All day the oral tasks had absorbed Mr. Wilson's attention; now at night, after dinner, he repaired again to his study, there in solitary quiet to pore over a mass of memoranda, pardon cases, confidential reports from abroad, important letters from prominent men in this country and in Europe, communications from various departments of the government, and reams of suggestions or questions relating to the conduct of the political campaign."

SIX "JOBS" FOR ONE MAN

This was a day's work before the war. Garet Garrett, writing for *The Tribune* (New York), gives a vivid picture of how the President's task had increased with the transition from a peace basis. "This country suddenly finds itself the principal partner in a world war with a pattern of executive government and a theory of the President's job that have survived almost unaltered from a time when the whole American population was less than that of New York City and the iron industry was seated in the bogs of what now is an abandoned part of New Jersey. The mayoralty of New York City now is a bigger job than the President's was when created. In Great Britain the President's job would be, not one, but six at least, namely:

"King.

"Prime Minister.

"Commander-in-chief of the army.

"Commander-in-chief of the navy.

"Party leader.

"Economic dictator.

"No superman would be equal to it.

"The President's job is of a preposterous complexity and magnitude."

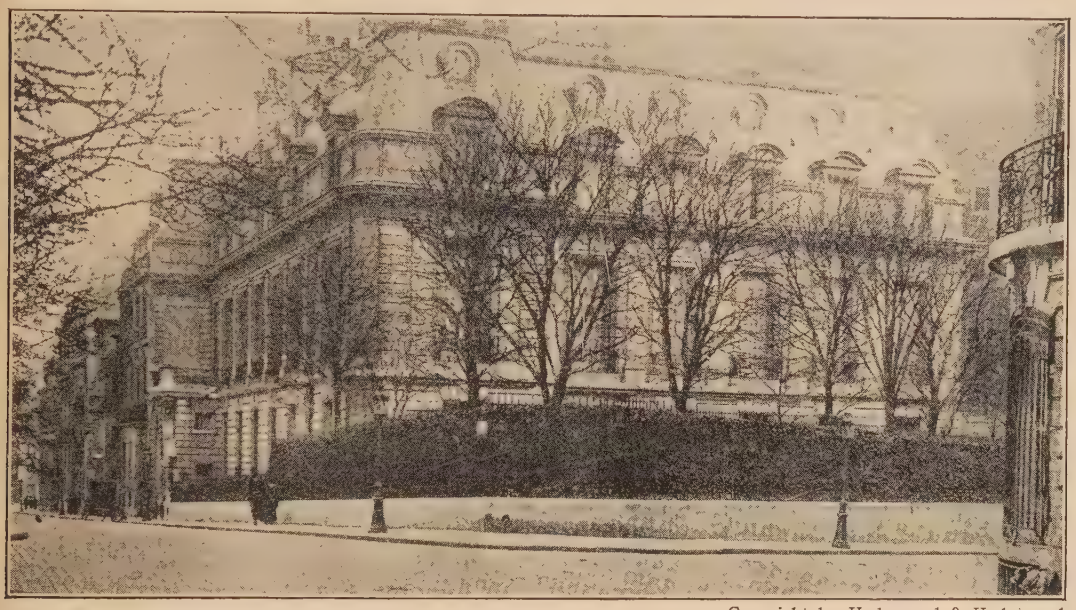
CHANGING HIS MIND WITH THE CIRCUMSTANCES

"The minute I stop changing my mind with the change of all the circumstances of the world, I will be a back number," Mr. Wilson has said, with a colloquial simplicity ordinarily quite foreign to him. This ability to change, to shift his ground, is only another phase of Mr. Wilson's capacity for initiating novel gestures, to use one of his favorite words. Such was his startling gesture of delivering his message to Congress directly, as if he were thus addressing the American people. Such was his friendly, if frequently baffling, habit of meeting the newspaper men twice a week. "Now fire away!" was one of his familiar ways of inviting questions from them, which were answered always shrewdly, if not always satisfactorily, to the gossipy interviewer.

When war came, the President met it with the same keenness for changing circumstances that characterized these lesser innovations. Always a close student of political theory, and for so many difficult years engaged in the wearing, if fascinating, work of political practice, Mr. Wilson realized perhaps better than any one else the magnitude of his task. Power was delegated, not necessarily to constitutionally recognized persons and groups, but rather to efficient bodies of experts. The War Industries Board practically eliminated competition. The War Labor Board, without depriving the worker of the right

to strike, made arbitration fairly compulsory. These boards had no statutory power. They were not created by Congress with a body of well-meaning statesmen to prepare a constitution and by-laws limiting their functions. They were created by a proclamation of the President, Commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and received a blanket commission to deliver the goods. It was a new industrial order that achieved the winning of the war.

To the very end, Mr. Wilson did not abate his habit of expressing in smooth phrases the idealism which sent so many thousands of men to die on the battlefields of Europe. The most important of his addresses was the one delivered to both Houses of Congress, assembled in joint session, on January 8, 1918. It was in this memorable address that Mr. Wilson stated what appeared to him to be "the program of the world's peace," and, moreover, "the only possible program." It consisted of the famous Fourteen Points that were intended to form the basis of a permanent peace.



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President Wilson's Home in Paris

The home of the President during his first stay at the Peace Conference in Paris was at Number 11, Place des États-Unis, the palace of Prince Murat.

OUR EUROPEAN AMBASSADOR

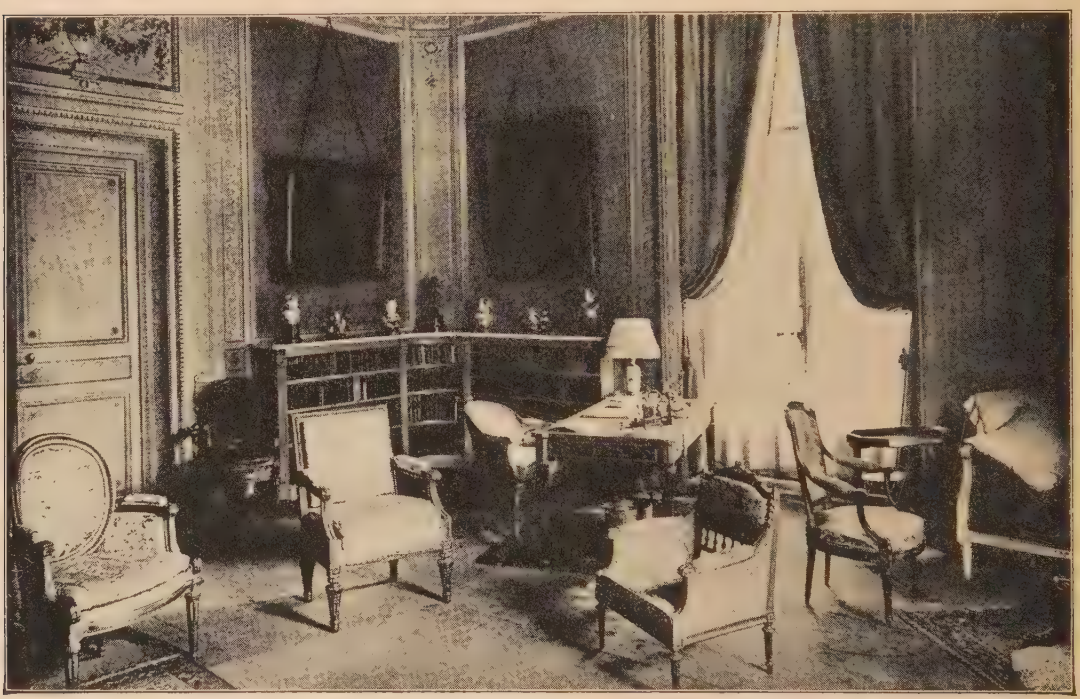
True to his expressed feeling that the President is at once the leader of his party, and that the principles of his party are therefore the chosen principles of the nation, Mr. Wilson has established new precedents for the men who hold that office. Nowhere is this so clear as in his determination himself to act as the ambassador of the American people in Europe, before the Peace Conference.

Mr. Wilson has had many unofficial ambassadors, notably Colonel House, that interesting, if mysterious, person who has frequently been called, in jesting earnest, "the power behind the throne." But as the exponent of the disinterested idealism of America, the President seemed to feel that his presence in Paris was to have a very real influence upon that gathering. The comments upon this step were as various as they were many. His Republican enemies spoke bitterly of his desertion in the face of domestic problems of the first magnitude. His Democratic friends urged the potency of

Mr. Wilson's personal presence at the concert of nations. The independents rallied largely to his support. Europe itself awaited his coming with the proverbial mixed emotions. Conservative opinion feared the man who had so steadily reiterated the proud principles of democracy. The radicals were chary of a President who sent soldiers to Russia to fight a cause against which no war had been publicly declared, whose words were often so curiously divorced from his acts. On the one hand, there were the surging, clamorous crowds cheering the Wilson party in Italy, in England, in France; the people pouring out to witness the comings and goings of the President, the overflow of gifts, in car-loads, from costly jewels for Mrs. Wilson to the simplest tributes for the liberal leader. On the other hand, there was the empty space in the Roman Chamber of Deputies, the protest of the forty Italian Socialist deputies against reaction in the United States, against the imprisonment of Debs for his courageous statement of his convictions, against the policy of the government toward Russia. There was the procession of *mutilés* in Paris, the blind, the halt, and the lame of the French soldiers, mutely marching, against the express desire of the government, to show Mr. Wilson the bitterer fruits of victory.

THE VERDICT OF TIME

"A point," says the geometric axiom, "is that which has position, but not parts or dimensions." Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points had held the highest position in the minds of progressive-minded men and women. But his critics declared that they played no part in the framing of the covenant of the League of Nations, and that their dimensions had been reduced to zero in the Treaty of Peace.



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Mrs. Wilson's Paris Salon

This shows the "little salon" of Mrs. Wilson at Number 11, Place des États-Unis, the palace of Prince Murat, where the President and Mrs. Wilson lived during their first stay at the Peace Conference.

What Woodrow Wilson's contribution to history will have been, it is easier to say than to know. We have no perspective with which to view this unique figure in the

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Medal Cast in Switzerland in Honor of the President and the People of the United States

In recognition of the help given by the people of the United States to the Swiss in supplying food during the war, this medal, designed by Hans Frei, was cast in 1918. The American eagle is shown bearing a sheaf of wheat across the ocean.

modern world. We have seen him, from the simple beginnings in the Southern pastorate, rise to a position of almost world-dominance amid the groans and shouts of a civilization shaken to its base. We have seen him received with excitement and acclaim, with disappointment and scorn. Mr. Wilson once said to a friend: "I always try to keep my vision ahead of the facts." Perhaps this is the most generous view we can take of him. Only time will bring in the verdict as to whether, focusing on the future, he sincerely tried to keep the facts in line with his vision, or whether he had cause to share the fear of Cicero, demanding: "What would history be saying of me six hundred years hence? And that is a thing I fear much more than the petty gossip of those who are alive to-day."

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HOUSE, THE MAN OF MYSTERY

President Wilson's Silent Partner—From Texan Politics to European Diplomacy—A Missionary to Many Courts—*Verbum Sap.*

MYSTERY exercises a potent fascination in life as in art, and to call a man an enigma is to give him at once a strong hold on the imagination. In this war there have been several figures that have remained "still, out-topping knowledge." England had her man of mystery in Lord Kitchener, silent and baffling as the Egyptian sphinx. Germany had her grim Ludendorff, the inscrutable intellect behind the popular idol, von Hindenburg. The United States, characteristically, has her man of mystery in a civilian—although he flourishes a military title—Colonel House, the discreet friend of President Wilson, whom some one characterized as being "first of Texas, then of the United States, and finally of the world." As envoy-extraordinary of the president, Colonel House has wandered on secret missions to many lands; as a private citizen he carried the weight of representing the United States at a time as critical as any the world has seen. Yet no one, except Mr. Wilson and Mr. House, knows to this day how large a part he has played in the World War.

Eight years ago President Wilson had not even heard of the man who was later to become his *alter ego*. When Woodrow Wilson was still Governor of New Jersey and was preparing his way for the Presidency, some one remarked to him: "By the way, Governor, there is a man named House working for you down in Texas. You ought to meet him. He has ideas." The two men did meet soon after, in New York, and one of those extraordinary friendships based on immediate sympathy sprang up. At the end of their first long talk, Colonel House said, "Isn't it strange that two men who never knew each other before should think so much alike?" and the Governor answered, "My dear fellow, we have known each other all our lives."

FROM TEXAS TO EUROPE

And yet, as Mr. Sydney Brooks notes in *The Chronicle* (London) in a character sketch of this eminent silent man: "Up to five or six years ago practically nobody outside his native state of Texas had ever heard of him. And even in Texas, where he had busied himself with state politics for a couple of decades or so, his power was rather felt than seen. You might talk in the 'nineties with any average Texas politician for hours at a stretch and not hear Colonel House's name so much as mentioned. But if you happened to meet one who was exceptionally well informed, and who really knew the forces at work behind the outward bustle of primaries and conventions, then some reference to him would inevitably crop up."

To-day he is the closest friend of President Wilson and one of his few political advisers. The President seemingly trusts him more than any other man. He has been quoted as saying of the colonel: "He is one of those rare men who can hold a subject off while discussing it so that you can get a proper perspective. His mind is so clear that he grasps a subject and enables you to see it as it is, without any reflected light or any distorting angle."

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Colonel and Mrs. House

The "House" of mystery he has been called. The man who became "Assistant President" in the United States never completed his college education. He rose from Texan politics to international diplomacy. He was chosen three times to go on important missions abroad, twice as special envoy of the administration.

Three times Colonel House was chosen to go on important missions abroad, twice as special envoy of the administration. The first time, in January, 1915, his mission was commonly supposed to be to report on the possibility of peace negotiations. At the Inter-allied Conference of the special ambassadors of the belligerent nations to establish unity of control in the conduct of the war, the United States was represented by this quiet "Assistant President," as Colonel House has been called. There he won a great diplomatic success by thwarting the orators and making out a business-like schedule of work. At the Peace Conference he represented the United States along with President Wilson, Mr. Lansing, Mr. White, and General Bliss. President Wilson in his Buffalo speech in November, 1917, referred to Colonel House's mission at that time thus: "I sent a friend of mine, Colonel House, to Europe. He is as great a lover of peace as any man in the world, but I did not send him on a peace mission; I sent him to take part in a conference as to how the war is to be won; and he knows, as I know, that that is the way to get peace, if you want it for more than a few minutes." Evidently he felt, when the time came, that this lover of peace belonged as well on the peace mission that was "to get peace," if possible, "for more than a few minutes."

A QUIET AND COLORLESS LIFE

As to who and what this man is who is one of the curiosities of our epoch, we must read between the lines of a quiet and colorless life. A French portrait-sketch of Colonel House tells us: "His family, which is of Dutch origin, having lived for several generations in England, settled in America. The colonel's father, Thomas William House, obtained, at the end of the Civil War, large sugar-plantations in Texas and founded a private bank which rapidly prospered. Edward Mandell House, born July 26, 1858, at Houston, was at the time seven years old; he was the youngest of seven children. He lived with his brothers, leading a very healthy life in the open air, riding horseback, growing to be a good shot; but he had brain fever, which left him in rather delicate health; later on, he had a sunstroke. In order to finish his education, he was sent to New York. He confesses himself that he was not a good student. His calm, poised, methodical mind impelled him to be the peace-making umpire of all juvenile quarrels which sprang up around him. Being a great lover of reading, he read everything that came within his reach. Despite his youth, he was already coming to understand the difficult questions of legal and political affairs. . . . In 1877 he left New York to go to Cornell College. Three years later, in 1880, his father died; he left college without regret because he thought that he knew enough. . . .

"After the paternal inheritance was settled, Edward Mandell House left Houston, to settle at Austin. . . . From his father he had inherited an income of about $20,000 a year. He has always found this personal income sufficient for him, and to-day it is about the same as it was thirty-eight years ago. His aim has always been, not to enlarge his property, but to keep it in good condition. He has never spent much time on his estates, especially after his marriage with Miss Loulie Hunter, of Austin, August 4, 1881." [1]

Another writer reports: "Aside from his banking and railroad interests he made much money with his many farms and ranches. . . . No one knows the extent of his wealth. It isn't great as so many multimillionaires are ranked, but all sorts of guesses from one to twenty millions have been made. The favorite 'guess,' and the one probably approaching the nearest to correctness, is $2,000,000.

"He has said that he has enough money. He doesn't care to make any more. He has explained that he has more than he can use, enough for his children, and that he sees no reason to struggle for more. He has a business office in Austin, one small room with an old-fashioned, flat-topped desk that has seen better days, a few filing-cases, some chairs, a small, old-fashioned safe, and upon the glass door this lettering: 'Mr. Edward M. House.'

[1] "A French Portrait of Colonel House." By Paul-Louis Hervier, in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, translated in *The Living Age*.

"Even in his native state they do not know much about the man—but they know what he can do. Whenever there is a gubernatorial campaign the question comes up, 'Is House in this?' And if it is found that he is, they know that he is very much 'in this,' and that his man will in all probability win."[1]

The colonel once held an office for a brief moment. He was made chairman of the executive committee that put Governor Lanham in office, but after he had accepted he said: "I cannot see for the life of me why I took this. I'll resign."

And he did.

The colonel's title is his by Southern courtesy only, for Governor Culberson of Texas showed his appreciation of Mr. House's political support by bestowing on him a commission as colonel on his staff. There is a story that the newly created colonel ordered a uniform, but when he saw the gold lace, the aglets, the epaulets, the braid, and the burnished buttons, he called his negro servant and said, "Allen, take these—these clothes, and remove them forever."

HIS DIPLOMATIC POSITION

President Wilson once portrayed his friend in these words: "I can point out to you a few men—of course I am not going to name them now—whom every man ought to be afraid of because nothing but the truth resides in them. I have one in particular in mind whom I have never caught thinking about himself. I would not dare to make a pretense in the presence of that man even if I wanted to. His eyes contain the penetrating light of truth before which all disguises fall away." No one had any doubt as to whom the President referred in this tribute as just as it was fine. Again, on another occasion, he said:

"I cannot leave my place, and nobody can better act in my name than House. He is my other self. He knows me as intimately as I know myself, and he has this advantage over me, that he does not talk, and I do!"

Mr. David Lawrence, the corresponden of *The Evening Post* (New York), explains Colonel House's position thus: "He doesn't exactly speak instead of the President, because Mr. Wilson reserves the privilege of decision for himself in most matters, but he does speak on behalf of Mr. Wilson. He explains the Wilson viewpoint and follows the Wilson instructions and reports back faithfully what is said to him. He is a personal representative of the President because he knows the President's mind well, besides being a close friend and supporter, but he is really an ambassador-at-large with a commission enabling him to enter any capital in Europe and get access to the responsible leaders of the government as well as all political parties."

European statesmen and the European press have confessed themselves unable to penetrate the veil of mystery surrounding the man from Texas. M. Clemenceau, in *L'Homme Enchaîné* (as he called his *L'Homme Libre* after its suppression by the censor),wrote in 1916: "Europe hassuddenly seen a dumb missionary disembark on its shores for a tour of inspection among the combatants. He has passed everywhere, appearing and disappearing by turns like the *Flying Dutchman* in the mists of the horizon. He has said nothing, his whole mission evidently being to observe. His task, I suppose, is to report faithfully to the President the conclusions he draws from personal observation as to the balance of force between the belligerents."

THE ART OF SAYING NOTHING

The Daily News (London) characterized Colonel House as a master of "the delicate art of saying nothing," and entertainingly described his method of evading interviews at a reception given by him to American and English journalists in London in 1916:

"'I suppose,' one of the American journalists began, 'you had a very lively time in Berlin?'

"'In what way?' Colonel House asked.

"'Why, in every way.'

"'They would be glad to tell you that over there,' he replied, quietly.

"'Where did you stay in Berlin?'

"'I stayed with the ambassador, and all

[1] *The Forum*, December, 1917.

Colonel Edward M. House

The President's "other self" represented Mr. Wilson abroad before the war, and was a member of the United States Peace Commission at the Conference in Paris. Colonel House is master of the art of saying nothing, but he has said one thing definitely: "The only work which is worth doing and which gives satisfaction is that which is not selfish."

the entertaining that was done was done at the Embassy.' He had met and dined with the Kaiser, he admitted, but whether on this visit or not he would not say.

"'Did you hear anything of the possibilities of peace discussed?'

"'I have not heard peace discussed anywhere, because I purposely avoided it.'

"'Did you see any signs of shortage of bread?'

"'I did not see any signs of anything in particular.'

"'But you saw a good deal of interest on your visit?'

"'Europe is always interesting.'

"'Did you find the Berlin people very cheerful?'

"'I didn't make any observations of that sort at all.'

"'You had nice mild weather there?'

"'I have found the winter very mild everywhere.' Weather is a very good thing to talk about.

"'Could you not tell us what contrast you have found between London and Berlin?'

"'I never saw any contrast at all. . . .'

"'Has your trip been successful?'

"'It depends on what you mean by success. I am quite satisfied.'

"'And have you no message that you can give?'

"'The only thing I would like to do is to express appreciation to the newspapers in all the countries I have visited for their very great courtesy.'

"And with these words this silent envoy—a little, active figure, with iron-gray hair and mustache—himself the perfection of courtesy, shook hands all round and retired into a secret chamber."

Yet when he speaks the colonel can find the pregnant phrase. So far as can be learned, he was the first to use those magical five words, "the freedom of the seas," to characterize the plan of which one of the greatest men in Germany said, "I believe you have thrown the first thread across the chasm that bars us from peace."

Obviously a personality such as this would be self-effacing rather than obtrusive. Mr. Norman Hapgood said of Colonel House in *Leslie's Weekly* for March 9, 1918: "His personality is charming, unusual, and in a sense mysterious. . . . As one looks at the whole man, the blue eyes are the center of attention. Outside of those luminous eyes there is no external feature that commands attention."

Those "luminous eyes" have the ability of assuming a blank expression that is the despair of newspaper men. In fact, the colonel's control of his facial expression alone would qualify him to sit among diplomats—or poker-players.

Colonel House's personal tastes are as quiet as his voice. He shuns large banquets, but likes small, quiet dinners. He sleeps nine hours, works all day, with two intermissions for a half-hour walk, and in the evening reads, goes to the theater or even moving pictures, or sees his friends. His favorite reading is in the fields of history and philosophy, and he is devoted to the short story—especially to O. Henry.

HIS OWN WORDS

Colonel House's reticence is one of his distinguishing characteristics, but a few of his rare remarks have been preserved. After he had worked with such magnificent success for Woodrow Wilson's nomination in 1912, he made the following statement to the eager newspaper men who tried "to pluck out the heart of his mystery": "To a man such as I am publicity is not only annoying, but injurious. I am not seeking anything for myself, and I am not seeking anything for anybody else; I am simply trying to do the best I can for the measures I favor. I am for measures, not men."

Concerning his income he said: "It is hard for many people to understand that I have enough for my needs and my desires. I have never accepted compensation from any government, except that when I have traveled abroad, sent on official missions by the President, my expenses have been reimbursed."

At another time he made this statement: "There are people who ask me what I receive for my work. My opinion is that the only work which is worth doing and which gives satisfaction is that which is not selfish. I hope that I do not seem pre-

tentious when I declare that I feel more pleasure in that which I have done without compensation, but which has been praised by my friends, than in that which I might have done with a large salary and the bestowal of decorations."

Finally, there is this bit of practical wisdom that might almost be added to the proverbial lore of America: "I never worry about anything, it matters little whether the thing is trifling or important. I do what I think right, and that is all. There is no more reason to be worried about an important problem than about a trifle. I should come to a decision in which all the peoples of the earth were interested with no more hesitation than if it were necessary to decide something of interest only to the few people in this house. Naturally I should take just as much care in the second case as in the first."

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VENIZELOS, GREEK PREMIER

The Maker of Modern Greece—The Greatest Statesman in Europe—Lawyer, Orator, Revolutionist—The Balkan Alliance

IF there is a destiny in names, as Balzac insisted, Fate knew what she was about when she bestowed that nobly resonant name, Eleutherios Venizelos, on the statesman whose fame it is to have fought for freedom always and to have restored Modern Greece. Eleutherios, the Christian name, is the Greek equivalent for Liberator, or the Deliverer, and was happily adapted to the child who in the next fifty years was to free millions of Greeks from the dominance of the Turk. His life has been one long struggle for freedom. At twenty-three he freed his native Crete from Turkey; later he freed Greece from political corruption and regained for her many lost provinces; to-day he is hoping to win back the isles of Greece and her ancient colonies for the mother-country.

THE GREATEST STATESMAN IN EUROPE

Mr. A. G. Gardiner in *The War Lords* made this interesting estimate of the Premier of Greece in 1915:

"M. Venizelos is the greatest statesman in Europe to-day. That is a large claim, but history will ratify it. His public career, so far as Europe is concerned, extends over only five years, but in that time he has revealed to the world one of the most remarkable personalities in the political history of Europe. He has been compared to Cavour, to Gambetta, to Bismarck. The fact is significant of the impression he creates. You look for his parallel only in the ranks of the greatest."

But Mr. Gardiner holds that the force in Venizelos's nature is spiritualized, as it was in Lincoln and Mazzini. "He pervades the atmosphere with the sense of high purpose and noble sympathies. It is not his strength that you remember, but a certain illuminated benevolence, a comprehensive humanity, general friendliness of demeanor. He is in temperament what one may call a positive—a man of sympathies rather than of antipathies, winning by the affections more than by diplomacy and cunning. He is singularly free from the small ingenuities and falsities of politics and in all circumstances exhibits a simple candor and directness. . . . But for the conviction that his personality conveys, you would think such

frankness was only the subtle disguise of an artful politician. It is instead the mark of a man great enough to be himself, to declare his purposes, to live always in the light."

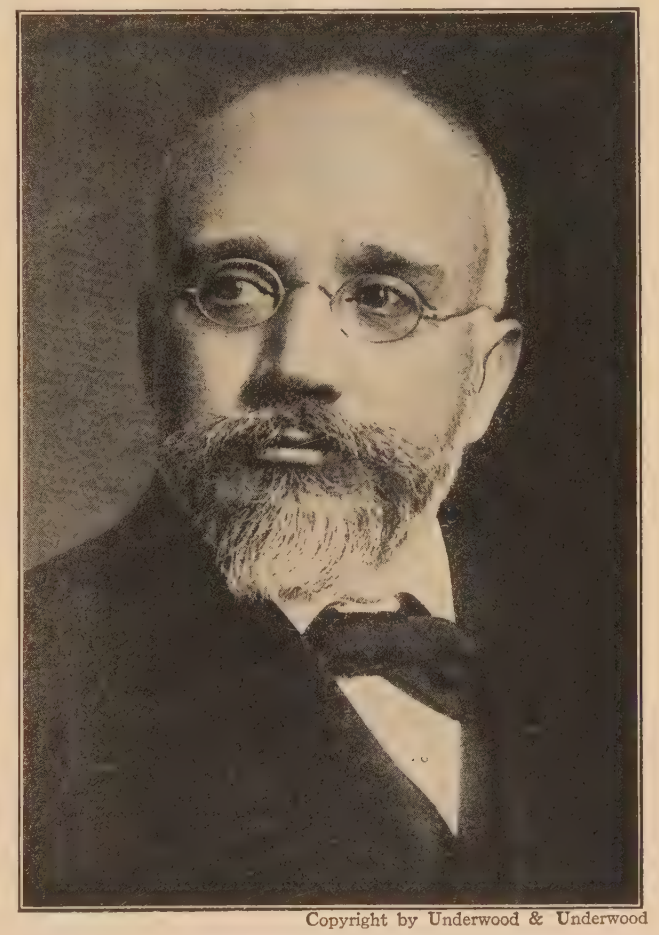
A GREEK OF THE GREEKS

Eleutherios Venizelos in appearance is more Italian than Greek, and his family name has suggested to some students of history that he is a descendant of some of the Venetian conquerors who ruled the isles of Greece when the Queen of the Adriatic was still "a boast, a marvel, and a show." His mild blue eyes, peering through gold-rimmed spectacles; his perpetual, unrevealing smile that is said to recall Mona Lisa's immortal smile; his quiet, his coolness, and deliberation are more characteristic of a northern Italian than of a Greek. Nevertheless, he is a Greek of the Greeks, a Cretan of Athenian origin. "This native of Crete, who has made Greece a modern nation, by ancestry, education, and aspiration is a pure Hellene. His ancestral home lies at the foot of the Acropolis, in Athens — certainly nothing could be more Greek than that. Here his forefathers were living when the Italian admiral, Morosini, in 1687, bombarded and almost destroyed the Parthenon. One of his ancestors, afterward canonized as Saint Philothea Venezela, was beaten to death by the Turks in 1589 and is buried in the cathedral at Athens.

"In the last three centuries the family has done much traveling. It had for many years a large estate at Pylos, in the Peloponnesus; thence it moved to Cravata, in Sparta, and thence to the much-suffering island of Crete."

Here Eleutherios was born in 1864, in the little village of Murniaes, near Canea. As a child he was a fugitive from the frightfulness of the Turkish irregular forces known as Bashi-bazuks. His home was ruined. With his parents he shared the hardships of a hand-to-mouth existence in the hills. So bitter was his experience that, child as he was, he made the resolve, "Some day I will make them pay for all this."

He was educated at the gymnasium of Syra, and when his school-days were over his father decided to send him into business.



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Eleutherios Venizelos, Premier of Greece

Venizelos has been called the greatest statesman in Europe—a man with a vision by his friends, a visionary by his enemies. His dream is to create a greater Greece.

For two years the lad labored in this uncongenial field. But the Greek Consul-general at Canea, who saw a keen intelligence going to waste, kept telling the father: "It is a great mistake to condemn your son to an obscure commercial existence;

you are depriving the country of a useful defender. Believe me, let him study; he has the makings of an admirable lawyer." At the end of two years the father was convinced and the boy was permitted to attend the University of Athens, where he later completed his legal studies.

When Venizelos decided, after leaving the university, that he would return to Crete, his Athenian friends advised him to remain in the capital, since he could hope for a more successful career there. Venizelos's answer was indicative of his ripe thought and generous enthusiasm: "In Crete everything swims in blood; and there are some other cares besides successful careers."

Venizelos was only twenty-three years old when he was elected one of the eight minority members of the Cretan Chamber of Deputies. Mindful of his boyhood resolve, he took an active part in successive uprisings against Turkish domination and went through many perilous adventures. He was the leader of the Cretan Revolution of 1896 which brought about the war of 1897 between Greece and Turkey. In the end Crete achieved autonomy; and, after Venizelos had organized another revolution in 1908, in spite of the Great Powers, she finally became an integral part of Greece.

Two years later Venizelos was elected a member of the National Assembly by the people of Athens.

Recognized as the strong man of the "Great Greek Island," Venizelos arrived in Athens in 1909, invited thither not only by the Military League, but also by the veteran politician, Dragoumis, the sturdiest and least compromising figure in Greek parliamentary life at that time.

A MASTER OF THE PEOPLE

Under the leadership of Venizelos difficulties were smoothed away as if by magic. He showed his mettle, his unyielding tenacity of purpose to the populace who acclaimed him as their deliverer in September, 1910. The crown had usurped too much power, but when the people tried to convert the Revisionary Chamber, that was about to convene to revise the constitution, into a Constituent Assembly that could not be dissolved by the King, Venizelos stood by his pledged word and took his stand with the moderates.

"My criticisms upon the inertia of royalty," he said, "have been misinterpreted as anti-dynastic. On the contrary, I believe that it is to the nation's interest to show its devotion to the reigning dynasty, and I, therefore, consider that the Assembly should remain Revisionary."

But the crowd did not like this. "Constituent! Constituent!" it shouted.

"Revisionary!" repeated the speaker.

"Constituent!" the mob replied, even louder than before.

Venizelos leaned over the balcony and fixed his cold blue eyes upon the populace.

"I say Revisionary," he declared, calmly but decisively. The tumult was stilled at once. Quietly the crowd departed, convinced that Greece had found not only her deliverer, but her master.

A few months later Venizelos became Prime Minister. In five years he almost rebuilt Greece. He put an end to the régimeof political corruption and dishonesty, he bettered the laws, reformed the administration of justice, and started the state in the path of modernity. He strengthened the University of Athens and created more than two hundred new municipal schools. He enlarged and increased the efficiency of the police and the postal and telegraph services, and organized a new Ministry which dealt with trade, industry, and agriculture.

Other reforms followed. He adopted a state scheme of workmen's compensation and insurance and passed laws regulating the working-conditions and working-hours of men and women. He exerted all his influence to encourage art and literature; he decorated writers and showed great interest in the theater and the opera.

When a revolutionist in the mountains of Crete, Venizelos had whiled away the idle hours by learning English, a language which he now speaks perfectly, and he seldom attended a session of Parliament in Athens without a copy of a Greek classic in his pocket. His untiring efforts in behalf of his country led him into every field of endeavor.

VENIZELOS IN THE BALKAN WARS

The Balkan War found Greece in an unenviable position. Venizelos prepared the Balkan Alliance in 1912, and Maximilian Harden, the noted editor of *Die Zukunft*, has summed up his achievements through the Second Balkan War succinctly:

"Venizelos has done for his country what others have contented themselves with dreaming of doing. Renouncing power and the happiness he could have found in his island of Crete, he accepted the office of Deputy in the Greek Chamber and came to Athens to apply those great reforms with which he hoped to regenerate Greece. At the end of four weeks he became President of the Council and began the execution of his program, revision of the Constitution, increase of the national defenses, measures against abusive trafficking in Parliament, against favoritism, against the tyranny of officers. But above all he wished to realize the union of the Balkan States, and soon he attained his end. The whole nation applauded his efforts and party hates died away. King George and his son (the present King) owe the re-establishment of their position to him. The King wished to confer on him the highest order in his power, but Venizelos said, 'I should have to sign the decree and I should appear to be decorating myself.' . . . In thirty-four months Venizelos had done more for the people and crown than any Greek before him. He has done more for his country than any other living man of any other country has done for his. . . . These are things that no loyal adversary can contest, any more than you could take from these balances in which are weighed the merits of political men the weight of the work of Venizelos."

THE POWER ABOVE THE THRONE

When the Great War broke out in 1914 the lot of Greece, like that of other small neutrals, was not a happy one. Two weeks after the war began Venizelos offered the military assistance of his country to the Allies, but for obscure political reasons the offer was not accepted. Eager to march with the Entente from the first, Venizelos asked that such conditions be prepared that his country might escape annihilation and might intervene at a favorable moment. For various reasons the participation of Greece was postponed, however, until finally the Royalist supporters of King Constantine grew strong enough to maintain neutrality when the Venizelists desired to enter the war. After various disagreements, Venizelos and his followers broke with the King, declared war on the side of the Allies, and set up a Provisional Government at Salonica. Greece was thus divided, and Venizelos in the end returned to Athens as the head of the National Government after the abdication of King Constantine in June, 1917. Since then Venizelos has been the actual ruler of Greece, although Alexander, Constantine's second son, has acceded to the throne.

AN INFORMAL LUNCHEON

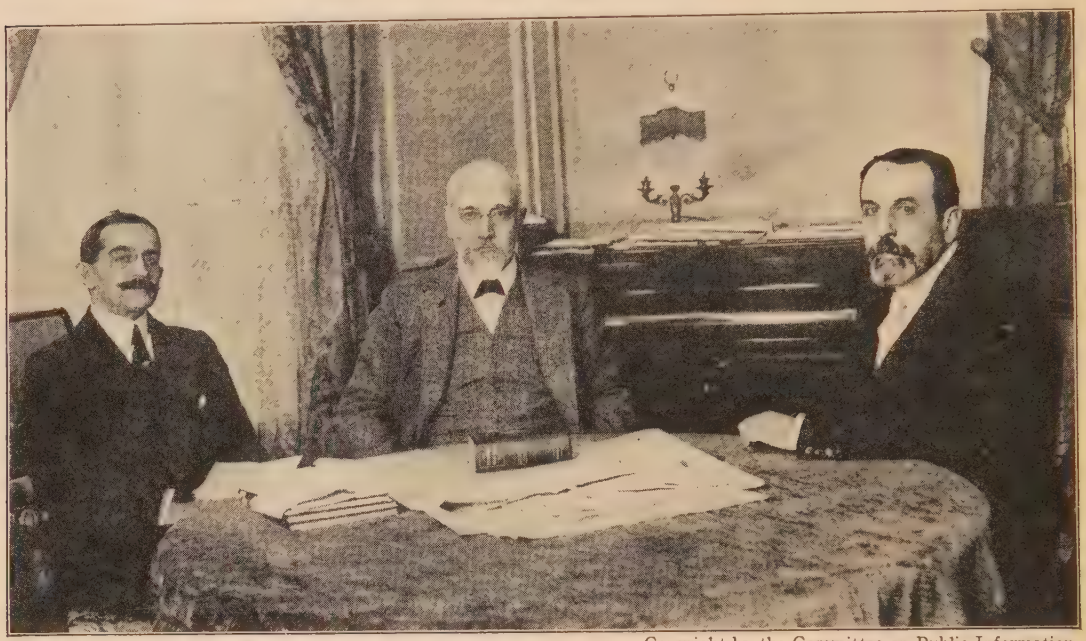
A correspondent gives an amusing account of an informal visit made by M. Venizelos to the Greek headquarters on the Salonica front, where he shared the luncheon supplied at the nurses' mess. The great leader was seated on a soap-box at a table improvised from some cases of condensed milk.

"That was, I think, one of the strangest little 'banquets' I ever sat down to. Every one travels more or less 'self-contained' in the Salonica area, and whenever a party is thrown together the joint supplies are commandeered for the common good. The mess menu was a simple one of soup, tinned salmon, rice, and cheese, but by the time M. Venizelos's hamper had yielded a box of fresh figs, a can of the honey of Hymettus, and a couple of bottles of Cretan wine, and the French officers had 'anted up' cognac, some tins of flageolet for salad, and a tumbler of confiture, and the English nurse had brought out the last of her Christmas plum-cake, and I had thrown in a loaf of Italian pan-forte and a can of chocolates, the little crazy-legged camp-table had assumed a passing festal air.

"This was, I believe, the last occasion on which M. Venizelos visited his troops at the front. Before another fortnight had gone by, the forces of the 'Protecting Powers' were moving into Old Greece, and in a

month Constantine had abdicated and opened the way for the return of his former Prime Minister to Athens.

"From the time of the Balkan wars of 1912–13 to the outbreak of the present one Venizelos was often referred to as 'The Maker of Modern Greece.' After this war he may well be known as 'The Savior of Modern Greece'; and of the two achievements there can be no doubt that history must record that the one of 'saving' was incomparably greater than the one of 'making.'" [1]



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The Delegates of Greece to the Peace Conference

Nicholas Politis, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the left; Athos Romanos, Greek Minister in Paris, on the right. In the center is Eleutherios Venizelos, the famous president of the Greek Cabinet, who has been compared, for his statesmanship, to Cavour, and even to Bismarck. A keen sufferer, along with his parents, at the hands of irregular Turkish troops in his childhood home of Crete, he secured his revenge by engineering the Cretan revolution, and so solidifying Greece that Turkish power was systematically diminished to the end of the Great War.

A RUMANIAN TRIBUTE

One of the most noteworthy tributes paid to M. Venizelos was that of another statesman, M. Take Jonescu, the Rumanian leader. "When," wrote M. Jonescu in 1915, "I made the acquaintance of Venizelos, I was attracted from the first. That head, like a Byzantine saint straight from a church fresco, that gentle and penetrating glance, that subtle smile, the irresistible sympathy which radiates from all his being, the almost girlish modesty, all the more charming when combined with a will of iron—all that strikes you the moment you see him. I asked him the secret of his success, and he replied in these simple but profound words: 'I have always told my fellow-countrymen the truth, and the whole truth, and I have always been quite prepared to lay down my power without regret.' Sincerity, the cult of truth, that is the first trait in Venizelos's character, and at the same time the secret of his strength."

PERSONAL TRAITS

M. Venizelos is an uncommonly hard worker and is said to devote from sixteen to eighteen hours to his labors when the

[1] Mr. Lewis R. Freeman in an article in *The World's Work* for January, 1918.

Greek Parliament is in session. Mr. Crawfurd Price, an English correspondent, in his volume, *Venizelos and the War*, describes Venizelos's holiday in July, 1916, at Loutraki, a little thermal station on the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, where, preparatory to his election campaign, he was enjoying a brief rest.

"Rest, indeed! No morning's mail brought him less than a hundred letters; deputations of priests and publicans, saints and sinners, commenced to arrive before breakfast, and continued in day-long succession. There were newspapers—Greek and European—to be read, articles for his own journal, the *Kiryx*, to be written, and party leaders to he consulted and advised. And amid it all be found occasion for early-morning fishing excursions, after-luncheon rubbers of bridge, *tête-à-têtes* in agreeable society, and political discussions with me and others. I envied the mental force of this man, who, at such a time of conflict, could throw away care for a short hour and, ignoring alike the daily warnings of intrigues against his life and the presence of the four Cretan 'bravoes' and eleven gendarmes who mounted guard over him, sit on the gunwale of a fishing-boat and charm an intimate society of holiday-makers.

"M. Venizelos is a widower with two sons. He is a man of ascetic tastes. He favors the simple life, eats frugally, and neither drinks nor smokes. His sole recreation is an occasional game of bridge, for no higher stakes than are necessary to make it interesting. He rises early and retires late. Society sees him but rarely. He lives in his work, and his one ambition is to strive for the glory of Greece, even if it should entail his personal effacement. Though he has necessarily been confronted with many tempting opportunities to amass wealth, he has preferred to remain poor."

One of M. Venizelos's distinguishing qualities is his reticence. Statesmen are expected to be uncommunicative, and he is a master among them. During the winter of 1914–15, the Greek Premier traveled through the capitals of Europe to sound the chancelleries upon the difficulties of Modern Greece. At the end of his travels he and M. Pashitch, the Serbian Premier, proceeded to Bucharest together, where a company of reporters awaited them. M. Pashitch was interviewed first and answered:

"It is impossible to say anything."

The press representatives then approached M. Venizelos for enlightenment.

"I can only confirm all that has been said by my honorable colleague, M. Pashitch, with whom I am in complete agreement," replied M. Venizelos, smilingly.

And the journalists departed with this retort instead of a report for their newspapers.

Other characteristics of the Greek Premier are coolness in emergency, absolute self-control, extraordinary will-power, and unconquerable optimism. He is an excellent pistol-shot, but otherwise his pleasures are intellectual. He is master of several foreign languages, is an insatiable reader, and has an intimate knowledge of modern Greek literature and art. We are told that he is very fond of the theater and that during the interruptions of a Parliamentary sitting he will ask, "Well, what's at the theater? Is So-and-so's play a success?" But as another biographer reports that he goes to the theater once a month, his passion for the play is plainly under admirable control.

Nature has fitted him well to be a chief among his fellows. He has eloquence, charm, and finally he has luck—luck so persistent as to warrant a belief that he will always be saved, even at the eleventh hour. At the Peace Conference in Paris the force of his personality was felt by every one. Those who admire him say that he is the one living statesman with a great vision; his enemies call him a visionary. His aim is the union of all Greeks in one state and the liberation of Greek Asia Minor and of the Ægean Islands. Lawyer, statesman, revolutionist, patriot, Venizelos may help to solve the vexed "Eastern Question" that has caused more blood to flow than Europe will soon forget.

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THE SILENT SONNINO

Italy's Grim Foreign Minister -A Scholar and a Man of the World—Breaking the Triple Alliance—Popular in Spite of Himself

BARON SIDNEY SONNINO, the famed Italian diplomatist and editor, can remain silent in five languages—Italian, French, Spanish, English, and German, which is as much as to say that his essential characteristic is reserve. He is, besides, one of the first financiers in Europe and is responsible for the reduction of the interest upon Italy's war debt. By increasing the taxes and reducing official salaries he made himself thoroughly disliked among politicians; in fact, his lack of affability and Italian expansiveness has prevented his becoming popular. His speeches lack a southern warmth, but they are notable for clarity and strength. He is a scholar and a cultivated man of the world.

A vivid picture of Sonnino was given by Helen Zimmern in 1915 in *The Fortnightly Review* in the following words:

THE MAN

"Sonnino is totally devoid of personal ambition—almost too much so, it might be contended, and it is possible that the lack of this quality explains why, when chosen Premier, he has never retained this office long; nor did he until recently command any considerable following among Italian Parliamentarians. Some years ago one of his friends said that Italy would never know his worth unless fortune gave him the chance of dealing with a great national crisis. The chance has come and Sonnino is the man of the hour; his worth, his rare and valuable temperament, are at last universally recognized and acknowledged. He will go down to history as the man who liberated Italy and led her to cast in her lot with the Powers fighting for humanity and civilization. The denouncing of the unnatural union of a purely Latin with a purely Teutonic people constitutes a political act of first-class importance, and marks a milestone in Italian history. . . .

"Baron Sidney Constantino Sonnino was born in Pisa, March 11, 1847. His father was a rich Tuscan of Jewish origin, his mother an Englishwoman, Georgina Dudley. He inherited the special characteristics of both these races; the quick penetration, the ready intelligence of the Jew, the calmness, the common sense, the tenacity of purpose of the English. Indeed, the Italians regard Sonnino as more British than Latin, and certainly he seems so both in appearance and temperament. At Pisa University Sonnino studied law, taking his degree in 1865. Two years later he entered the diplomatic service, in which he remained until 1871, when he resumed the life of a student, which has always attracted him more than diplomacy, his financial independence permitting him to follow his bent in all such matters. During his years as a diplomat he was attached to the legations of Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, and therefore had opportunities of improving his knowledge of the idiosyncrasies and political tendencies of the various peoples and of developing the qualities which enabled him to become the ablest Foreign Minister Italy has ever had.

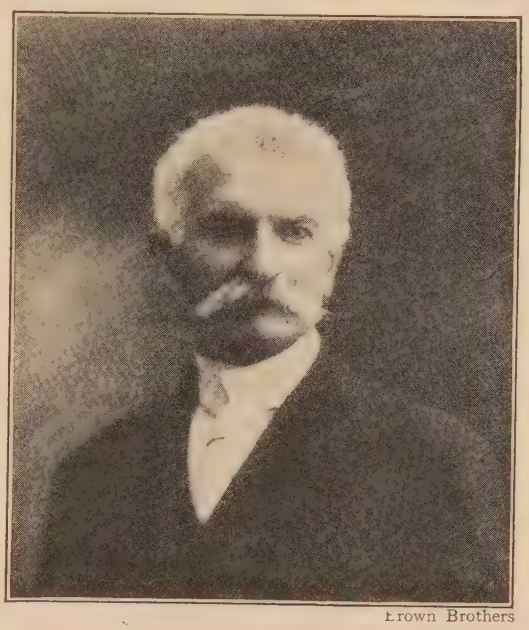
"Sonnino's physique reveals his temperament. He is tall, thin, serious, even a

trifle stern of aspect; his movements have something almost mechanical and automatic, his voice is tuneless, his accent resolute, his language sober and strictly corresponding to his thoughts. In short, he is no orator, and this, coupled with his scrupulous uprightness of character, his moral inflexibility, for many years prevented his receiving the public recognition to which his talents entitled him. . . . But no one denies that he is a man of profound learning, a scholar in the widest sense of the word. His range of studies is as varied as it is thorough, embracing, as it does, specialist scientific subjects, economic and financial problems, as well as a competent knowledge of literary and artistic themes. To prove this we need only mention some of his published works, such as his translations of various French and English economic works published in the Library of Social Science series; his commentary on the sixth canto of Dante's *Paradiso*, his contributions to the *Nuova Antologia* and other reviews. . . .

HIS POLITICAL CAREER

"In co-operation with Baron Leopoldo Franchetti, then a Deputy and now a Senator, another rich young man of Jewish extraction, Sonnino opened an exhaustive inquiry into the economic conditions of Sicily, with special reference to agrarian conditions. The results of this investigation were published in 1877 in a pamphlet entitled *The Peasants of Sicily*, which at once established Sonnino's reputation by attracting public attention to him, and even then many prophesied a brilliant political future for him.

"In May, 1880, he was elected Deputy for San Casciano in Val di Pesa, a place near his Tuscan villa, and from that date on the inhabitants of San Casciano have never failed to elect him as their Deputy to every succeeding legislature. Sonnino is in the habit of writing out his speeches in large characters on large sheets of paper, which he props up on the bench before him as though it were a reading-desk. When it is his turn to speak, he rises, thrusts his hands deep into his pockets (a very English, un-Italian attitude), and sways to and fro as though on a see-saw, in reality to bend toward his papers and then to raise himself to speak, a motion constantly repeated until he has reached the end of his discourse. His style, though somewhat dry and impersonal, is by no means lacking in energy.



Brown Brothers

Baron Sidney Sonnino

Italy's Foreign Minister during the Great War was responsible for breaking the Triple Alliance between Austria, Germany, and Italy. He was the persistent upholder of Italy's extreme demands at the Peace Conference.

If what Sonnino reads were spoken from memory, with color and confident ease, he would be a first-class debater of the English type. Notwithstanding these defects, for many years past, whenever Sonnino rises from his seat in the Chamber or on the Ministerial tribune, the House is hushed and attentive, and members hurry in from the lobbies to listen to his words, for they know that, if devoid of ornament, they will be charged with ideas, data, and proposals.

"Quietly, unobtrusively, Sonnino ascended the political ladder, reaching its highest rungs, thanks only to his personal worth, his clean hands, his probity, his fearless disinterestedness, and in no respect to the too usual parliamentary methods of compromise and intrigue. Crispi, who rec-

ognized his worth, promoted him in 1896 to the post of Minister of the Treasury. It was then that he was able to lay firmly the foundations of the present financial and economic prosperity of Italy, and to win universal respect, even if he never succeeded in winning universal popularity, owing to his unyielding character.

"In 1896 the Crispi Ministry fell, and hence Sonnino also had to retire. . . . He employed this interval for study, and with quiet dignity, without irritation or impatience, he pondered how he could improve his knowledge and his methods, in order to be of enhanced value to his land when and if it should call for his services again.

"Here is an extract from one of his letters, dealing with his views of foreign politics, from which it is easy to deduce what convictions he held long before he took the step of detaching Italy from the Triple Alliance and leading her to fight on the side of the Entente. It was in the days of the war between Greece and Turkey caused by the national risings in Crete. Sonnino wrote on this subject: 'The reasons must be very clear and overwhelming that could prove our co-operation indispensable in a melancholy crusade against the principles to which we owe our unity and our independence. May it be permitted to me, a simple Italian citizen, to send a word of sympathy and admiration to the small neighbor state whose king and people, moved by the cry of their martyred brothers, and strong in the knowledge of their rights, have manfully upheld the banner of nationality?' On another occasion, in a private letter to a friend, Sonnino wrote: 'If a nation only lives for its daily bread, it ends by losing that also.'

"In March, 1914, Giolitti . . . resigned on the plea of ill-health, feeling assured that he could resume office when he was so minded. Sonnino was the right and proper person to succeed him, but Sonnino did not consider it opportune that he should put himself forward. Therefore parliamentary conditions brought Salandra into office. . . . The new Premier could count on the unconditional aid and, if needful, the collaboration of its former chief.

SONNINO IN 1915 AND IN 1919

"Then the European war broke out, which added incalculably to Italy's perils and difficulties. The ill-starred Alliance weighed like Dante's leaden cloak upon the land, which, recalling its own traditions and origin, turned an anxious eye toward those fighting for the sacred cause of nationalities. On the other hand, the internal conditions as well as the international demanded the observance of neutrality. This neutral attitude, apparently advantageous and convenient, in point of fact concealed grave perils. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Marchese di San Giuliano, who had renewed the Triple Alliance before the term fell due, died in November, 1914. It was a critical juncture.

"Happily the proposal that Sonnino should take his place was well received by the country. His immaculate honesty, his sincere patriotism, his cognizance of international affairs inspired general confidence. If any doubts were felt, it was lest he should lack the diplomatic gifts of flexibility, malleability, and subtlety. But it was speedily recognized that the day and hour were past for such mere verbal fencing. A man of strong will and real capacity was required, and these qualities Sonnino was known to possess. Without delay he restored the relations between Austria and Italy to the position they should always have occupied. On May 4, 1915, Sonnino cut short the insincere and evasive negotiations of Austria and Germany, and denounced the Triple Alliance on the ground of the failure of the Central Powers to comply with Clause VII of the treaty, and proclaimed Italy's complete liberty of action. On May 24th Italy declared war on Austria, and Sonnino found himself for the first time in his career not only respected, but popular with and acclaimed by his countrymen."

Nor is it likely that his popularity in Italy will diminish because of his determined attitude at the Peace Conference to include Fiume in *Italia Irredenta*. In the boundary dispute between Italy and the Jugoslavs, the latter asked President Wilson to act as arbitrator; but on February 18th

the Italian delegates to the Conference, through Foreign Minister Sonnino, formally declined the arbitration on the ground that all territorial claims were being submitted to the Conference.

The quarrel between Jugoslavia and Italy is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, but it would seem that there is ample ground for a compromise between the two claims. However, Sonnino is a "dour" man to deal with and not easily moved, once his mind is made up. After listening to his arguments for some length of time, President Wilson is said to have remarked, "Too bad, Baron, that we can't give you New York, too, for there are so many Italians there."

ORLANDO, ITALY'S EX-PREMIER

Orlando Takes the Reins—He Bolts the Peace Conference—Downfall of the Orlando-Sonnino Régime

FORMER PREMIER ORLANDO must be in some quandary as to what sort of man he really is. He has been variously judged as a patriot and as a person obnoxious to everybody, as favoring Italy's broadest claims and as an unwilling instrument of artfully prepared popular clamor. It may be as well, perhaps, to give both the Nationalist and Socialistic points of view concerning his part in the Italian situation.

Vittorio Emanuele Orlando was born in Sicily in 1860 and became a professor of constitutional law at Palermo University. Later he was a lieutenant of the former Prime Minister, Signor Giolitti. He became Minister of the Interior in the late Boselli Cabinet and was much criticized on account of the latitude he allowed the neutralist and pacifist agitators. However, when he came into power he governed with a firm hand. During a debate in parliament the Reformist Socialist Minister, Signor Bissolati, greatly angered the official Socialists by saying, when the government was criticized for its measures in putting down the riots in Turin, that if he had to defend the army from stabs in the back he himself would fire upon the Socialists. Later in the discussion Signor Orlando, in answer to some sharp words from the extreme left, declared that he, too, would take the course that Signor Bissolati had mentioned. At the accession of the new Orlando Ministry the Prime Minister sent despatches to the French and British Prime Ministers and to President Wilson to the effect that Italy was still firm in her faith in her allies and would carry the war through with them to victory.

A WARLIKE PEACE CONFERENCE

On April 23, 1919, President Wilson issued a statement setting forth his reasons why Fiume should not be given to Italy. After a conference held by the Italian delegates to the Peace Conference Premier Orlando addressed an official communication to Premier Clemenceau, president of the Peace Conference, saying that as a result of the declaration of President Wilson the Italian delegation would leave Paris at two o'clock the following afternoon.

On April 26 Orlando arrived in Rome and met with a great ovation. King Victor Emanuel telegraphed, commending his stand and insisting that there be no recession from the position Italy had taken. Orlando had said in a speech: "I should have the right to complain if the declarations of the presidential message have the purpose to oppose the Italian people to the Italian government, because it would misconstrue and deny the high degree of civilization which the Italian people has attained, and its democratic and liberal régime. To oppose the Italian people and government would be to submit to the rule of a will other than its own, and I should be forced to protest strongly against suppositions unjustly offensive to my country."

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Vittorio Emanuele Orlando, Italy's War Premier

On April 23, 1919, President Wilson set forth his reasons why Fiume should not go to Italy. Orlando immediately announced that the Italian delegation would leave Paris at two o'clock the following afternoon. He found the Italian people evidently strongly behind him, but in a few weeks his government collapsed. Italian politics, in which Orlando took a leading part, was irrevocably tied up with certain secret treaties published by the Bolsheviki.

SOCIALISTS IN THE SADDLE

It would appear that Orlando returned to the Peace Conference with the Italian nation solidly back of him, and yet, within a brief six weeks, the Orlando-Sonnino régime was overthrown and the Socialists came into power.

Il Secolo, the Milanese Socialist journal, had the following to say in regard to Orlando's policy at the Peace Conference: "Orlando at first favored the minority view, according to which the London compact should serve as a weapon for vindicating national rights, while the annexation of the city and port of Fiume on the score of its Italian majority was to be negotiated for. . . . Subsequently, however, Orlando came entirely under Sonnino's sway, and this . . . explains his hesitations, equivocations, and reticence. . . . The story goes in Paris . . . that Lloyd George once said that Orlando represented the biggest failure in his political life. Lloyd George had always succeeded in making compromises with everybody, but in Orlando he had never found a single consistent point upon which to work.

"Orlando was welcomed in Paris by the Big Three at the outset of the Conference as one on whom they could count for cordial understanding and fruitful co-operation, for they regarded Sonnino as 'too much compromised by his political history.'"

FIVE STATESMEN OF JAPAN

Okuma the Changeable—Ishii—Terauchi—Goto—Saionji

THERE were twenty-three Allies in the Great War, but few persons could ever name the full quota. Some of the smaller countries are even now forgotten; and one of the big Allies, Japan, who came to the fore at the Peace Conference, has oftentimes been neglected. The expedition against Kiauchau, the presence of Japanese warships in the Mediterranean, and the supplying of credit and ammunition to the Allies were overlooked; and Japan's statesmen, who guided their country through the troublous times of war and the mazes of the Peace Conference, seem to many mere names whispered on the air. In reality they are live people, with fascinating personalities.

Okuma, for instance, pacifist-militarist, demagogic-bureaucrat, stump-speaker, a hale and hearty, one-legged old man, who was Prime Minister when war was declared in August, 1914, and for two years thereafter, is an old statesman, born in 1838, who had held different offices and portfolios from 1878 down. In 1898 he was Premier for five months, "just long enough," as the Japanese said, "to prove he was no statesman."[1] In 1914 he again became Premier, and "the most popular man in Japan. He founded the Japanese Peace Society, but in 1912 he declared himself a militarist. . . . Out of office, he declared 'the national finances will not stand naval expansion, military expansion, nor tax reduction.' Before he was a month in office he promised an expansion of the fleet by three battleships, an expansion of the army, and a reduction of taxes.

"It is perhaps these charming inconsistencies which made Count Okuma the most popular idol the Japanese people ever had." First a bureaucrat and despiser of democracy, then a constitutionalist and anti-bureaucrat, then an anti-constitutionalist, "nobody knows and nobody possibly can guess what view he will take on a subject or how long he will espouse the views he has adopted. . . .

"It is the press which has done most to put the count on a pedestal. Himself a journalist, he owns the *Hochi*, a virulent rag with an enormous circulation, and the *Shin-Nihon*, a monthly review of the standard of *The Fortnightly*. He is always glad to see journalists. . . . When he was Premier he arranged reception-rooms for them in his

[1] *Japan at the Cross-Roads*. By A. D. Pooley.

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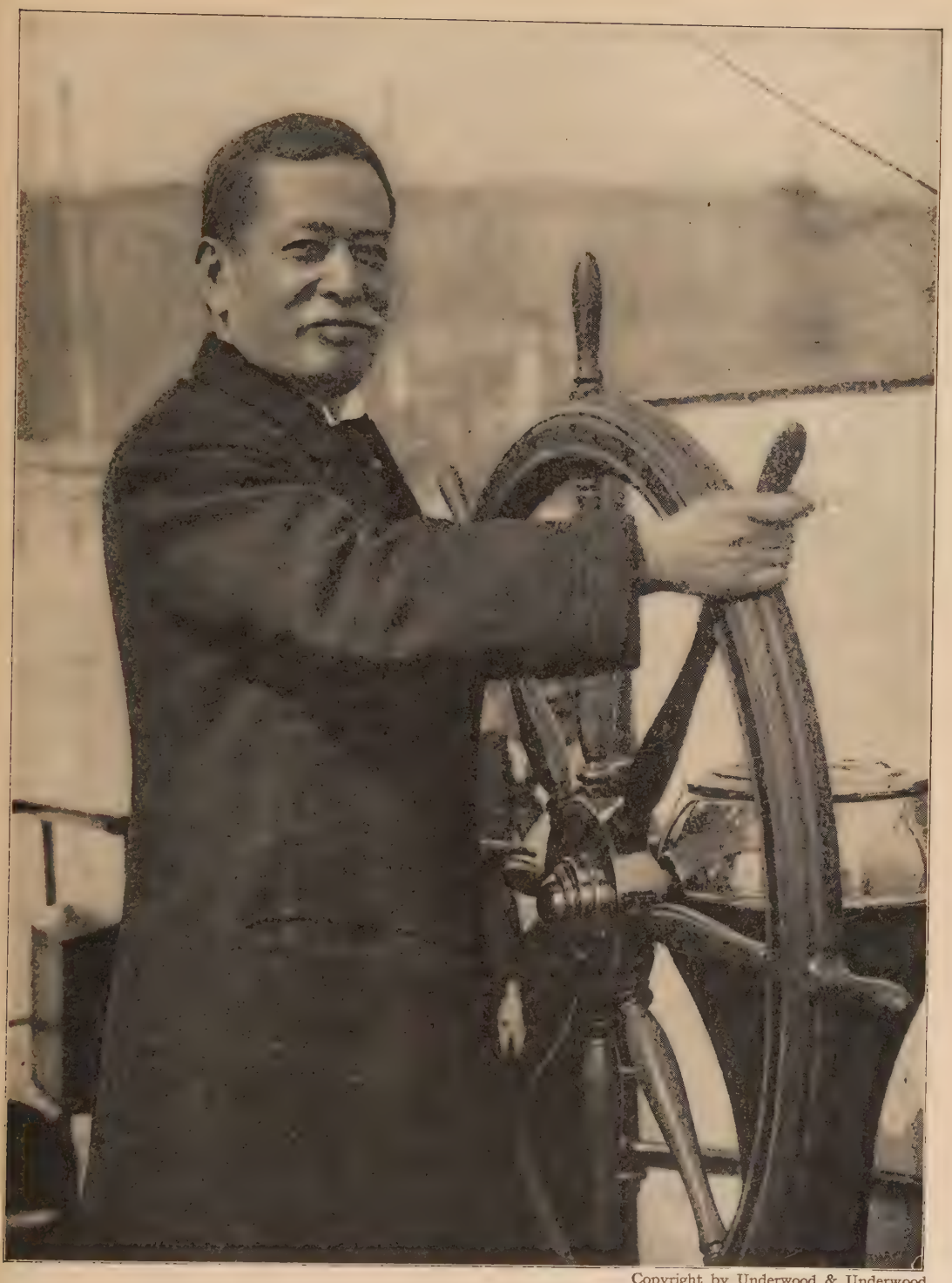
Count and Countess Okuma

Count Okuma became the War Premier of Japan in 1914. "Nobody knows and nobody can guess," it has been said, "what view he will take on a subject or how long he will espouse the views he has adopted." He is a successful Japanese journalist.



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Viscount Ishii, Japanese Foreign Minister and Ambassador to the United States

Viscount Ishii, as head of the Japanese Mission to the United States, is here shown taking his turn at the wheel of the yacht *Alicia*. Ishii, thoroughly familiar with American institutions and customs, has been able to mix intimately in American life, although his position became somewhat delicate with increasing American complaints against the Shantung award.

official residence and fitted up telephone-boxes and provided free lunches. He will talk to them by the hour on anything or nothing.

"'Conversation is my hobby,' he once said. Commenting on this, the late Prince Ito is reported to have said: 'Conversation implies two persons talking together. But when Okuma is one of them the other has to listen only.'"[1]

ISHII, AN ALL-ROUND MAN

One of the most important diplomats during the war, and one who has the confidence of all classes, is Viscount Ishii, Foreign Minister under Okuma and special ambassador to the United States. Like many Japanese statesmen, he was trained in the diplomatic service; at Paris, in 1891, and later at Peking, where he had the excitement of being besieged during the Boxer uprising. He has advanced steadily up the scale to his present post at Washington, for which he is especially suited, as he has a good knowledge of the English language, as well as of American ways and institutions.

"Ishii's rapid rise is attributed by Doctor Iyenaga to his training under Komura, the 'father of Japanese diplomacy.' He was working under this veteran statesman when negotiations were under way at the Foreign Office in Tokio to revise old treaties.

"The story goes that Komura was having a hard tussle with the ever-alert French minister over the question of the 'open door,' according to Doctor Iyenaga. Deliberations had reached a deadlock marked by animated discussion which could be heard outside the chamber. Suddenly the negotiators were interrupted when Ishii went to the entrance of the chamber and flung the door wide open, saying to the French representative:

"'Monsieur, here is the open door—open to all-comers—to all we see.'

"The Frenchman laughed and tried to frame an appropriate reply. The reply was not forthcoming, but Ishii's wit was rewarded by a sudden turn to smoother negotiations.

"Although the viscount's first claim to fame is that of a diplomat, he has a reputation of being an excellent 'mixer' in all classes of society, plays a fine game of billiards, and it is even whispered that he knows when to lay down a full hand."[1]

THE BILLIKIN OF JAPAN'S CARTOONISTS

The very opposite of Okuma is Count Terauchi, who succeeded him in October, 1916, as Prime Minister. Okuma stood for the new Japan and popular party government, while Terauchi represents old Japan and personal, restricted government. "Not revolutionary, not aggressive, not militaristic, but constructive, that is my program."[2] Imperial democracy is his object, and in order to further it he has cultivated painstakingly the friendship of the Allies, particularly of England and the United States.

Terauchi is above all a military man. He began his career early in the army, and mounted steadily until he became War Minister. At one time he was governor of Korea; he cleared up that country, establishing roads, water-works, and schools. He would permit no one, not even his countrymen, to rob or oppress the Koreans.

He is supposed to look like Billikin. "His usual expression is a cold inscrutability which a professional gambler might envy. He seldom betrays emotion in his face, and behind that mask he makes his plans and maps his courses, unmoved by praise or hostile criticism. . . . With his high cheek-bones, narrow eyes, arched eyebrows, and high bald head he looked like a fine old Mongolian monarch, some chieftain of ancient China. . . .

"Terauchi's friends call him the 'Kitchener of Japan.' He is like the late 'K. of K.' in that he combines a great military activity with high administrative genius. He is like Kitchener in his solemnity of face and reputed dislike of women. Also, like Kitchener he began at the bottom of the ladder."[3]

A stickler for discipline he is. When some enthusiasts volunteered to fight and die for their country he snapped out, "They will die for their country when they are bidden and not before."[4]

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[1] *Japan at the Cross-Roads*. By A. D. Pooley.

[1] *Literary Digest*, August 23, 1917.
[2] *The Outlook*, October 18, 1916.
[3] "Interview with Terauchi." By Gregory Mason, *The Outlook*, May 1, 1918.
[4] *Current Opinion* for December, 1916.

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Count Terauchi

Japan's military man; the representative of Old Japan; the Japanese exponent of imperial democracy, which began taking its stride with the Russo-Japanese War and kept advancing with the Shantung and other awards of the Great War. He is supposed to look like Billikin.

Unlike Okuma, he hates newspapers. He never reads them, he says; he only suppresses them.[1] But in spite of his hardness, his blunt manners, and his unpopularity with the public, it is rumored that in his own home he is a meek little man.

GOTO, THE ROOSEVELT OF JAPAN

Baron Goto has been Minister of Home Affairs and also of Foreign Affairs under Terauchi. He is a bureaucrat of bureaucrats. "It is an ideal system," he is quoted as saying, and also that "Japan will not tolerate the Bolsheviki."

Goto has "Roosevelt's perfect health and vast energy. He also has much the same head, almost perfectly round. His short gray hair stands straight up on his head and seems to bristle with electricity. His ears are large and his eyes very bright behind his glasses. His movements are always quick and alert, like a chipmunk's. . . . Usually as he speaks a winning, dimpling smile plays about his plump cheeks. He is highly affable, and makes a far better dinner companion than most statesmen in or out of Japan. Indeed, Goto impresses one more as a clever business man than as a statesman of the old pompous Japan school. He is not an idealist, but belongs to the eminently practical type of political leaders. He has few powerful allies among the political leaders of his country, for as a Japanese journalist once said, 'Goto is too clever to be widely trusted.'" [2]

[1] *Current Opinion* for December, 1916.
[2] "Interview with Goto." By Gregory Mason. *The Outlook*, June 12, 1918.

SAIONJI COMES BACK

"A might-have-been," Marquis Saionji has been called, one of the oldest statesmen of Japan. He bears a curious resemblance to Okuma, in the ease with which he has changed his opinions and political parties, shifting from aristocrat to democrat and back again without much difficulty. "A bundle of contradictions, unless he be accepted as the final proof that no Japanese statesman has any real political convictions." [1] The truth is that Saionji was not ambitious; he did not like work; but "he was the most obliging man in Japan. Every office he held not because he wanted it, but because some one else wanted him to take it. . . . He has never done anything big, he has never developed a party. If he has any convictions, he has not the courage to stand up for them. He has held office as a favor, he has quitted it with relief. . . .

"There used to be a song in the London music-halls about a 'tired man.' The marquis is the tired man of Japan." [2]

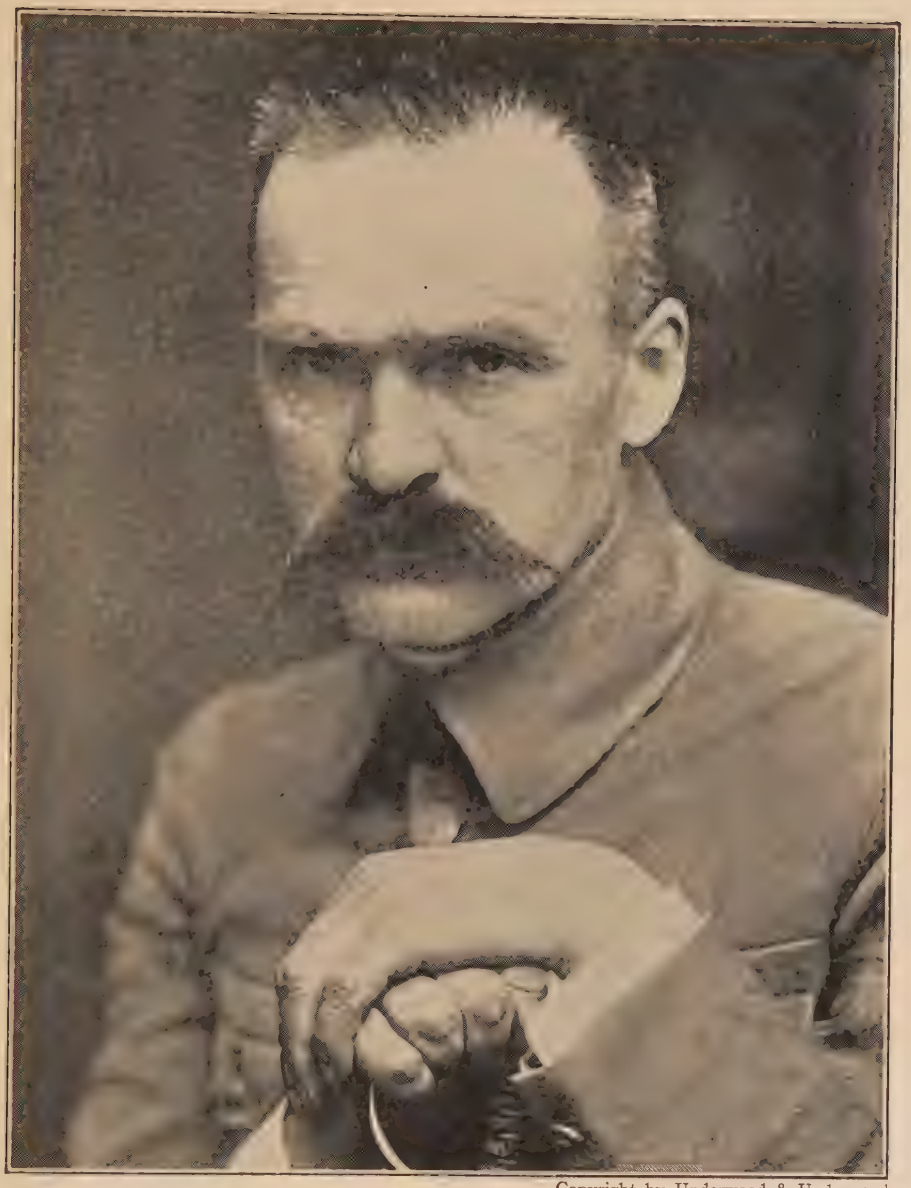
Premier three times, besides holding other offices, he retired in 1912 to his curios and his gardens. But the war called him from his peaceful existence to be head of his country's delegation at the Peace Conference—an important position, requiring real statesmanship, for at the Peace Conference Japan was a weighty power, one of the Big Five. Her affairs were conducted with diplomatic skill, and her influence in the Far East grew accordingly. Saionji had not been "a tired man" in Paris.

[1] *Japan at the Cross-Roads*. By A. D. Pooley. [2] *Ibid*

PADEREWSKI AND PILSUDSKI

Pianist Becomes Premier—Belligerent Socialist Leaves Prison to be Chief of State—Opposition and Co-operation of Polish Patriots

"PILSUDSKI is a nobleman of a family for many centuries noble. He is also a socialist. In his youth, at his university, he joined a revolutionary society and was exiled by the Czar's government to Siberia. After five years, seeming likely to die of consumption, he was released. Not dying, he was again arrested. He simulated insanity and was placed in a hospital for observation. A friend of his contrived to become his attending physician. One day both patient and physician were absent and did not re-



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President Joseph Pilsudski

President of the Polish Republic, set up as the result of the war. He is a nobleman and a socialist. He was called "enemy" by both Germans and Allies, possibly because he did not subordinate the Polish cause to that of any other country.

turn. Thereafter Pilsudski retired from Russian Poland into Austrian Poland and prepared the movement which was to bring him back to Warsaw in triumph." This brief account, taken from William Hard's article in *The New Republic* of November, 1918, may be supplemented by a portrait taken from *La Revue de Paris* of 1917, in which a French patriot honors the Pole who began by fighting against the Allies and ended in a German jail.

M. Grappin shows a man with bushy eyebrows, glacial-blue eyes, magnetic in their power, great mustaches, and a curiously defective pronunciation (he says he left his teeth in Siberia), a man who produces a peculiar and contradictory effect of gruffness and kindliness, of timidity and resolution. A Pole wrote of Pilsudski that while he gives the impression of "Hamletizing" and hesitating, once he is resolved on his course of action, he is ready to grasp the devil himself by the horns.

Pilsudski recognized that divided Poland's bitterest enemy was the Russian autocracy. Like Kosciuszko, the beloved hero of Polish history, Pilsudski organized his Polish Legions to "drive Russian medievalism out of Poland forever. Then, with the new strength and the new self-confidence of the Polish people, won by Polish deeds on the battlefield, let all Poland turn to defend its unity and its free independence against the imperialism of Vienna and Berlin."

When war broke out Pilsudski crossed from Austrian into Russian Poland, and, in Hard's stirring words: "For the first time since 1863 there was a Polish armed force in the field, with Polish uniforms, Polish words of command, Polish officers. In 1916, when Pilsudski entered Warsaw, he entered it in drifts of flowers through which his carriage passed, drawn by the hands of cheering fellow-citizens. He had announced that his policy for a free Poland was that it should be a Poland with equal rights for all—for all citizens and for all races. Socialist and soldier, great democratic leader and great military commander, he was indeed, in the manner of his times, a Washington." Oddly enough, the same tribute is paid to Ignace Paderewski, who is Pilsudski's friendly enemy.

THE BRIGADIER-GENERAL IN PRISON

Pilsudski was being vilified by the Allies as a pro-German, but suddenly the situation changed. Following his predetermined plan, he demanded of the Central Powers a Polish government on Polish soil. They hesitated. He ceased recruiting his Legions and began to organize other military groups. He resigned from his brigadier-generalship to become the military chief in the new Polish Council of State and to form a Polish national army. Pilsudski's soldiers were thereupon drawn up to take an oath of allegiance to the German and Austrian emperors, as well as to Poland. When they refused they were interned and Pilsudski was thrown into prison.

Pilsudski was now vilified by the Central Powers as pro-Ally. As a matter of fact he was simply pro-Pole. When the war ended he was hailed as the leader and redeemer of his people. He retained his leading position as Commander-in-chief of the Army, and was further dignified by becoming chief of state. True as ever to his principles, the socialist soldier formed a Cabinet of eighteen members, ten of whom belonged to the Socialist and Peasants' parties.

"Pilsudski himself is a patriot, a good soldier, a man of much shrewdness and native capacity," writes Vernon Kellogg, whom Hoover sent to Poland to make arrangements for supplying the country with food. "Withal he has individual color and rather an attractive personality. Despite a serious mien, plain face, and bristling roached hair, he has a quick smile and eyes of such a kindly twinkling when one dares lightness of speech that one leaves an audience with him with the impression of having had a pleasant conversation with a man of swift intelligence and a sense of humor.

"But the Allies could not recognize the Pilsudski government."

To the casual observer it might seem the only government to recognize in Poland. Pilsudski was the acclaimed national hero. His Cabinet represented the workers and the peasantry. Pilsudski himself was chief of state.

But before he had attained this eminence,

while he was still exiled in a German prison for his pains, another organization was forming, not in Poland, but in Paris. This was known as the Polish National Committee, and its chief was M. Dmowski. Dmowski's most cherished political principle was avowedly, "The unification of Poland under the scepter of the Russian monarchy." But he was as shrewd as he was reactionary, and the committee in Paris was hailed as Poland's deliverer by the Allies. This was the government they were willing to recognize.

PADEREWSKI TAKES A HAND

In the mean while another figure was gaining novel prominence in Allied circles—Paderewski, the "king of the piano," and also the American representative of the Paris Committee.

This world-famed pianist and composer, who has now made a name for himself as a statesman, had shown a profound fondness for music when he was three years old. At twelve he was playing at public recitals. By the time he was thirty he was the idol of Europe, and it was not long after that he took the United States by storm. During one of his seasons in this country he netted $200,000; with $10,000 of this he started a fund to encourage American composers.

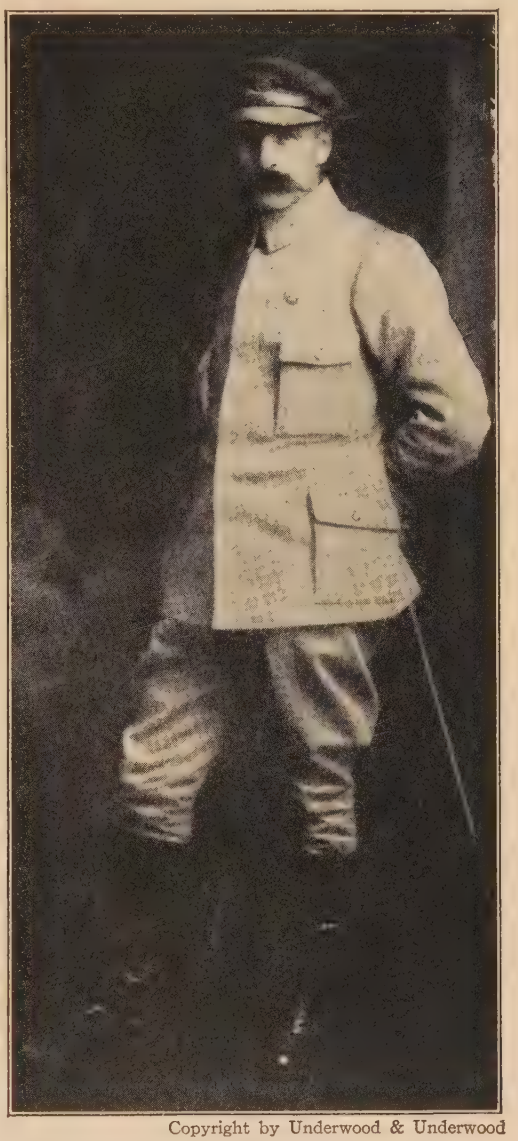
Rupert Hughes, his publicity manager, gives an interesting account of him in *The Saturday Evening Post* for April, 1919. "Paderewski," says Mr. Hughes, "started in life as a poor boy, compelled to earn his own living at the age of thirteen. In perfecting himself for his conquest of life he practised fifteen to seventeen hours a day. . . .

"Paderewski knows history, historical geography, political ethnology, agrarian problems, financial administration, and statesmanship as few men know them. He has a phenomenal memory for dates and statistics. He is an extraordinary linguist.

"As an orator he has an eloquence that is nothing short of incendiary, though he had to practise elocution to overcome a slight defect; he was tongue-tied. . . .

"He has a prophet-like manner of delivery that sets his audiences aflame."

Among his other accomplishments, the pianist is known as a specialist in live stock: "While he was in Ireland once, according to J. C. Hadden, he bought some swine that he fancied from a farmer there and sent them to his place in Switzerland. The next week the farmer took more of the drove to market and boasted that he had just 'sold



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General Joseph Pilsudski

A patriot, a good soldier, and a man of native capacity and shrewd good sense, Pilsudski commanded the Polish Legions during the war. He went from prison to the presidency of the Polish state.

tin of the same lot to Mr. Paderewski, the great Polish pig-dealer.'"

One of his last appearances as a pianist was at a benefit in New York given for the orphans of France during Marshal Joffre's visit. "Just as he was playing Chopin's Polonaise in A Flat, Joffre arrived and appeared in a box at the back of the house. The whole house rose, turned its back on Paderewski, and drowned his music in its uproar of welcome. He continued to play, smiting the keys with terrific energy.

". . . Paderewski came off the stage . . . exclaiming:

"'What a privilege that I should be allowed to play the triumphal march for the entrance of the lion of France! For he is my general, too.'

"He also said: 'I feel a premonition that this is the last appearance I shall make in public as a pianist. *Finis coronat opus.*'

"He has not since appeared, for he has been busy working for a free and united Poland.

"The financial sacrifice he has made for his country can be imagined when it is realized that his regular fee is two thousand dollars a performance and he could easily repeat the records he made when he first came to America and played twice a day for a whole season to enormous throngs."

PADEREWSKI IN THE UNITED STATES

Paderewski's work in the United States was to organize public opinion in favor of the Polish National Committee in Paris. Irwin Edman, who was present at the Polish Convention in Detroit, wrote in *The Nation*: "For the past two years there has been severe criticism among liberal Poles because of the control of Polish affairs by the conservative group of which Mr. Paderewski is the shining figurehead. It has been felt in the first place that he represented an organization whose reactionary character injured the Polish cause and augured ill for the quality of freedom which Poland was to possess after the war. The Paris Committee, headed by Mr. Roman Dmowski, has not a single radical or liberal member, while Mr. Dmowski himself has an unpopular record for his pronounced anti-Semitism and his former connections with the discredited Russian autocracy. . . . He has, moreover, made an unenviable reputation for himself as a reactionary and an imperialist. . . . He said he was not sure whether Poland ought to be a republic, if a monarchy were stronger." In spite of much criticism of this sort, Paderewski on his arrival in Poland was hailed as a great patriot.

Vernon Kellogg wrote: "When Paderewski came on from Posen to Warsaw the open places and streets about the station could not hold the hundred thousand people who welcomed him. The wildly enthusiastic crowd extended along the street all the way to the hotel. And not only for that day of arrival, but for all the rest of the few days before he went on to Cracow, the welcoming continued. And in old Cracow, former seat and now burial-place of the Polish kings, with whom in the crypts of the castle church lie the remains of Poland's unforgetable Kosciuszko, the welcoming of Poland's modern patriot went on, and even more passionately and impressively than ever. And all this welcoming of Paderewski which General Pilsudski did not see or hear, he promptly heard about.

"When Paderewski returned to Warsaw he began a series of conversations with the Socialist chief of state which had for principal subject the pressing necessity of a reorganization of the government to the end not only of creating a better internal political situation, but also of obtaining the confidence of the outside world, in particular of the Allies and America, so that Poland could obtain the formal recognition which was essential to the extending of aid to her starving people, her comatose industries, and her unarmed, unclothed, and unshod soldiers struggling against Ruthenians, Bolsheviki, and Germans."

COMPROMISE AND TRIUMPH

After a futile *coup d'état*, which failed to overthrow the Pilsudski government, Paderewski proposed the appointment of a National Commission consisting of twenty-five representatives from Posen, twenty-five from Galicia, and fifty from Russian Poland. Twenty-five of those from Russian Poland

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Ignace Paderewski

Premier of the Polish Republic, headed by Pilsudski. At first an opponent of Pilsudski's government, he later joined it. The great pianist is a political student, a fiery orator, and even a specialist in live stock. Musical technique is such a complicated study that one need not be surprised at the great attainments of the musician in other fields.

were to be socialists, the others to represent all parties. Pilsudski refused, but suggested that Paderewski himself form a new government. Paderewski declined with thanks, and Pilsudski suggested letting matters rest until the general elections, set for the end of January. Paderewski demurred against delay, with the result that Pilsudski consented to the formation of a coalition government, "probably as fairly representative and as personally efficient a government as Poland can produce," says Mr. Kellogg. "And it is the result of the statecraft and diplomacy of the greatest piano-player in the world—whom we must forget as a piano-player and remember as a statesman, an orator, and a patriot—and the good sense and shrewdness and patriotism of a one-time nihilist and present extreme socialist."

Thus fate at last favored unhappy Poland.

SAZONOFF, RUSSIAN DIPLOMAT

A Mouselike Foreign Minister—Scapegoat at Home and Abroad

M. SERGE SAZONOFF was Russia's Minister for Foreign Affairs when the Great War began. It is a curious fact in the career of this much criticized man, who has been accused in certain circles of causing the war, that he was at one time considered too friendly to Germany. Taken in connection with the momentous events of which he was a part, the personality of Sazonoff still seems strangely contradictory. Probably no such quiet, unobtrusive creature had ever held so important a position for so long a time, nor come in for so much criticism and blame from friend and foe. But there are contradictory tributes to his sincerity and genuineness, qualities that a diplomat is supposed to leave behind on entering the government service, if he expects to succeed.

A TIMID LEADER

A writer who knew the Russian court gave, in 1916, the following entertaining account of this mouselike man who held his important position for six long years: "Meekness, timidity, politeness, a nervous manner, a long nose in a short countenance, and an aspect of general fatigue form the leading items in a catalogue of the general Sazonoff effect. He does not look the great part he has had to play, and some explain his survival by a feminine obstinacy that is the making of him. He propitiates, he defers, he cannot say the rude word; but there is not in him a trace of charm. Never has he contradicted a living man, even in a despatch. His words contain little to be seized upon as a definite statement and here the style reflects the man. It has been said of M. Sazonoff that he fears the east wind because it might blow away his frail form, and the remark suggests the attitude of official Petrograd to this diplomatist. He is never taken seriously. In America he would be called a 'joke.' . . . His countenance equips him for the part of a comic actor and his diplomacy is one long farce.

"He is affirmed in the court circle to owe his appointment to M. Stolypin, whose wife was his sister-in-law. The whole career of M. Sazonoff has been built upon the affection he inspires in his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, who like his horror of war. His long tenure of his post is due to the facility with which he handles the members of the diplomatic corps in Petrograd. They laugh at him behind his back, ridicule his mysticism, and jest at the way he shakes hands with everybody he meets. Nobody could be a more enthusiastic advocate of temperance than Sazonoff, either, and he hailed the Czar's crusade against vodka as a direct reply to his own appeals to heaven. If he had his way, every intoxicant would be banished even from the diplomatic dinners, which he is always giving, his home being the most hospitable in Russia, although the war has greatly reduced his once large household. The ladies of the Sazonoff family are nursing in the hospitals. Flowers no longer come

daily to his desk at the Foreign Office, an institution which he is said to rule not with the iron hand of an Isvolsky, but with the velvet glove that is so peculiarly his own. He is accused of carrying timidity to such an extent that he is afraid of his own subordinates. He never scolds them.

"People believe Sazonoff. His worst enemy in Russia concedes that. He never seems to know what is going on in the Foreign Office. This ignorance extends to the workings of the whole bureaucracy, and there can be no doubt that if a mobilization took place on a certain fatal July day he was kept in ignorance of it. This is due to his indiscretion. . . . It is not possible to imagine that this small, anxious, and fidgety little man can do anything else but speak the truth. There is no guile in him and he has the frankness of a person who has never sinned, even in intention. Cleverness is no trait of his. He never in his life made an epigram. No one has accused him of brilliance. There are times when he wears a grotesqueness of aspect, due to the contrast between the splendors and the powers among which he moves and the insignificance reflected by him as an atmosphere of his personality. On the other hand, he is earnest, sincere, dull, in the honest, simple fashion of a nature eager to lay all the cards on the table, to reveal himself for what he is.

"This peculiar genuineness, together with the blankness of his personality in general, has been the making of M. Sazonoff in a court where vacuity is so strong a recommendation. . . . That makes the Foreign Minister such an ideal scapegoat. . . . He brought on the war, to begin with, because he would encourage the Serbians. He lured the English into Gallipoli Peninsula against their own judgment. He caused the defection of the Bulgarian Ferdinand. He was responsible for the premature march of the Grand-Duke Nicholas into Prussia. In a word, there must be somebody at the court of the Russian Czar to submit to the scoldings, the reproaches, the ridicule, and the disgrace entailed by the monumental blunders of bureaucrats, diplomatists, grand dukes, chiefs of staff. In that capacity M. Sazonoff is ideal. His voice is very low, very soft. He is so small physically that almost anybody can stand right over him and shake a finger down at him, while he listens with one hand in his trousers pocket and the other at his lip, as if he were imploring the mercy of reticence. When you are quite through he has tea brought in, or, if the hour be late, asks you to dine."[1]

HIS RESIGNATION

Gregory Mason, writing in *The Outlook* at the same period, gives a more dignified picture of this puzzling personality: "A man of medium height in a brown sack suit, with his hands clasped behind his back, was facing the door, his keen, intellectual face fringed by a reddish-brown Vandyke beard, which in that light seemed to match the darker carpets and upholstered furniture. The only things unpropitious in the smiling, sensitive, and eminently well-bred face were the nose, slightly curved at the tip, and the half-closed eyes, which gave his countenance an air of impenetrable shrewdness." His voice in addressing an assembly was said to be clear and penetrating, and his speeches and writings were direct and convincing.

M. Sazonoff's resignation on July 23, 1916, came as a bolt from the blue to the friends of the Allies. If the real reason for his resignation was given, the act redounds to his credit, for it was said that he wished to grant to Poland the full autonomy that had been promised and opposed the tricky substitute that his confrères urged. So he stood by his guns, resigned, and showed himself at the end a man and not a diplomatic mouse.

[1] *Current Opinion* for January, 1916.

SAYINGS FROM RUSSIA

LENIN: I am going to show you how a man can make history.

KERENSKY: An autocracy of workers or an autocracy of soldiers is as bad as an autocracy of aristocrats. Russia must have no autocrats. Each man must be a free citizen of new Russia, with as much respect for his neighbor's rights and prerogatives as his own.

PRINCE LVOFF, RUSSIAN DEMOCRAT

Nobleman and Democrat—Union of Zemstvos—An Incorruptible Statesman

THE official indorsement approving the election of Prince Lvoff as chief representative and president of the Russian Union of Zemstvos was given on August 25, 1914. The Czar was forced to this act by the fact that the assistance of the Zemstvos was essential to the huge task of providing his forces with the necessary food and clothing.

When the Russian revolution began in March, 1917, Prince Lvoff was for a time the hope of Russia. An account of him at that time said of the executive head of the state: "The leader of the Cabinet, the Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, Prince George E. Lvoff, is the real leader of Russia nowadays. Since the outbreak of the war, since the organization of the All-Zemstvos Union, he has been the president of this remarkable organization, which was created just for the purpose of helping the sick and wounded soldiers, but which has gradually taken over almost all the work of supplying the Russian armies with clothing and ammunition. As president of the Union of Zemstvos, Prince Lvoff has made a remarkable record and is respected by all factions in Russia. He is a man with broad-minded views and possessed of great tact—two characteristics that are vitally important qualifications for the position of Prime Minister."

THE PRINCE IN AMERICA

Prince Lvoff came to America years ago. "It was characteristic of him that he donned overalls and worked in railroad-yards and machine-shops for the sake of the practical experience. He studied farming methods in our great West by driving a thresher. His exploration of western civilization in France and England suggests that his model was Peter the Great. When he returned to his immense estates in the province of Tula he introduced American agricultural machinery by setting an example in its use and actual operation. Prince Lvoff told his brethren of the local nobility that their reforms invariably failed because they deputized too much. The Russian peasant must not be lectured and exhorted to mend his ways. He must see the new idea in demonstration before his eyes. Lvoff scandalized the nobility by doing manual labor on his estate never before undertaken by one of his rank. One of his motives was the improvement of his physical frame, which in early life was emaciated and undeveloped. To-day, thanks to his open-air life and vigorous habits, he possesses strong lungs and a glorious digestion."[1]

"Lvoff felt that the evil of the Romanoff system was less the universal corruption than the attitude of cynical toleration it met with. . . . It soon became a recognized affectation in the court circle to regard Lvoff as a joke, to parody his gravity of manner, and to turn his propositions for reform through the Zemstvos into a jest at his expense. After his election as mayor of Moscow was nullified by an exercise of imperial authority, it became an understood thing to ignore his existence at court and never to mention even his name.

THE MISUNDERSTOOD RUSSIANS

"The Lvoff estate in the government of Tula supports one of the finest schools for the people of Russia. There is a popular misconception in Europe and America concerning the Russian peasant, who is sometimes found in a state of prosperity and intelligence that would amaze some readers of Tolstoi and Chekoff. This is particularly true of the region in which the Lvoff estates lie. They are within a few hours' ride of the Tolstoi property at Yasnaya Polyana. The influence of the teaching of Tolstoi is evident in Lvoff's treatment of his people in Tula, but it must be remembered that the Russian

[1] *The Daily Mail* (London).

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Prince George E. Lvoff

After the first Russian Revolution in March, 1917, Prince Lvoff, the Prime Minister, was for a time the leader of Russia. In America, years ago, he worked in overalls in railroad-yards and on a Western farm. He is a true democrat and believes the happiest people in the world live in the interior of the United States.

peasant of our time is often himself a landowner. Lvoff is not a great noble in the Russia of Turgenev, but a wealthy man in a region whose humblest inhabitants are rising rapidly from outworn social dependency into a modern world of comfort and of ideas.

"Lvoff's ideas are radically republican. Democracy, he contends, is more efficient than aristocracy. This will be the explanation of its triumph before history. . . . The bane of the Russian character is fatalism. Man is able to choose between good and evil, between hope and despair, between truth and falsehood. Russians must learn this great fact before they can shake off a sort of paralysis of the will that defeats progress. The happiest people in the world, he thinks, are they who lived in the interior of the United States. They care not for the outside world because they live in a world of their own. When the conversation turned to literature, Lvoff told the company that modern Russian writers have given the world an erroneous conception of the Russian soul. The Russian is naturally a humorist and an artist, the tinge of gloom in his nature not characterizing the race as a whole predominantly, but appearing now and then as a reflection of a mood that passes quickly. So far from being incapable of self-government, the Russian masses, he believes, are highly endowed with the political and administrative faculty, as their local institutions prove. The autocracy has been interested in gaining acceptance for another theory.

"Had there been no Lvoff there could have been no revolution in Russia, because he alone combined the daring with the wisdom that gives effect to high resolve." [1]

[1] *Current Opinion*, May, 1917.

PROFESSOR PAUL N. MILIUKOFF

His Famous Speech—An Authority on Balkan Politics

IT is a matter of interest and also of pride to him that so many of Paul Miliukoff's ideas for turning autocratic Russia into a democracy were "made in America" during the four years when the professor was on the faculty of the University of Chicago.

Referring to the speech that started the Russian revolution *The Literary Digest* says: "It is easy enough to declaim against a fallen autocrat, but to take an open stand against a powerful government accustomed to answer too daring critics with the scaffold, the dungeon, or Siberian exile requires real bravery. It was, therefore, an act of remarkable courage when Professor Paul Miliukoff attacked Premier Stürmer on the floor of the Russian Duma with the violence of a Cicero castigating a Catiline or a Demosthenes denouncing a Philip. This speech eventually brought about the resignation of the Russian Premier on November 24, 1916, and for the first time in Russian history the will of the people had forced a premier from office. Professor Miliukoff told the Associated Press, about that time, that he regarded 'the trouble as definitely over.' But he was a better orator than prophet. For other premiers fell, Rasputin was killed, the Duma grew bolder and bolder, and in a few months its refusal to obey the edict ordering dissolution led to open revolt and the fall of the monarchy."

Professor Miliukoff was born in 1857 near Petrograd. He studied in Moscow and was tutor in history at the university until 1895. Banished because of his liberal views, he became professor of history at the University of Sofia.

"THE AMERICAN"

In an article written for *The Evening Sun* (New York) it was said: "Professor Miliukoff was widely known in Russia as a historian before the uprising in 1905. During that revolution he sprang into prominence as the founder of the Constitutional Democratic party, which numbered in its ranks some of the noblest and finest men in Rus-

sia. Before that time Professor Miliukoff had lived in America, where he lectured at Harvard and at the University of Chicago. He studied American life and familiarized himself with American institutions and the American form of government. During the revolution of 1905, Count Witte, then Premier of Russia, offered him a portfolio in the Cabinet. Professor Miliukoff declined it. He insisted upon a definite policy of reconstruction and reform before he would accept a post in the new Ministry.

"The Duma was created and a so-called constitution was granted. . . . The leaders disagreed among themselves, and the autocracy, supported by the troops, succeeded in regaining control of the situation.

"The Duma was dispersed several times on the eve of a crisis. Professor Miliukoff, as the leader of the Constitutional Democratic party, was one of the strongest and most effective men in the opposition. A brilliant orator, direct, forceful, learned, yet practical and shrewd, he became the most feared man in governmental spheres. Neither a firebrand nor an extreme radical, he had the backing of the liberal conservatives.

"Professor Miliukoff, invited by the Civic Forum to acquaint America with the true state of conditions in Russia in 1908, came all the way from Petrograd to deliver his lecture. The press of the country reproduced widely his striking account of his country's hopes, of the activities of the reactionary régime, and the workings of the Duma.

"The reactionaries at home decided that his comments on Russian affairs had been too frank, and when Professor Miliukoff returned to Russia a storm of abuse burst upon him. . . . Telegrams were sent to the Duma branding him as a traitor, and the Black Hundreds, a reactionary society, demanded that he be hanged. But Miliukoff never faltered. He said at this time: 'My trip to America is not yet forgotten in the Duma. From time to time I am interrupted in the course of my speeches by some one shouting "American" or "American citizen." Since then I have purposely quoted American legislation whenever I had an opportunity. I frequently begin my speeches by quoting something American. I try to make some reference to America whenever the opportunity presents itself.'"

MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

At the beginning of the war Professor Miliukoff was leader of the Constitutional Democrats, who favored a constitutional monarchy. After the March revolution of 1917 he was Minister of Foreign Affairs until the overthrow of his government.

As Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Russian Republic, leader of the Cadet or Constitutional Democratic party in the Duma, and editor of the influential daily newspaper *Retch*, he exerted great influence at first as the embodiment of liberalism. But Russia was heading toward radicalism, and Miliukoff's fall was inevitable.

Professor Miliukoff has published a series of remarkable books, among which his comprehensive *Studies in the History of Russian Culture*, his *Essays*, and his *Main Currents of the Russian Historiography* established his position as a leading historian and political writer.

"One of the Petrograd journalists, who had occasion to watch very closely Professor Miliukoff's journalistic work, said once, about three years ago, that if all the journalists of this paper were to stop work for a day or two, Professor Miliukoff would be able himself to fill up the entire paper. His knowledge and erudition in almost every field of science, literature, and art are marvelous. In private intimate circles Professor Miliukoff is known as a splendid musician. He plays the violin so well that, were it not for the fact that the call of political leader proved the stronger, he would in all probability have made a good artist.

"In addition to all this, Professor Miliukoff is a remarkable linguist. He speaks almost all the European languages. Recently, while visiting the Allied and neutral European countries with the Russian Parliamentary Delegation, Professor Miliukoff delivered a remarkable speech in Swedish during his stay in Stockholm. His knowledge of international policy places him in the ranks of the biggest authorities throughout the world. He is the greatest authority on the Balkan question." [1]

[1] *The World's Work.*

KERENSKY, RUSSIAN HAMLET

Lawyer and Revolutionist--In the Duma—Premier of Revolutionary Russia—Betrayal and Defeat

HAILED as the savior of his stricken nation, cursed as her betrayer, the center of a dozen contradictory legends, Alexander Feodorovich Kerensky remains one of the significant figures in the Russian revolution. He is the son of Feodor Michaelovich, who in 1881, the year Kerensky was born, was director of the Simbirsk Gymnasium. The boy grew up on the banks of old Mother Volga, the mighty river. She taught him that "song like a groan" of her people, and his first recollections are characteristic of the child's sensitiveness. He has "a perplexed remembrance" of when, as a boy of six, his home city was seized with silent terror on learning of the punishment of a local student for participating in the attempt to kill Czar Alexander III. His first memory of his school-days centers around the "kitchen children," the peasants' sons, his comrades, left outside the gymnasium's threshold by order of the Czar.

When the boy was eight years old his father was transferred to Tashkent. Tashkent is the gate to Siberia. A Russian friend of Kerensky's, V. V. Kiryakoff, eloquently describes this period of his life: "The groaning of the political strugglers for free Russia, who were languishing at that time in the galleys or in exile, were near now, and more audible. Sasha Kerensky's ear, attentive to the people's sufferings, with pain took in all the stories about the unendurable situation of the nation's friends martyred by the Czar's prison officials in Siberia's 'places of destruction.' Punishment and whisperings go upon much freer tongues there than in central Russia. What George Kennan has since related to us in his famous book about Siberia, still earlier was written in 'heart's blood and in the fluid of the nerves' on the impressible soul of A. F. Kerensky. . . ."

In 1899 Kerensky went to St. Petersburg to enter the university under the law faculty. St. Petersburg at that time was, in a different sense, a gate to Siberia. For the capital was seething with political, non-legalized activity. Workingmen's circles, peasants' circles, groups of intellectuals, spreading revolutionary propaganda, interrupted in their feverish work by the loss of their leaders through imprisonment and death, but never still—these were the influences that fostered the young law student's passionate desire for Russian freedom. He joined "the party which is nearest to the nation, the party of the peasantry and the working-men, the party which has written on its flag, 'Land and liberty for the whole working nation! By struggle you will obtain your rights!'—the party of the Social Revolutionists." About 1904, the year of his completion of his law course and the year of his marriage to Olga Llvovna, the daughter of L. Baranovsky, "the Krupp of Russia," the Social Revolutionists had definitely come together and sent forth a body of "heroic political martyrs."

THE REVOLUTION OF 1905–06

A year later came the beginning that promised so much and ended so tragically, the first Russian revolution. It ended with the wholesale bloody sacrifice of Russia's noblest men and women. It ended, moreover, with the establishment of that unhappy farce, the first Russian Duma. That Duma was "the nation's wrath." But the answer of the government was to dissolve the first Duma. The second Duma was called. It is thus that his old friend speaks of Kerensky at this time: "In Petrograd was formed a circle of 'Land and Liberty,' occupied in preparation for the elec-

tion of Social Revolutionists to the second governmental Duma. In this organization Kerensky was a zealous member. I recall his young, thin figure—lively, active, always burning with internal fire. About him at that time they were saying, 'Always in the vanguard with bared breast.' His strong speeches burned with the fire of feeling.

"The second Duma was scorched in the fire of reaction and espionage. Many of the Social Democrats and Social Revolutionists went into prison, into exile, to the galleys, and to the scaffold.

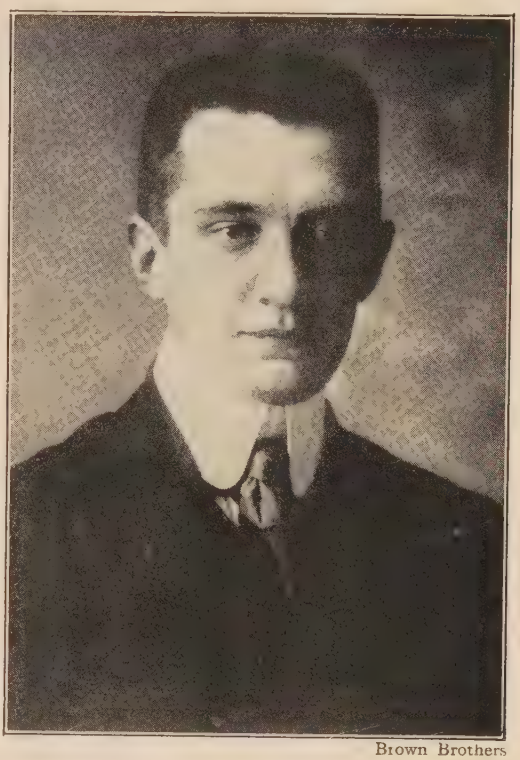
"On June 3, 1907, a new election law was published, creating a third governmental Duma of the nobles. Reaction was violent. . . . The excutioners could not get through with their hangings.

DEFENDER OF THE OPPRESSED

"A. F. Kerensky took up the defense of his friends in the party. Having connected himself with one of the most famous members of the bar, and occupying himself solely with judicial work, which he carried on so successfully as to promise him a very high rank in the law, Kerensky turned aside from all this to throw himself into the defense of 'politicals' without distinction of party, but most frequently of all on behalf of Social Revolutionists."

The young man seems to have occupied himself completely with the defense not only of those accused friends fighting with him for revolution, but of many others who suffered innocently in black Russia. It was Kerensky who offered his advocacy at the time of the ritual murder trial of the Jew Beiliss; it was Kerensky who was sentenced to a month in prison for bringing forth a resolution of protest. He was not locked up, as he was already a member of the fourth Duma. It was he, again, who went to the Lena gold-mines to investigate personally when the workmen there were shot down for trying to improve conditions of labor; and it was he whose pamphlet, *The Truth about Lena*, was immediately confiscated by the government.

It has been noted above that Kerensky was a member of the fourth Duma, the only member of his party in it. But, though the government had been unable to get any evidence against him to prevent his election, he was continually spied upon. Kiryakoff says of him: "Because of his liveliness of character and quickness of movement he received from the Police Department the characterizing nickname of 'Quick One'— . . . Closely connected with Petrograd,



Brown Brothers

Alexander Feodorovich Kerensky

From March to November, 1917, Kerensky was Russia's man of the hour. Long an idol of the Russian people, with the gift of fiery oratory to increase his hold on them, he fell because he tried "to compromise between the wishes of the Allies and the wishes of the Russian people for bread and land and peace."

Kerensky, however, did not limit his activity to the capital. All vacations of the Duma he usually spent in traveling in the provinces, Moscow, Saratoff, Samar, Kazan, Charkov, Volsk, Tashkent, Lena, Samarkand, etc. Where, indeed, was not the 'Quick One' making work for the department of police spies?" It was in the Duma that Kerensky received the training which made him eventually a leader of men.

RUSSIA'S MAN OF THE HOUR

Then followed the revolution. On March 14, 1917, the provisional government of Russia was established. Alexander Kerensky, the only member representing the Socialist parties, took the portfolio of Minister of Justice. He had not held this post long when popular distrust of a "bourgeois" government led to a political crisis. A new coalition government was formed, and Kerensky became Minister of War and the Navy. Accounts of him at this time present the picture of a slight, nervous man, "a man of medium height, with close-cropped brown hair, flashing brown eyes, and a face which in repose has a strained, almost embittered expression, but which lights up magically with a broad, generous smile." A person of swift, abrupt movements, of feverish activity, of passionate, almost superhuman intensity, Kerensky is not a strong man physically, whatever he may be thought otherwise. He suffers from a wasting disease, supposedly tuberculosis of the liver, which frequently forces him into retirement to recuperate from his terrific labors. As Minister of War of a country in the throes of revolution, facing a pitiless enemy without, facing countless secret enemies within, a country famine-stricken, without arms, without tools, Kerensky's task was all but impossible. "What do they live on?" a sympathetic observer once asked of some striking worker. "They live," was the response, "on their nerve." And the Minister of War had to ask millions of Russian people to live on their nerve. They responded nobly, but their interest in a war begun under czardom grew steadily less.

Alexander Kerensky became Premier of Russia. In this supreme position his task was not very different from what it had been when he was merely Minister of War. It was simply heavier. But it was not its burdens that sent Kerensky from the helm of the ship of state to a raft of escape from it. The true story of his defeat, so far as it is possible to judge, is told by Col. Raymond Robins, friend of Theodore Roosevelt, gold-digger, preacher, writer, and member of the American Red Cross Mission in Russia, in *The Metropolitan* for June, 1919.

DEFEATED BY HIS ALLIES

It was under the Kerensky régime that Robins discovered that it was not Kerensky, but the Soviet that was the backbone of Russia. The Soviet, a local government consisting simply of elected representatives of local workmen and local soldiers, "even under Kerensky . . . was the thing with authority, with power. . . . When Robins wanted to get anything really done he had to go and talk to them and make arrangements with them. His pockets were full of Kerensky credentials. They were full of authorizations from the government at Petrograd. When he presented any such document, he was treated kindly, but he was treated rather pityingly, as if he were a child showing a letter from Santa Claus, authorizing him to have a train. It happens that Robins did want a train. He wanted several trains, to carry his Red Cross supplies. 'But,' said people, 'if you really want trains, you must see the men in the Soviet.'

"By proof of fact these Soviets had authority. They had the power."

There now seemed to be three more or less distinct groups, among countless factions, whose voices could be clearly heard. There were the Bolsheviki, with their cry of "All power to the Soviets!" There was Korniloff, staging a revolt "for law and order and discipline," Korniloff the Cossack, the man in whom the middle classes of the Allies put their trust. "Korniloff," says Robins, flatly, "was appealing to the sentiment of law and order and discipline, and he needed a middle class. There was no such class in Russia. There was the 7 per cent., and there was the 93 per cent., and there was virtually nothing in between. The 93 per cent. were not interested in law and order. They were interested in the land-control and in the factory-control they thought they ought to have. They were an under class, rising, and willing to rise, by violence. They were not a middle class, resting on acquired property and responsive to a law-and-order program. There was no such class, and there was no such response, in Russia." Between these two, the Bolshevists and the Korniloffists, stood Kerensky,

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Kerensky, Dictator of All the Russians in 1917, Salutes His Men

"the man in office, the man forced to compromise between the wishes of the Allies for 'law and order and discipline' and the wishes of the Russian people for bread and land and peace." Korniloff's revolt was a fiasco. According to Colonel Robins it was defeated, not by Kerensky, but by the Bolsheviki, who guarded Kerensky himself. Its story has been the subject of endless argument, and Kerensky has recently published a book, *The Prelude to Bolshevism*, whose sub-title is "The Korniloff Rebellion."

THE POWER OF THE SOVIET

Let us quote again from the dramatic story in *The Metropolitan:* "Toward the end of October Robins's special friend in the Tank Corps came to him and made a report, showing that now in the Tank Corps there was the same sentiment that there was in the rest of the army. He said: 'The men are still divided about half and half between liking Kerensky and liking Lenin. But they are unanimous on one point. They are unanimously for the Soviet.'"

The only possible answer was that Kerensky must accept the Soviet, and with his authority lead it into the war. To effect this, Colonel Thompson, chief of the Red Cross Mission and American financier, invited certain Allied representatives to meet him in his rooms at the Hotel Europe. "They came," says William Hard (who reports Robins's story in *The Metropolitan* almost word for word as Robins himself has told it in his public addresses)—"they came, and they expressed the sentiments which were the final sentence of death in the Kerensky chapter in the history of Russia.

"At that meeting, at half past two in the afternoon of Friday, November 2, 1917, there were present the following men:

"General Knox, military attaché to the British Embassy at Petrograd and chief of the British Military Mission.

"General Niselle, holding the same position at Petrograd for the French.

"General Judson, holding the same position for the Americans.

"General Neuslochowsky, for Kerensky.

"David Soskice, for Kerensky.

"Colonel Thompson, and, as his aide, Major (not yet Colonel) Robins.

"Colonel Thompson opened the meeting by making a brief statement of the crisis and of the instant need of action. Then General Knox took the floor.

"General Knox was not interested in the Soviet. He wanted to talk about the Kerensky Government. . . . He narrated the Kerensky Government's historic frailties and futilities at length. Everybody present knew them, but General Knox wished to remind everybody present. . . .

"Then General Niselle took the floor. He remembered several faults of the Kerensky Government which General Knox had forgotten. . . . With the Soviet knocking at the ramparts, General Niselle remembered all the troubles inside the ramparts. . . . He finished by reciting the Russian military disaster at Tarnopol, and by expressing the view that Russian soldiers were cowardly dogs.

"Both Russians present, General Neuslochowsky and Mr. Soskice, left the room. They would listen no longer. They departed red and seeing red. They were through.

"But General Knox was not through. He entered on a colloquy with Robins that I think I can exactly recite.

" . . . General Knox said to Robins, 'You are wasting Colonel Thompson's money.' (Colonel Thompson had personally contributed $1,000,000 for pro-Ally propaganda.)

"'If I am, General,' said Robins, 'he knows all about it.'

"'You should have been with Kornilov,' said General Knox.

"'You were with him,' said Robins.

"The general flushed. 'Well,' he said, 'that effort may have been premature. But I am not interested in the Kerensky sort of government. Too weak. What's wanted is a military dictatorship. What's wanted is Cossacks. These people need a whip. A dictatorship's the thing.'

"Robins expressed the fear that they might get a dictatorship in Russia quite different from the kind of dictatorship General Knox was thinking of.

"'What?' said the general. 'You mean Lenin and Trotzky? Bolsheviks? That soap-box talk? Colonel Robins, you are not a military man. I'll tell you what we do with such people. We shoot them.'

"Robins was a bit roused, probably, by this time. 'You do,' said he, 'if you catch them. But you will have to do some catching. You will have to catch several million. General, I am not a military man. But you are not up against a military situation. You are up against a folks' situation.'

"'We shoot them,' he repeated.

A FALLEN IDOL

"That was Friday. On Monday, three days later, the Bolsheviks took the Fortress of Peter and Paul in Petrograd, and also the Arsenal. On Tuesday . . . they took the telegraph station and the telephone station and the principal railway station. On Wednesday, in the evening, Robins stood on a bridge across the Neva and watched Bolshevik sailors from Bolshevik ships firing shells in the air to explode over Kerensky's Winter Palace. . . .

"He looked around for General Knox to shoot these Soviet people, or for some other ste n resistance to them. There was none. That morning at two o'clock, at Smolny, the Soviet people met in their second All-Russian Congress and decreed All Power to the Soviet and All Land to the People and All Industry to the People and elected to power the man—Lenin—who has held that power from that moment in November of 1917 to this moment in April of 1919."

The quondam idol of the Russian people, Alexander Kerensky, can now speak only with a very weak voice from the European capitals to which he fled. Something of a Hamlet, he remains a picturesque and withal a tragic figure. He stood between two fires, nor was there a hand to rescue him. He could not, for reasons not yet fully clear, rescue himself. For the present, at least, "the rest is silence."

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LENIN, BOLSHEVIST DICTATOR

History of a Revolutionist—Leader of Bolshevist Faction—Return to New Russia—Dictator of the Proletariat

JUST when young Ulyanoff took the name of Nicolai Lenin, which has echoed all over the world, is not known. There is probably no Russian revolutionist of his generation who has not taken an assumed name at one time or another. It is only natural, however, that curious stories should grow up about this tremendous figure. Lenin is called, on the one hand, a Jew, the product of the Russian Pale, and, on the other, a paid German agent. Professor Miliukoff has publicly referred to him as "*dvorianin* Ulyanoff," and the leader of the Russian Liberals is not likely to have erred in placing Lenin among the *dvorianstvo*, or nobility. As for his German connections, it must be remembered that Lenin is a revolutionist above all, and he had as few scruples about using German money to foment revolution in his own country as he had about using Russian money to foment revolution in Germany.

The son of a director of a high-school in the Government of Simbirsk in central Russia, Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanoff was born some forty-nine years ago. His family was an old one in Russia, and his father and Kerensky's, both school head-masters, were friendly neighbors. Toward the end of the nineteenth century the spirit of rebellion against the stupid brutality of the old régime penetrated into the noblest houses.

The Ulyanoffs, people of birth and culture, and possessed of a comfortable income, were not untouched. When Nicolai was a boy of seventeen both he and his elder brother were arrested for complicity in a plot to murder Czar Alexander III. The elder was convicted and hanged. There was no evidence against Nicolai, and, though he was released from arrest, he was definitely under suspicion. He had left his home to study at the Law-school of St. Petersburg, and as a result of this ugly affair the authorities expelled him.

It was in the early 'nineties that Lenin had his first taste of imperial vengeance. After his expulsion from the university he had thrown himself body and soul into the revolutionary movement. As a young man of twenty-five, he was "the chief founder and inspirer of the first big workmen's organization in Russia, the Union for the Struggle for the Liberation of the Artisan Class." Even then he was accused of being more a student than a familiar comrade, of holding aloof from the workers themselves to write propaganda and economic theory in his lonely garret. His revolutionary activity, however, became known to the government and he and his colleagues in the Union were arrested and exiled, he to an isolated village in the heart of eastern Siberia. It is remarkable and characteristic of the man's mastery over the minds of other men that even in political exile he was able to keep in touch with the movement of the party which became the Russian Social-Democratic Workmen's party. He even smuggled through a program for the party to his friends in Russia.

LENIN'S REVOLUTIONARY WRITINGS

There was no intermission in his study of political economy, and in 1899 he published the book which first made him famous. It is called *The Development of Capitalism in Russia;* its publication marks the beginning of his leadership. When the book was written there was a hot controversy between the two main groups of Russian Socialists. One group emphasized that Russia differed from the rest of Europe in her dependence on agriculture, her limited industrial development, the social justice in her village community life, and the teamwork of artisan bands. The other group, and to this Lenin belonged, defended the theories of Marx. They saw in Russia the development of the factory system working toward that concentration of capital in the hands of the few which meant ultimate class war. Lenin's book was based on careful researches, and may be said to have won him his revolutionary spurs. That same year he published another book, *Economic Sketches and Articles*, which made him known all over Russia, and two years later he put forth an excellent translation of Sidney and Beatrice Webb's *Industrial Democracy*. Through these scholarly treatises Lenin made his influence deeply felt and his bitterest enemies accord respect to this work.

A PORTRAIT OF LENIN

At this time Lenin was in Switzerland, the refuge of political exiles. He was then hand-in-glove with Plehanoff, one of the leaders of the party, also living in Lausanne. Only a few years later came the split between these two men which helped to create civil war between the revolutionists in 1917. Moissaye J. Olgin, writing in *Asia*, gives a vivid portrait of Lenin that might almost apply to those days, though it shows him at a somewhat later period: "A smoky back room in a little café in Geneva, Switzerland; a few score of picturesque-looking Russian revolutionary exiles, men and women, seated around uncovered tables over glasses of beer or tea; at the head of the table a man in his forties, talking in a slow yet impassioned manner; and now and then an exclamation of disapproval, an outburst of indignation among a part of the audience, which would be instantly parried by a flashing remark of the speaker striking home with unusual trenchancy and venom—this is how I see now in my imagination the leader of the Bolsheviki, the Great Inquisitor of Russian Social Democracy, Nicolai Lenin.

"There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of this man; a typical Russian face with rather irregular features; a

stern but not unkindly expression; something crude in manner and dress recalling the artisan rather than an intellectual and a thinker. You would ordinarily pass by a man of this kind without noticing him at all. Yet, had you happened to look into his eyes or to hear his public speech, you would not be likely to forget him.

"His eyes are small, but glow with repressed fire; they are clever, shrewd, and alert; they seem to be constantly on guard, and they pierce you from behind half-closed lids. As to his speech, he is at his best in a debate with an opponent. Occasions for debating were never lacking among the warring divisions of Russian Socialists. Lenin does not reply to an opponent; he vivisects him. He is keen as the edge of a razor. His mind works with an amazing acuteness. He notices every flaw in a line of argument he disagrees with. He draws the most absurd conclusions from premises unacceptable to him. . . .

"This power of conviction, coupled with a great amount of positive knowledge and a high degree of personal bravery, made Nicolai Lenin a leader of a Social-Democratic faction."

Nicolai Lenin and Leon Trotzky

Chiefs of the Russian Soviet Republic since November 7, 1917. Lenin is President or Premier, Trotzky the Commissar of War.

THE RISE OF THE BOLSHEVIKI

For some time Lenin had been closely connected with the Social-Democratic organization known as *Iskra* (Spark). He was one of the editors of its secret paper, and because of his tireless work and powerful personality he was a leading spirit of the society. In 1903 a party convention was held at Stockholm. Naturally Lenin was a dominating figure at the meetings.

But if he dominated it, it was rather to lead it along the road of his personal conviction than to repeat the slogans on which the party had been built up. The convention was to vote upon a constitution. As a democratic organization, its members emphasized the necessity for local self-government and democratic control within the party organization. Lenin, following the principles which he had laid down in a book published the previous year, insisted on the opposite course. He bitterly attacked those who advocated work with the trades unions and those who played the opportunist's game of joining with the Liberals to win at least part of their program. He fought the theory of local self-government. With all the power of his intellect, with all the sharpness of his wit he denounced the "bourgeois," compromising spirit of his opponents. On the grounds that the city workers were the more intelligent class-conscious group, Lenin declared that the revolution must look to them, rather than to the vast mass of the illiterate peasantry, for real leadership. And fearful even of the industrial proletariat, he demanded a thoroughly centralized party, dominated by a small group of intellectuals. He had said in his book: "The working-men can have no Social-Democratic consciousness of their own. This consciousness can be brought to them only from without."

Lenin is a forceful man. He had studied his arguments with intellectual ardor, and he had worked with his enemies long enough to understand them profoundly. His policy carried the day. As a result, the party of the Social-Democrats split into two factions: the majority, or Bolsheviki (from the word *bolshe*, which means "more"), were the Leninites who won; and the minority, the Mensheviki, lost.

A simple statement of their difference is to be found in Spargo's book on *Bolshevism*: "The lines of cleavage between the Mensheviki and the Bolsheviki were thus clearly drawn. The former, while ready to join in mass uprisings and armed insurrections by the masses, believed that the supreme necessity was education and organization of all the working-people. Still relying upon the industrial proletariat to lead the struggle, they nevertheless recognized that the peasants were indispensable. The Bolsheviki, on the other hand, relied exclusively upon armed insurrection, initiated and directed by desperate minorities. The Mensheviki . . . organized unions, educational societies, and co-operatives, confident that through these agencies the workers would develop cohesion and strength, which, at the right time, they would use as their class interests dictated. The Bolsheviki, on the other hand, clung to the old conspiratory methods, always mastered by the idea that a sudden *coup* must some day place the reins of power in the hands of a revolutionary minority of the workers and enable them to set up a dictatorship. That dictatorship, it must be understood, was not to be permanent; democracy, possibly even political democracy, would come later."

Exciting years followed. This was the beginning of the most profound revolutionary movement in Russia up to 1917. Lenin's part in it is briefly told in an article by E. H. Wilcox, which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review:* "On the outbreak of the first Russian revolution, in 1905, Lenin returned from his voluntary exile, as the relaxation of the censorship and of the laws with regard to associations and public meetings made it possible for him to continue his work of propaganda much more effectively on the spot. He was, of course, one of the most active promoters of the revolutionary movement of that time, in which he was closely associated with his present chief lieutenant . . . (Trotzky), who became president of the St. Petersburg Council of Workmen's Delegates, the original model on which the Soviets were formed. Living first in St. Petersburg and afterward at Kuokkalo, just across the Finnish frontier, Lenin controlled the Bolshevik press and directed the tactics of the party in the Second Imperial Duma. By the beginning of 1907 the Stolypin régime of repression had made it exceedingly dangerous for him to remain in Russia, and he once more fled abroad, but he nevertheless maintained his almost autocratic sway over the party and its press. He would hardly have been able to do this if the Czar's political police had not, for their own purposes,

given systematic support to his agitation. This phase of the development of Russian socialism forms one of the most amazing chapters in the whole of political history."

THE COUP D'ÉTAT

At the outbreak of the war in 1914 Lenin was in the Carpathian Mountains. He was arrested as a Russian spy, amusingly enough, but on the testimony of the Austrian Socialist, Victor Adler, he was speedily released. Retiring to Geneva, his familiar haunt, he started a new journal, which preached the necessity for Russia's defeat. "We Russians are for the defeat of Russia," he wrote, "for it would facilitate her internal enfranchisement, her liberation from the fetters of czarism." His defeatist views were unpopular, even with Trotzky, though they were shared by many Russian revolutionists living abroad.

Then came the Russian revolution of March, 1917. Lenin traveled across Germany to reach Russia. This fact has frequently been cited as proof of his German sympathies. E. H. Wilcox, writing on this charge, declares that "the ablest and most fair-minded of Lenin's political opponents have, however, hesitated to apply the word 'traitor' to him, though they have called him an unpractical dreamer, a mischievous visionary, a dangerous fanatic, and almost everything else which did not impugn the sincerity of his convictions or the honesty of his intentions. . . . What they [the revolutionists] profess quite openly is that they have no objection to taking aid or money from any source whatever in support of their cause, and that those who supply it with ulterior motives will find in the end that they have been whetting the knife for their own throats. It was thus that they excused Lenin's return to Russia across German territory; and if the incident is looked at from this point of view, it matters very little whether the initiative to the journey came from the Germans, or from the Swiss Socialists, or from Lenin himself. . . . Some years before the war Lenin became a member of the International Socialist Bureau, and he was one of the organizers of the Zimmerwald Conference. He is, consequently, in close touch with the extreme section of the Socialist party in all the belligerent states."

As an illustration of his methods and their results we cannot do better than take the case of Otto Bauer. This Austrian officer was taken prisoner early in the fighting, and subsequently cordially received by the members of the Soviets. "Eventually he was allowed to return to his own country on the pretext that he was no longer fit for military service. Patriotic Russians were deeply mortified by these events, and their indignation was greatly increased when it was announced that Bauer had been received in prolonged audience by Count Czernin and had been given employment in the Foreign Office at Vienna." Only the Bolsheviki were not disturbed. But "the next news we had about Otto Bauer was that he had been the organizer of the great Austrian strike, which forced Count Czernin's hand on the question of peace terms and wrung from him much more positive language of renunciation than we had previously heard from any enemy statesman."

When Lenin first returned to Russia, however, his reception was not altogether cordial. For a period during the Kerensky régime he was forced to go into hiding. All the more remarkable, therefore, is the progress of the drama. According to Raymond Robins, a member of the American Red Cross Mission who is bitterly anti-Bolshevist, there was no great mystery here. In an article in *The Metropolitan* William Hard gives Robins's version: "He knew Kerensky's government through scores of intimate official conferences with members of it regarding the work of the Red Cross. But he was most especially and particularly careful to know the feelings of the rank and file of the Russian 93 per cent.

"Therefore, with some confidence he ventures to say that he knew something about the peace movement among the Russian soldiers, as well as something about the Bolshevik propaganda among them, and he gives it as his considered opinion that the Bolshevik propaganda was indeed urgent and active, but that, after all, it was much like the case of a man blowing

with his breath in the same direction with a full-grown natural tornado." One slogan was on the lips and in the hearts of all Russia. It was, "All power to the Soviets!"

The word "soviet" means council. Under the czar the Imperial Council of State was the *Gosudarstvennyi Soviet.* The soviets of revolutionary Russia are councils, councils of workers' organizations, of soldiers, of peasants' deputies. These are organized in a perfect hierarchy, from the local soviets elected in every city, town, and village, to the provincial soviets, and finally to the Central Executive Committee of All-Russian Soviets, located in Petrograd.

"ALL POWER TO THE SOVIETS"

When Lenin captured the slogan, "All power to the Soviets!" he had captured Russia. From farthest Siberia to the red heart of Petrograd this was the cry of the people. On November 7th there was an insurrection of the Petrograd workers, in accord with the expressed principles of Bolshevism; the Petrograd Soviet overthrew the Provisional Government, and the Constituent Assembly yielded to the Congress of Soviets. It was a *coup d'état.* Lenin had triumphed.

But it was not an easy triumph. Every account of the months that followed impresses the reader with the gigantic task which faced those who were now the Government. The story of the meeting of the Constituent Assembly on December 11th, with the taunt of "Counter-revolution" thrown back and forth in the packed hall of the great Tauride Palace, with workers against peasants in the clash of angry parties, is a story as confusing as it is fascinating. The Constituent Assembly was suppressed. Spargo says, bitterly, that the opponents of the Bolsheviki "could not admit the impudent claim that an election held in November, based upon universal suffrage, on lists made up as recently as September, could in January be set aside as being 'obsolete' and 'unrepresentative.'" Wilcox in *The Fortnightly Review* gives Lenin's explanation for the suppression of the Constituent Assembly: "He [Lenin] pointed out that since the elections had taken place the Social-Revolutionaries had definitively split up, and that those who had formerly constituted the left wing of the party had entered into coalition with the Bolsheviki, accepting seats in the Council of the People's Commissaries. Accordingly, he argued, the Social-Revolutionary electors had given their votes to 'a party which no longer exists.' . . . It is also undeniable that, subsequent to the elections, the current of popular sympathy set very strongly in the direction of Bolshevism, so that in this respect, too, when the Assembly was finally convened, the balloting no longer quite accurately represented the political temper of the country."

Reed's portrait gives a view of Lenin at the opening of the Congress of Soviets: "It was just 8:40 when a thundering wave of cheers announced the entrance of the *presidium,* with Lenin—great Lenin—among them. A short, stocky figure, with a big head set down in his shoulders, bald and bulging. Little eyes, a snubbish nose, wide, generous mouth, and heavy chin; clean-shaven now, but already beginning to bristle with the well-known beard of his past and future. Dressed in shabby clothes, his trousers much too long for him. Unimpressive, to be the idol of a mob, loved and revered as perhaps few leaders in history have been. A strange popular leader—a leader purely by virtue of intellect; colorless, humorless, uncompromising, and detached, without picturesque idiosyncrasies—but with the power of explaining profound ideas in simple terms, of analyzing a concrete situation. And combined with shrewdness, the greatest intellectual audacity."

THE FUTURIST OF THE REVOLUTION

"Uncompromising," this stanch admirer calls Lenin, who later met the accusations of the Social-Revolutionaries with the frank statement: "They charge us with stealing their land program. . . . If that is so, we bow to them. It is good enough for us. . . ." Again this champion of liberty announced: "The civil war is not yet finished; the enemy is still with us; consequently it is impossible to abolish the measures of repression against the press.

. . . *If the first revolution had the right to suppress the Monarchist papers*, then we have the right to suppress the bourgeois press."

The summary of his policy is stated in his retort to those who object that he employs the methods of the tyranny he is fighting: "What was formerly called freedom," said Lenin in one of his speeches, "was the freedom of the bourgeoisie to swindle the people with the help of its millions, the freedom to exercise its strength with the help of this imposture. We have finally broken with the bourgeoisie and with freedom of that kind. The state is a coercive institution. Hitherto we have had a violation of the whole people by a handful of money-bags. What we want is the transformation of the state into an institution which will compel the fulfilment of the will of the people. We intend to organize violence in the interests of the toilers."

He spoke in accordance with this policy when he addressed the Soviets in the spring of 1918: "'Keep accurate and conscientious accounts; conduct business economically; do not loaf; do not steal; maintain strict discipline at work.' These slogans, which were justly ridiculed by revolutionary proletarians when they were used by the bourgeoisie to cover its domination as a class of exploiters, have now, after the overthrow of the bourgeoisie, become the urgent and principal slogans. . . .

"Our gains, our degrees, our laws, our plans must be secured by the solid forms of *every-day labor discipline*. This is the most difficult, but also the most promising problem, for only its solution will give us Socialism. We must learn to combine the stormy, energetic breaking of all restraint on the part of the toiling masses, with *iron discipline during work*, with *absolute submission* to the will of one person, the Soviet director, *during work*."

The employment of bourgeois experts, at high salaries, under the title of "People's Commissars," the iron discipline of the Red Guard, the adoption of the land program of an opposing party, are to Lenin merely the necessary skirmishes in the long, relentless battle of the revolution. Even the "Tilsit peace," as he bitterly named the affair of Brest-Litovsk, meant to him that Russia would awaken "to a great war for the fatherland" of socialism, pricked by the humiliation of that defeat. He is willing to adopt the weapons of his antagonist in the serene confidence that he can ultimately use those weapons against him.

"Lenin is a man," says Olgin, "who sees life only from the angle of his own ideas." A writer in *The New Europe* echoes him: "In the pursuit of his goal he will leave no stone unturned; if the whole world falls over his ears, he will pursue his work of destruction without faltering until such time as he may build a new order on the ruins of the old. . . . Lenin is the futurist of the revolution." That last phrase rings in the memory. Forward-looking vision marks the progress of Nicolai Lenin from the gallows, where his brother swung for the cause of the revolution, to his recognized leadership of the Russian Socialist Republic. "If socialism can only be realized when the intellectual development of all the people permits it," he said once, "then we shall not see socialism for at least five hundred years. . . ." He does not wait five hundred years. But in anticipation of them he works, using the tools and the weapons now at hand; battling alike against the forces of reaction and against the spirit of moderation; yielding where he feels that one step backward must mean a great forward leap; always remaining the stern, isolated figure of the intellectual autocrat, "the futurist of the revolution."

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TROTZKY, A TRUE REBEL

Propaganda and Imprisonment -The Wandering Jew—The Revolution of 1917—Rise of the Soviets—Bolshevist Foreign Minister

"HE is tall, strong, angular; his appearance, as well as his speech, gives the impression of boldness and vigor. His voice is a high tenor ringing with metal. And even in his quiet moments he resembles a compressed spring. He is always on the aggressive. He is full of passion—that white-heated, vibrating mental passion that characterizes the intellectual Jew. On the platform, as well as in private life, he bears an air of peculiar importance, an indefinable something that says very distinctly, 'Here is a man who knows his value and feels himself chosen for superior aims.' Yet Leon Trotzky is not imposing. He is modest. He is detached. Back in the depths of his dark eyes there is a lingering sadness."

The man who wrote that pen-portrait of Trotzky is Moissaye J. Olgin, a man who fought the principles for which Trotzky stands for over a score of years, a man sincere and keen enough to appreciate the keenness and sincerity of his opponent. There is another picture of Trotzky which he himself sketched in a conversation with some of his intimate friends a week or so before he left New York to return to Russia. For sheer simplicity it could not be bettered —and there never was a revolutionist whose life was uninteresting. Here is Trotzky's account of his personal history: "I was born thirty-eight years ago in a little Jewish colony in southern Russia, in the Government of Kherson. When about fourteen years of age I entered the gymnasium of Chernigov, and, like most of the impressionable youth of Russia, soon became interested in the revolutionary movements. Here in America school-boys seem to spend most of their time in sports, baseball, and football. In Russia, the boys—and the girls, too, for that matter—use their leisure for reading books like Buckle's *History of Civilization*, Marx's *Capital*, Kautsky's *The Social Revolution*, and our own great classics that throb with the passion of revolt. Our pastime is chiefly attending underground Socialist meetings and spreading the propaganda among working-men in the city and peasants in the country.

EARLY CAREER AS A SOCIALIST

"I was no exception to the rule. The revolutionary cause gripped me early in life and has never relaxed its hold. There was, indeed, a great deal of work to do. When I was little more than twenty years old, the Russian revolution blazed up into a mighty flame. Most of the young people of Russia with any education were enlisted in the fight against the unspeakable czaristic system, determined to put an end to the wrongs it inflicted upon the long-suffering Russian people.

"My university education was interrupted, for I soon plunged deep in the work of propaganda, which left no time for anything else. I continued, however, to apply myself to the study of sociology, political economy, and history, and soon became a convinced Marxian Socialist. When the Russian Social Democracy split up into two sections on the issue of tactics I did not identify myself with either the Mensheviki or the Bolsheviki, but continued to work for the general cause, for the overthrow of czarism and the cause of socialism. Since the division in the party was not based on fundamentals, but only on a difference of opinion as to the method to be applied in gaining the same ends, I used all my efforts to effect a reconciliation between the two wings. However, I leaned strongly to the radical side. In other words, I was a Menshevik of the extreme left, or a near-Bolshevik.

"My ability as a speaker and as a writer soon drew me into the very center of Socialist activity. I wrote for the party press, composed pamphlets, and carried on personal propaganda chiefly among the city populations.

"Naturally I did not escape the general fate of Russian revolutionists. I was arrested and imprisoned, and as I did not give up my work for the cause after my release I became what the Russian authorities called an 'illegal' person and had to live under an assumed name. My first jailer was called Trotzky, and the idea occurred to me to take his name."

"Many an amazing comment," says Olgin, "has been made in the American press on the Jew Bronstein 'camouflaging' under a Russian name, Trotzky. It seems to be little known in this country that to assume a pen-name is a practice widely followed in Russia. . . . As to revolutionary writers, the very character of their work has compelled them to hide their names to escape the clutches of the police. . . . I have never heard of a Gentile bearing the name Trotzky. The invidious attacks of American newspaper men miss their aim, as Trotzky never concealed his Jewish nationality. He was too proud to dissimulate. Pride is, perhaps, one of the strongest features of his powerful personality."

TROTZKY'S REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES

Trotzky's account continues thus: "When the revolution broke out in full force in 1905 I was made president of the first Soldiers' and Workingmen's Council in Petrograd to succeed the first incumbent to that position. I remained president until the defeat of the revolution, when I was arrested and sent to imprisonment and exile in Siberia. From there I succeeded in making my escape, and went to live in Switzerland.

"In Switzerland I founded a Socialist paper called *Prada* (*The Truth*), which was published both in Russian and in German. I also established an international news service for the dissemination of truthful news of current political and revolutionary events in Russia.

"In 1910 I went to Germany, where my revolutionary activity incurred the displeasure of the Prussian authorities. I was arrested and sentenced to imprisonment, but escaped. Three days before the outbreak of the present war found me in Vienna. On the advice of Doctor Adler, the Austrian Socialist leader, I left Austria-Hungary, and was in Serbia when that country was invaded by the Austro-Hungarian troops, and was present at the Serbian Parliament, the Skupshtina, when the vote for the first war credits was taken.

"I returned to Switzerland, and was later summoned to Paris to edit the Russian Socialist paper there. When a Russian division of troops mutinied and killed the general, I addressed a severe letter of criticism of the French government to Jules Guesde, a Socialist member of the Cabinet, for the savage punishment that was meted out to the Russian troops. This so displeased the French government that I was ordered out of France. I then went back to Switzerland, but Switzerland feared complications with the czaristic government and would not let me in. I was detained at Barcelona, where I was to be deported to Cuba. Later, the Spanish government decided to let me go where I pleased, provided only I left Spain. Every country in Europe practically was now closed to me, and so I turned my gaze across the Atlantic, and arrived at Ellis Island at the end of December, 1916.

"Here in New York I lived with my wife and two children in three rooms in a Bronx tenement, wrote for the *Novy Mir*, the Russian Socialist daily, and spoke at Socialist meetings. I do not expect my stay here to be very long, however, for a revolution is bound to break out in Russia in a short time, and as soon as that happens I shall hasten to my home country and help in the work of Russia's liberation.

"My book, *The Bolsheviki and World Peace*, expresses in full my convictions on the World War. It is the result of wide and deep study, and the program laid down there is the only solution that I can see to the problems that confront humanity."

Trotzky's discussion of the war and the economic problems of the world is characterized by acuteness and a broad knowledge of socialistic doctrine.

THE BOLSHEVIKI AND THE WORLD PEACE

To read this book with "wide and deep study" is to come to an understanding of what the Bolsheviki are struggling for. Their fight is not only against the Czar, but against imperialism wherever it lifts its head. It was, up to the time of the German revolution, peculiarly a fight against Germany and kaiserism. Their peace terms are a simpler statement of what President Wilson has said in other words times without number: "Immediate cessation of war. No contributions. The right of every nation to self-determination. The United States of Europe, without monarchies, without standing armies, without ruling feudal castes, without secret diplomacy."

TROTZKY AS AN ORATOR

The false charge of pro-Germanism has so often been brought against this frank internationalist that it is interesting to read William Hard's account of the first glimpse of Trotzky caught by Raymond Robins of the American Red Cross Mission to Russia: "It was at an All-Russian Democratic Conference, which met toward the end of September, 1917. There were representatives of the soldiers in that huge hall, of the workmen, and of the peasants. There were delegates from the Zemstvos (county councils, in which the landlords were very strong), and delegates from the food committees and the co-operative societies and the municipalities. Kerensky made a speech. The government seemed to be well received. Meanwhile, the Bolsheviki were working with the delegates, arguing man to man, on the floor, as well as on the platform.

"And there, on that platform, Robins had his first sight of Trotzky. Trotzky was walking up and down. The spectacle of that platform, as I get it from Robins, could be said to be arranged in three tiers. First, farthest to the back, was the presiding officer, the chairman. Below him was a row of men at a table. These men were the *presidium*. They were delegates selected from the different groups sitting in the convention to represent all groups together and to keep a sort of composite neutral watch on the proceedings. . . . Finally, below it, between it and the audience, was the speaker. It was Trotzky.

"He was walking up and down, slowly and calmly. He was not speaking. It was impossible for him to speak. People in the audience were speaking. They were speaking to him, and they were speaking severely and loudly. The words they used were 'pro-German' and 'German agent' and 'spy' and 'traitor.' They roared. Trotzky walked up and down, and stopped, and pulled a cigarette from his pocket, and pulled a match, and lighted the cigarette, and smoked, and walked up and down. One man in the audience, to Robins's personal knowledge, had a gun with which, as he confided to his friends, he would shoot Trotzky as soon as Trotzky appeared. He did not shoot. Trotzky smoked for quite a while. Then, when there was a lull, he raised his arm and lashed that audience into complete subjugated silence.

"Robins has heard many speakers. It has been part of his occupation to speak; and it has been almost part of his occupation to listen to speakers. Even his enemies will admit him to be a judge of speaking.

"I gather from him that he is obliged to make a professional bow to Trotzky. He says that as a speaker he has never seen Trotzky's equal in the conquering of an audience, in the carrying off of it, on flights of passion, or flights of the mystery of the instant weaving of patterns of words. Trotzky has cleverness and he has vehemence. . . .

"Facing the Democratic Conference, Trotzky did not even bother to refer to the words 'pro-German' and 'German agent' and 'spy' and 'traitor.' He paid no attention to them. He plunged straight into Bolshevism and into the Bolshevist program, and spoke for the program; and it began to win. Through Trotzky, . . . through hard work, through hard talk, it began to win. Before that convention was over, among delegates who had started pro-Government, the Bolsheviks had almost won an open anti-Government victory. . . .

"The audience stood, unregardful of national Russia. . . . The audience stood and sang the song, the hymn, called 'The

International.' They sang it for their message. It was their word."

TROTZKY TRUE TO HIS CONVICTIONS

Trotzky's wanderings through Europe, from Zurich to Paris, from Paris to London, from London to New York, after his expulsion from Vienna as an enemy alien in 1914, are a familiar story. But, wander as he might, his bitterest enemies concede that to one thing he held true—his own conviction. One of his most significant acts upon becoming Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Bolshevist régime, was the publication of a number of documents, found in the Russian Foreign Office, which disclosed the arrangements which had been made secretly among the members of the Entente in the early part of the war. According to these secret treaties Russia was to acquire the Dardanelles, Constantinople, the west shore of the Bosphorus, and certain defined areas of Asia Minor. She agreed to allow France and England to define the western boundaries of Germany, and was herself to define the eastern boundaries. Italy's spoils of war were to be the Trentino, southern Tyrol, Trieste, Istria, and Dalmatia, the control of the foreign relations of Albania, certain rights in Libya, and additional holdings in Africa, if France and Great Britain increased their territorial possessions there. Greece was to receive part of Albania and certain Turkish territory in Asia Minor, if she would join the Allies. Trotzky published these documents with the statement that his purpose in doing so was to disclose to the people of all nations the imperialist aims of the belligerents through the patent plans made by "financiers and traders through their parliamentary and diplomatic agents." At the same time he warned Germany that "when the German proletariat by means of revolution secures access to their chancelleries they will find documents which will show up in no better light."

Later he prophesied: "In all the warring countries of Europe I expect to see social revolution after the war. . . . A proletarian Russia cannot get very far . . . if all the rest of the world remains under the capitalist régime. But that will not happen."

Olgin, who met his old opponent while they were both in New York, speaks thus of him, in an article in *Asia* for 1918: " . . . He looked haggard; he had grown older, and there was fatigue in his expression. His conversation hinged around the collapse of International Socialism. He thought it shameful and humiliating that the Socialist majorities of the belligerent countries had given the war their indorsement. 'If it were not for the minorities of the Socialist parties, the true Socialists, it would not be worth living,' he said once, with deep sadness. His belief in an impending Russian revolution was unshaken. Similarly unshaken was his mistrust of the Russian non-Socialist parties. On January 20, 1917, less than two months before the overthrow of the Romanoffs, he wrote in a local Russian paper: 'Whoever thinks critically over the experiences of 1905, whoever draws a line from that year to the present day, must conceive how utterly lifeless and ridiculous are the hopes of our Social-Patriots for a revolutionary co-operation between the proletariat and the Liberal bourgeoisie in Russia.'

"Whatever may be our opinion of the merits of his policies, the man has remained true to himself. His line has been a straight line."

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PASHITCH, SERBIA'S PREMIER

A Radical Leader of the Serbs—Condemned to Death and Exile

NICHOLAS PASHITCH, the Serbian liberal statesman, first came into world-wide prominence at the beginning of the Great War, but soon after he entered the Serbian Parliament in 1881 he was recognized in European political circles as a man of exceptional powers. A leader in Serbian struggles for the past forty years, the public services of this sturdy patriot and shrewd, far-seeing man of affairs are little known save to those who have made a special study of the intricate and confusing political history of "the Balkan cockpit."

The war made Pashitch an outstanding and conspicuous figure as a statesman, his portrait has appeared throughout the civilized world, but of his career there exists no complete and satisfying record, though his life has been eventful and even dramatic. Nicholas Pashitch was born in 1846 at Veliki Izvor, near Zaïtchar (eastern Serbia), and in his early youth he was sent to Zurich, where he studied for some years and qualified as an engineer. During those student days in the Swiss Republic he associated himself with a group of young Serbs of socialistic and revolutionary principles, whose views he eagerly adopted. In the organization of the Radical or Peasants' Party, Nicholas Pashitch played a prominent part. In this early period of his career Pashitch may be said to have symbolized the political life of Serbia under the last two of the Obrenovitch kings. His chief concern at that time was the liberation of the Serbs within the kingdom; the freeing of his co-nationals under Turkish and Austrian rule was a question he left for the future.

FLIGHT TO ESCAPE DEATH SENTENCE

In 1881 Nicholas Pashitch was elected a member of the Serbian Skupshtina (Parliament) in the Radical interest. He speedily organized a political group whose chief purpose it was to lead in the fight against autocracy in home politics and against Austrophilism in foreign affairs.

Such a program led to a clash with that odd monarch, King Milan, and Pashitch as a Radical leader became feared and hated by the autocracy and the party of reaction. After the anti-dynastic insurrection in 1883 in the province of Timok, Pashitch was compelled to flee from Serbia and was condemned to death.

After six years in exile, Pashitch returned to his native land and resumed his active political life. He became successively president of the Skupshtina, Premier (1891-92), and Serbian minister at Petrograd (1893-94). In 1899 he once more fell under royal displeasure and, following the charge of treason preferred against the Radical party, was condemned to fifteen years in prison. Pardoned after serving a part of the sentence, Pashitch in 1904 entered the Cabinet of Sava Grouitch as Foreign minister. In the following year he conducted with great skill Serbia's resistance to the Hungarian tariff war. During the Bosnian annexation crisis of 1908-09 he directed Serbian affairs. He represented Serbia in the Balkan Alliance of 1912. From that time, but for a few interruptions, he was the head, or the ruling spirit, of a series of Radical governments.

On June 21, 1914, M. Pashitch himself warned Vienna of his suspicions that a plot was being organized in Bosnia. After the murder of Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo, Pashitch protested against the endeavor of Austro-Hungary to saddle on Serbia reponsibility for an insane act which was reprobated by many classes in the country, and which it was of vital interest to Serbia herself to avert. Austro-Hungarian diplomacy at first reflected this spirit. Pashitch favored a thorough investigation of the crime and the punishment of crim-

inals and agitators implicated in the plot, but Austria's ultimatum reopened the whole question of her relations with the Jugoslav movement. Pashitch drew up the reply to the Austrian ultimatum and presented it to the Austro-Hungarian minister on July 25th. Within fifteen minutes Baron Giesel despatched a notification of its unsatisfactory character to the Premier and half an hour later left Belgrade. Throughout the war Pashitch conducted Serbian affairs.

In appearance Nicholas Pashitch is tall and patriarchal, with his long beard and gray hair. He is neither a doctrinaire nor a theorizer, distinguished for his moderation and organizing ability. He was always a favorite with the peasantry, over whom he exercised a remarkable influence. A fiery patriot, though threatened with death and once imprisoned, he has remained loyal to the cause of democracy.

Crawfurd Price, formerly correspondent of *The Times* (London), and an authority on Balkan politics, had this to say of Pashitch: "In diplomacy he was an ardent Russophile and a partisan of a close understanding between the Balkan peoples. He had no professional training to aid him in his dealings with foreign representatives, but relied with manifest success upon his innate instinct and clairvoyance and his own good sense. With the stratagem of a practised diplomatist and the flexibility of one of ripe experience he would patiently await the opportunity to carry his point.

"To these natural gifts must be added a quick sense of impending danger, an almost feminine intuition, and, when occasion demanded, an invaluable ability to discuss a given subject at length without revealing his real opinions and intentions."

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BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, THE FRANK

The "Scrap of Paper"—A Simple Gentleman—A Man of Peace in War

THE power of the word in war-time is well nigh incalculable. Napoleon knew the value of judiciously turned words a hundred years ago; President Wilson knows it to-day. A good phrase has sometimes saved a bad cause; a blundering phrase has helped to overthrow an empire. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg was a devoted German patriot, but his name will go echoing down the ages as "the scrap-of-paper diplomatist," for he did his cause more harm by his fatal indiscretion than a hostile army.

In his speech in the Reichstag on August 4, 1914, when German armies were about to enter Belgium, he said: "We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and perhaps have already entered Belgian territory. Gentlemen, this is a breach of international law. It is true that the French government declared at Brussels that France would respect Belgian neutrality as long as her adversary respected it. We knew, however, that France stood ready for an invasion. France could wait, but we not. A French inroad on our flank on the Lower Rhine would have been fatal to us. Thus we were forced to ignore the rightful protests of the governments of Luxemburg and Belgium. The wrong—I speak openly—the wrong we thereby commit we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained. He who is menaced as we are and is fighting for his highest possession can consider only how he is to hack his way through (*wie er sich durchhauen kann*)."

A SCRAP OF PAPER

On the evening of that same fateful day the British ambassador to Germany, Sir W. E. Goschen, had his final interview with the Chancellor. He reported: "I found the

Chancellor very agitated. His Excellency at once began a harangue, which lasted for about twenty minutes. . . . Just for a word—'neutrality,' a word which in war-time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation, who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. What we had done was unthinkable; it was like striking a man from behind while he was fighting for his life against two assailants. He held Great Britain responsible for all the terrible events that might happen. . . . As I was leaving he said that the blow of Great Britain joining Germany's enemies was all the greater because almost up to the last moment he and his government had been working with us and supporting our efforts to maintain peace between Austria and Russia."

The Chancellor later explained, on January 24, 1915, to a representative of the Associated Press "that he had spoken of the treaty not as 'a scrap of paper' for Germany, but as an instrument which had become obsolete through Belgium's forfeiture of its neutrality; and that Great Britain had quite other reasons for entering into the war, compared with which the Belgian neutrality treaty had for her only the value of 'a scrap of paper.'" He might as well have explained to the winds.

His predecessor, Prince von Bülow, in *Deutsche Politik*, pours scorn on "the philosopher of Hohen-Finow" as a visionary doctrinaire and charges that he did more damage than two defeats when he alluded to "the scrap of paper" and admitted that the invasion of Belgium was "a wrong." Yet the Chancellor, honest, straightforward, truthful, was probably never more himself than when he gave this plain, unvarnished explanation of the action of his government. In practical statesmanship, honesty is plainly not always the best policy.

THE MILDEST OF MEN

Owing to his official position as representative of the empire with which the world was at war, Bethmann's personality has been distorted in cartoons and by hostile writers until he seemed a brother to the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck. In reality he is the mildest of men. Former Ambassador James W. Gerard said of him: "Lovable, good, kind, respected, the Chancellor, to a surprising degree, was minus that quality which we call 'punch'"; and again, "Opportunity knocked at his door, but the want of a backbone prevented his becoming a great figure." A correspondent for *The Globe* (Boston) after a personal interview described the Chancellor as "an idealist of the workaday kind" and reported his impressions as follows: "There was a huge desk in the room. A man was seated behind it, wearing the undress uniform of a general, with no order or decoration save the Iron Cross. . . . The man behind the desk began to rise, and kept on rising, and finally, when he had fully risen, came around to the side of the desk, held out his hand, gave mine a cordial shake, and, motioning me to a chair, said, 'I am very glad to see you.'

"How tall is the Chancellor? Frankly, I don't know; I know that I stand five feet ten in my socks, and he towered above me, and my hand rested in the palm of his as a child's hand might rest in mine.

"The Chancellor has a remarkable face. He wears a closely cropped beard; his hair is iron-gray; his face is deeply lined.

"Ambassador Gerard told me that the Chancellor reminded him somewhat of Lincoln, and I understand it, but I did not see in his face that tender, all-embracing sense of the fellowship of man that seems to me to be vividly present in many of the pictures of Lincoln.

"The Chancellor has the face of one to whom men may mean comparatively little, but who is interested in a broad way in the history of mankind in the past and in its future development as well."

Such a man would naturally never be an adept in the great game of "bluff," either in life or in politics, for he was quite without the arts that impress the vulgar herd. His predecessor, Prince von Bülow, had the grand manner, aristocratic condescension, personal charm. Bethmann had none of these, and scorned, in rugged honesty, to assume a virtue if he had it not. A writer in *Current Opinion* gives an interesting study of this unpretentious gentleman:

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Bethmann-Hollweg, German Chancellor

The author of the famous "scrap of paper" phrase was an enemy of German "ruthlessness." He was instrumental in forwarding German peace "feelers," took a leading part in the liberalizing movement in the German Reichstag, 1917, and finally lost his chancellorship as the result of the opposition of the militaristic party.

THE UNPRETENTIOUS CHANCELLOR

"The chancellor is a lonely as well as a distinguished figure. The long black overcoat and high silk hat accentuate his gigantic height. The bowed head with its Saxon nose is seldom lifted toward the unassuming brown, red, and white fronts of the buildings he passes in his daily walk from the *Reichskanzlei* to the palace. On his way to the park the learned doctor will drop into a bookstore to finger the latest issues from the press. He will pay most attention to the works on philosophy—not commentaries upon Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, but studies in the manner of Hermann Türck' the latest thinker to arrive in the fatherland. For Bethmann-Hollweg is essentially Christian in his outlook upon life, a man remote from materialism, a simple nature in a complex age.

"What especially amazes a journalist in conversing with Bethmann-Hollweg is the recklessness of the candor with which he discusses anything. Continental Europeans in high office are, as a rule, discreet, overwhelmingly discreet. The present German Chancellor will discuss anything with no reserve at all—the war, Emperor William, the future of the Pope, Goethe, Belgium—what you like. This is no mere policy. It is just the Doctor's way. A certain artlessness of manner and a slowness of utterance that suggest one who thinks aloud heighten the effect of these uncalculated indiscretions immensely. Now and then the Herr Doctor will forget a detail. He does not summon a lackey in uniform, as the Prince von Bülow would have done. The Chancellor himself goes in search of the paper he means to lay before the visitor. Everything is said and done with characteristic gravity. There are no sweet smiles in the Bülow manner, no epigrams and no airs. In fact, the Herr Doctor is the only one who seems impressed or overawed.

"That all this is no fleeting impression, but the reflection of an essential feature in the character of Bethmann-Hollweg, is amply shown by other studies of the man. Prussian in origin, Prussian by birth, and most Prussian of all by education—he was a classmate of Emperor William's at Bonn—Bethmann-Hollweg reveals neither in his manner nor in his mode of life the qualities known to men nowadays as Prussian. He represents a survival from an age that glorified Goethe and Schiller and imbibed Kant and Fichte. . . . His simplicity is that of one who never considers his own personality, his own interests, or the effects upon his fortunes of whatever he does or says. Never in his career did he exemplify this trait so completely as in the course of his famous speech in the Reichstag on the subject of Belgium. He spoke of 'a wrong' his country would be doing and he gave no thought at all to what his enemies might make of the admission. Similarly, he paid the debts of a near relative, although no creditor had a legal claim to his money. The atmosphere of this high-mindedness, confesses a French authority, seems to diffuse itself about this 'untypical Prussian,' imparting its moral grandeur to every impression of him.

A LOVER OF THE ARTS AND A PHILOSOPHER

"One trait only is shared by Bethmann-Hollweg with his brilliant predecessor—a love of the arts. He surrounds himself with books, pictures, and musical instruments. . . . The Chancellor is not a Wagnerite apparently, and if he has a favorite composer it must be Beethoven. He delights, too, in Brahms. His discriminating taste in pictures revealed itself in his preference for Jan Vermeer at a time when that Dutch artist had not been recognized except by a very few. The Chancellor's supreme resource, for all that, is his private library, a great, sunny room lined from floor to ceiling with well-stocked shelves. The place shows at once that it is no affectation, but the working library of a scholar. The philosophers are apparently best represented. The taste of the Herr Doctor is not for elegant literature, as was Bülow's. One encounters no such author as Mérimée, in whom Bülow delighted, or Carducci, whom the Prince deems Europe's first modern poet. Bethmann-Hollweg reads Kant, whose *Critique of Pure Reason* he places beside anything in Aristotle or Plato."

He reads theological works with equal devotion and is a lover and a constant reader of classical literature to this day. There

is a thoroughness almost akin to pedantry in his intellectual equipment. He has the industry, the tenacity of purpose, and the melancholy temperament of the true Brandenburger, and his characteristic grave eyes and fervent Christian piety are also marks of this origin.

"A more eminently respectable figure than Doctor Bethmann-Hollweg on his way to church—which he never misses on Sunday—it would be hard to conceive. He has a pleasing voice and never shrinks from the sound of it when the hymns are sung. The members of the little congregation have known him for years and nothing is thought of the fact that in flat defiance of all precedent he slips into a rear seat and makes way readily for any one who turns up."[1]

A FELLOW-STUDENT OF THE KAISER

Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg was born in Brandenburg at Hohen-Finow, a village near Berlin, November 29, 1856. His family, although ennobled as recently as 1840, was an old patrician merchant and banking family of financial Frankfort, eminent before the Rothschilds grew dominant there. The two branches, Bethmann and Hollweg, became united through marriage and assumed a single name. The Chancellor's grandfather, the first to attain eminence in public life, was an excellent lawyer and a professor of jurisprudence at the University of Bonn and was ennobled as a mark of distinction for his learning.

The grandson, following the family tradition of going to Bonn, there became a fellow-student of the future Kaiser Wilhelm II, winning his permanent confidence and friendship. But his rise to the highest office in the Empire was by no means due to favoritism, but rather to patient routine labors and thorough administrative training in the German official bureaucracy. After completing his law studies at Göttingen, Strassburg, Leipzig, and Berlin between 1875 and 1879, Bethmann practised his profession; was appointed judge at Potsdam, where he enjoyed the intimacy of the royal heir and future Emperor; and in 1899 was made president of the province of Brandenburg, with headquarters at Potsdam. As this position is a stepping-stone to ministerial honors, in 1905 Bethmann became Home Secretary, and in 1907 Secretary of the Imperial Home Office, Vice-Chancellor, and Vice-President of the Prussian Ministry. His devotion to the chancellor of that day, Prince von Bülow, was marked, and von Bülow frequently intrusted representation in critical political and parliamentary situations to his subordinate.

[1] *Current Opinion.*

BETHMANN AS CHANCELLOR

His appointment to the Chancellorship, the greatest office in the Empire, on July 14, 1909, came as a surprise; but until the war began he faced only one great crisis—that of Agadir in 1911. The Emperor was largely his own chancellor, but Bethmann achieved many a victory by quiet methods that more spectacular statesmen scorn. He was offered a title by the Kaiser several times, but always refused. Dominated by the conservative elements, he was yet always in favor of moderation and was an earnest apostle of peace and friendship with England. Opposed to the Social-Democrats in politics, he was yet earnest in improving the lot of the people. He once said: "We have had a united Germany for only about forty-five years, but see what we have accomplished in that time. We have, I believe, the most scientifically conducted government that the world has ever known, and we have practically succeeded in eliminating extreme poverty.

"The upper classes in Great Britain, who have for generations past lived in luxury and comfort, have given little thought to the millions of wretched slum-dwellers in their large cities.

"To the German mind such an attitude seems not merely selfish and cruel, but unscientific."

During the war the Chancellor was called upon to extend the olive branch to Germany's foes several times, but always in vain. In 1917 the movement to reform the Prussian Diet by rendering it more democratic, and to make the Prussian

franchise more liberal, grew strong, and Bethmann declared himself strongly in its favor. In a dramatic speech he foretold the dawn of a new democracy, and added: "After the war we shall be confronted with the most gigantic tasks that ever confronted a nation. They will be so gigantic that the entire people will have to work to solve them. A strong foreign policy will be necessary, for we shall be surrounded by enemies whom we shall not meet with loud words, but with the internal strength of the nation. We can only pursue such a policy if the patriotism which during the war has developed to such a marvelous reality is maintained and strengthened."

The Chancellor declared that the maintenance of patriotism could be secured only by granting the people in general "equal co-operation in the administration of the Empire." He proceeded:

"Woe to the statesman who does not recognize the signs of the times and who, after this catastrophe, the like of which the world has never seen, believes that he can take up his work at the same point at which it was interrupted. I will devote my last effort to the carrying out of this idea of making our people strong."

A BROKEN MAN

As a speaker Bethmann was straightforward, sincere, and thorough. He never electrified nor dazzled, but he convinced by his soundness and lucidity. Without brilliance or epigrammatic raillery, Bethmann's steady simplicity, nevertheless, dominated the Reichstag. His brevity sometimes produced the effect of wit, although this rarely seemed his aim. An American correspondent in Berlin described his appearance in the Reichstag thus: "He wears the gray field uniform of a major-general, and carries his tall, slim figure with conscious stiffness, yet cannot quite overcome that slight stoop of the shoulders which proclaims the scholar close to sixty. The suns of many battlefields have bronzed his long, thin face, but his features are refined, sensitive, and sad. His friends say that this war pulled him, by main force, out of deep despondency. His wife died just before the war broke out. . . . His voice is low, his manner matter-of-fact, his delivery a little halting. He even seems . . . slightly embarrassed."

On the eighth anniversary of his assuming the Chancellorship the following message was sent by wireless through Germany: "The Kaiser has accepted the resignation tendered by the Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, and has appointed as his successor the Prussian Under-Secretary of Finance, Herr Michaelis." (July 14, 1917.)

Bethmann-Hollweg fell as a result of the opposition of the militaristic party, for from the first he had opposed the extremists who were in favor of ruthlessness on land and sea. He resisted submarine warfare and the Zeppelin raids to the last. It was a cruel destiny that forced this man of peace, this scholar and philosopher, to play a part in the grim tragedy of the most terrible war the world has known. Deeply affected by the death of his son, who was killed in battle, only the pressure of his duties kept him going to the end, and to-day the ex-Chancellor is a broken man.

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F. W. Wile's *Men Around the Kaiser* gives a brief but informing sketch of the Chancellor's career up to 1914.

MAETERLINCK'S TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD, ALL SOULS' DAY, 1918

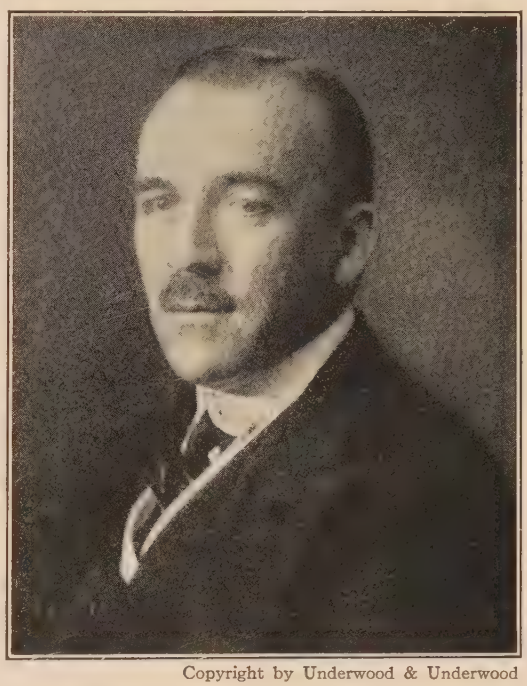
Our memories are peopled by a multitude of heroes, stricken in the flower of youth, and far different from that procession of yore, pale and worn out, which counted almost solely the aged and sickly, who were already scarcely alive when they left this earth. To-day, in all our houses, in town, in country, in palace, and in cottage, a young man dead lives and rules in all the beauty of his strength. He fills the poorest, darkest dwelling with glory, such as it had never dreamed of. It is terrible that we should have this experience, the most pitiless mankind has known, but, now that the ordeal is nearly over, we can think of the perhaps unexpected fruits which we shall reap.

FOREIGN MINISTER VON JAGOW

Diplomat or Echo?—Rome's Verdict—Berlin's Verdict—A Peacemaker

GOTTLIEB VON JAGOW, Germany's Foreign Secretary when the war began, had been one of the Kaiser's college friends, a member of the Borussians, the famous fraternity of Bonn University. European journals insist that William II never failed to remember his college chums, especially the Bonn Borussians, privileged to wear the peaked *Stürmer* and the black-white ribbon of the fraternity. "He put many of them into the highest offices, lifting them, in some cases, from poverty and obscurity to the dizziest renown."

Among these cultured gentlemen, more or less possessed of artistic temperaments, with charm and perfection of manners, von Jagow was recognized as an agreeable dilettante—an excellent conversationalist, a faultless waltzer, a good-natured bachelor with a way of making himself lovable. The *Figaro* (Paris) admitted all this and yet questioned whether such a character ought to have been put in charge of the great Foreign Office. After serving as an attaché at Hamburg, Munich, The Hague, and Luxemburg, von Jagow had become German Ambassador at Rome during four years. The Italians applied to him their most complimentary word—"sympathetic." He is not tall, and he is not commanding; but he conveyed the impression of power and strength. He knows how to dress. He can carry a lady's train. He sends flowers and distributes bonbons impartially. For a bachelor, as he was then, he negotiated difficulties of etiquette with miraculous nicety. He was among the first to take to the American crease in the trousers. Von Jagow lacks bulk and bigness and has a very low voice. The Italians, however, did not mind that. They liked his beautiful hands and his expressive eyes. Even at a ball he had a way of darting quick glances in every direction as if to take in a general impression. The Ambassador was known to have almost feminine intuition in human characterization. His despatches to Berlin from Rome were most intimate and keenly analytical. They went before William himself, for the Emperor was very anxious about Italy and trusted the descriptions of one who saw through the Italian statesmen and was even reputed to understand women.



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Gottlieb von Jagow

Germany's Foreign Minister at the beginning of the war was a man of much tact but little force. A cultured gentleman with a sympathetic nature, he was not able to dominate circumstances.

VON JAGOW'S TACT

Germany was at that time in a delicate position as regards Italian diplomacy, for she was the ally of both Austria and Italy; and while Italy and Austria were also "allies," Rome and Vienna hated each

other. They had too many conflicting interests. Von Jagow held the three countries together. Then came the Turco-Italian War. It, too, exacted the most consummate tact. Turkey also was Germany's friend. "Italy's war savored, both in conception and execution, of a freebooting expedition. Italians realized that Germany was on the side of their enemy."[1] Von Jagow did his best and there was no actual break.

In 1913 von Jagow was summoned from Rome to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Diplomats thought the appointment significant. Von Jagow had done creditable work in his seventeen years' service, but in reality it was only the four years' term as Ambassador at Rome that counted for much. That experience had been rather limited in scope, in a way almost stereotyped. Berlin itself was not sure whether the new Minister was to be a diplomat or an echo. Von Jagow knew how to keep silence. Berlin saw only "a small man, well groomed, carrying a cane, wearing spats, and arriving at Wilhelmstrasse at ten in the morning. The small mustache on the long upper lip is carefully groomed. The long overcoat is carefully brushed. The patent-leather boots shine resplendently, despite the weather. Once inside, valets help him off with his street attire. The Foreign Minister is accustomed to the world and the ways of lackeys. He breathes his own atmosphere among them. Secretaries place documents on his desk. He listens sympathetically to the former German ministers, former secretaries of embassy, former attachés. He is polite to everybody, but the long sessions weary him. He is frail, and Berlin has accentuated the pallor of his countenance. Perhaps it is hard at times to be a rubber stamp, even to His Majesty, the Emperor."[1]

Von Jagow was not the first in his family to serve his monarch. He comes from good *Junker* stock from the Emperor's own province, the Mark of Brandenburg. The Foreign Minister found his relief in flowers, music, poetry, books, and pictures. His family life must be as quiet and retiring as he himself; for von Jagow, the confirmed bachelor, married on the eve of the war, in June, 1914, when he was fifty-one, a cousin to the Grand Duchess of Hesse.

The war brought von Jagow no special fame. He acted, it seemed, as directed. Some time after the war had begun, but before America had joined the Allies, he said: "The American neutrality toward Germany is one of the head; toward the Allies it is one of the heart. What America does for the Allies she does voluntarily and gladly; what she does for Germany she does because she must." None the less, he opposed the U-boat warfare along with Bethmann-Hollweg; but since he lacked the confidence of the public, his influence counted for little.

[1] *Men Around the Kaiser.* By F. W. Wile.

[1] *Current Opinion.*

VON BÜLOW, THE LUCKY

A Romantic Marriage—The Gipsy's Prophecy—Statesman and Sphinx

PRINCE BERNHARD VON BÜLOW is an older and more experienced man than von Jagow. In several positions he was literally von Jagow's chief. Von Bülow himself was a pupil of Bismarck in statesmanship, but he does not possess the vigor of the "Iron Chancellor." However, he has some powers all his own. Bismarck often had to jab his opponent with a bayonet. Von Bülow was sometimes just as effective with an epigram.

Bernhard von Bülow was born in May, 1849, at Klein Flottbeck, near Hamburg. He can trace the deeds of his ancestors back to the twelfth century and is exceedingly proud of his family. He was very well educated, studying at the universities of Lausanne, Berlin, and Leipzig. In 1870, at the age of twenty-one, he volunteered for the French campaign and became a lieutenant of the Hussars. In 1872 he passed the examination for the diplomatic service

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Prince Bernhard von Bülow

"Lucky Bernhard" made a romantic marriage, inherited a great fortune, and became an intimate friend of the Kaiser as well as Imperial Chancellor. A finished man of the world, a witty raconteur and a public speaker of much charm, he attained the heights of human destiny; and when forced to retire, he preserved the silence of the sphinx.

and then rose rapidly from office to office. He became Secretary of the Legation at Rome, attaché to the embassies of St. Petersburg and Vienna, Chargé d'Affaires at Athens, and Chief Secretary at Paris.

"Suddenly," relates Paul-Louis Hervier in his *Silhouettes allemandes*, "the stately, scholarly von Bülow committed an indiscretion. He left Paris for Dresden, where he met Count Doenhoff, a Prussian envoy in the city. Count Doenhoff was serious, grave, and solemn; he hated music, while his wife was devoted to it. Von Bülow, too, loved music. He fell in love with the countess and eloped with her. The countess, an Italian, a princess of Camporeale and a stepdaughter of a former Minister and ex-president of the Italian Cabinet, Minghetti, was pretty and distinguished. Count Doenhoff secured a divorce, after which von Bülow used his influence at the Vatican to annul the marriage. Then he married the princess. She was to prove of considerable aid later in making German diplomacy felt at Rome."

BRILLIANT DIPLOMATIC CAREER

Von Bülow in 1884 brought his wife to St. Petersburg, where he was given a place next to that of ambassador. In 1888 he became Minister to Bucharest; in 1893 he was made Ambassador at Rome. M. Robert Scheffer, who knew him well at the time, writes: "He was then only a baron and wore proudly, on occasions, his uniform of a Hussar of the Guards. He was clean-shaven, slim, condescendingly amiable. His reading was both wide and deep. He was enthusiastic over Goethe and would often quote Montaigne in the original. In his dictatorial way he would contradict Queen Elizabeth of Rumania, who did not share his literary opinions, while proving to her, without too much ceremony, that her reasoning was aside from the point."

In 1897 von Bülow was made Foreign Secretary. In 1900 he succeeded Hohenlohe as Imperial Chancellor. He held the office with distinction for ten years, at times accomplishing results that Bismarck himself had despaired of. He worried over the Clericals, the Socialists, Poland, and France. Over France, at least, he won a signal victory in 1905 on the Moroccan question when M. Delcassé found himself obliged to resign, and the Kaiser rewarded von Bülow with the title "prince." The Kaiser, suggests Hervier, loved and dreaded the intelligence of von Bülow. No one knows better than the Prince how to turn a compliment, a pleasantry, a joke, or a play upon words. "He speaks gravely and suddenly —the point goes home. He touches on all subjects, discusses them, criticizes—and in the midst of much erudition and innumerable indiscretions, he makes fun of him about whom or to whom he is speaking." Englishmen highly praised von Bülow as a public speaker of great charm; and the Reichstag will not soon forget his brilliant duels with the late Herr Bebel and other Socialist leaders.

"MUZZLING" THE KAISER

Occasionally the Kaiser's public utterances disturbed the harmony of Germany's foreign relations. Finally, on November 17, 1908, von Bülow undertook a journey to Potsdam in the midst of a "Kaiser crisis," provoked by a new indiscretion of His Majesty, and extorted from him a pledge of "greater reserve." Von Bülow got the pledge, but in the next year he was forced out of office by a political combination against him. The Kaiser was very friendly, but he accepted the Prince's resignation. Von Bülow, blessed of the gods, known as "Lucky Bernhard," had at last struck a snag. He knew how to act, and "he has been almost greater in retirement than in office. He has preserved a silence which might make the sphinxes blush. Efforts to draw him on the questions which agitate Germany and Europe prove as abortive as if addressed to a mute."[1] It is peculiar that such a man should be superstitious, yet the story clings that Bülow could remain so secretive because he was so confident of his destiny. "He was convinced," writes Hervier, "that he had not finished playing his rôle. He remembered that long ago an old gipsy woman had assured dreams of his future, that had not as yet been realized.

[1] *Men Around the Kaiser.* By F. W. Wile.

The story is an old one, and goes back to the beginning of the career of him who was later to become Chancellor and Prince. It was in the course of a walk; an aged woman met the young man, looked him up and down, took his hand, and in her jargon said, 'You will be a minister, then an ambassador, then something still greater, doubtless the chief of a state that has been overthrown by a tempest.'"

FIGHTING FOR ITALY'S SUPPORT

Von Bülow waited for the realization. Until December, 1914, he was unattached. Then he was sent to Rome to replace the German Ambassador there, for the Italian situation had become serious and the Kaiser had been forced to recall his "muzzler." The Prince's mission was not easy. It was to win over Italian public opinion and the Italian ruler to Germany. If Italy could be induced to support her former "allies," or remain neutral, it would be his greatest triumph.

He worked hard. His wife, too, spared no efforts. They visited, received, gave dinners, distributed speeches adroitly. They went everywhere. But despite all his efforts, he did not succeed in his mission. He blamed his failure on the bungling policy of the Austrians; but, Austrians or no Austrians, the Kaiser was terribly disappointed. Von Bülow had promised success. He had failed. But he still remembered the prophecy and still hoped for success. He was sent to Switzerland—on some secret missions. People whispered "peace rumors," but von Bülow kept his secret.

Peace did not come to Germany from Switzerland. Again "Lucky Bernhard" had failed. Yet no one can say that he has forgotten the prophecy. The state "has been overthrown by a tempest." Can Prince von Bülow find a place in it? Whatever happens, he has learned to take life stoically. He has a passion for music, "and if disgrace were to follow disgrace," Hervier says, "music would give the diplomatist enough philosophy to endure every test."

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY, EX-AMBASSADOR

Peace-Keeper—Success and Failure—*My London Mission, 1912–14*

PRINCE KARL MAXIMILIAN LICHNOWSKY was born of an old Silesian family some fifty-nine years ago. His father was a Prussian general and he himself was a brother officer of the Kaiser in the Life Guard Hussars. It was in 1885, when he was twenty-five years old, after he had reached the rank of major in the army, that he entered the diplomatic service in the German Embassy at London. From that time on he served at Stockholm, Constantinople, Dresden, Bucharest, and Vienna, finally becoming department chief at the Foreign Office in Berlin. In 1904 he retired. As there was no suitable post available, he preferred to roam around his beautiful estates and pass his time between flax and turnips, among horses and meadows. Moreover, he liked to read, and he could read extensively in his Silesian home.

The Prince had remained in comparative idleness for eight years when Marschall von Bieberstein, newly appointed Ambassador to England, died and Lichnowsky was offered the post. He was much surprised, and it may have seemed that he was given the honor because there was no other available candidate. He had a difficult task, and he set himself to it with zeal. In 1912 relations between England and Germany were rather strained. Naval rivalry had grown tense. Lichnowsky set about to create a new sentiment. England began to see in the new German representative a diplomat of modern method and point of view. A newspaper correspondent of *The Daily Mail* (London) wrote in 1913: "The German Embassy at London under Lichnowsky's predecessors . . . was almost a hermitage. For years it was socially non-existent. . . . Many stu-

dents of the psychology of Anglo-German tension ascribe it to the fact that the wire between the German Embassy in London and the great thought-molding circles of British life and society has long been out of order. Prince Lichnowsky proceeded to put these wires up."

A SOCIAL AMBASSADOR

The Prince exerted himself in his efforts to get acquainted. He accepted all sorts of

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Prince Karl Maximilian Lichnowsky

Germany's Ambassador to Great Britain before the war was one of the most popular diplomats in London. He made every effort to maintain peace between the two countries, and later blamed the military clique in his own country for supporting Austria's severe demands on Serbia. He was rebuked in the Reichstag and retired to his Silesian estates.

invitations; he invited everybody to his home. Supported by his particularly brilliant wife, Mechtilde, a countess of the famous family of Arco von und zu Zinneberg, he let it be known that the social phase of diplomatic life was to him thoroughly congenial. The Lichnowskys' high social rank, their agreeable manners, and their generous hospitality at Carlton House Terrace soon brought them into popular favor. "It was no insignificant tribute to the security and rapidity with which Prince and Princess Lichnowsky won their spurs in exclusive London that they were honored, within four months of their arrival, with the presence of the King and Queen at their dinner-table." [1]

Lichnowsky's combined diplomacy and social activity soon brought changes in various relations. The ordinary Englishman admired him for his wealth, and liked him for his *bonhomie*. Diplomats saw a sympathetic German in a place of importance. He worked for German progress, but could see the English point of view. He did not think that a conflict between the two rivals was necessary. His friendly attitude was contagious. Berlin began to see a change. Lichnowsky was becoming popular in London.

When the tragic days of July, 1914, came, the Kaiser counted on Lichnowsky to keep England out of the struggle. Lichnowsky gave assurances of English friendliness, but he was without complete knowledge of the facts. The structure he had built crumbled. Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith could no more keep peace than Lichnowsky. The situation had slipped from their control. England joined France and Prince Lichnowsky and his beautiful wife left London.

LICHNOWSKY'S "MEMORANDUM"

Lichnowsky himself became one of the most tragic characters in Germany. The people knew nothing of what had gone on behind the scenes. They remembered only that the Prince had spoken well of England and then had not been able to keep England out of the war. Hating "the perfidious English," they gave vent to their spleen by attacking the ex-ambassador to London. At the court, too, Lichnowsky was in disfavor. Even friends of the family felt that the Prince had been overfriendly toward the English and had been duped by them.

To maintain his self-respect and the respect of those dear to him the Prince at last

[1] *Men Around the Kaiser.* By F. W. Wile.

made a plea in self-defence. In 1916 he wrote a "Memorandum" entitled, *My London Mission, 1912-14*, in which he told the diplomatic story of his ambassadorship at London until the war sent him back to Berlin. The pamphlet, intended, as he said, merely for his family archives, was published and created a scandal. It discussed the diplomatic correspondence leading up to the war and during the first months of the war and pointed out that, in his estimation, war might have been averted had not Germany supported Austria in pressing Serbia too hard. Herr von Jagow, Germany's Foreign Secretary, officially replied that "the statement of Prince Lichnowsky presents such an abundance of inaccuracies and distortions that it is hardly a wonder that his conclusions are also entirely wrong," and accused the Prince of speaking from "wounded self-love" and "disappointed hopes for personal successes." The Prince was rebuked in the Reichstag and retired to his Silesian estates.

COUNT VON BERNSTORFF

A Democratic Diplomat—German Propaganda in America—A War Casualty

THERE is little doubt that before the war Count von Bernstorff was one of the most popular foreign diplomats in Washington. The Kaiser was formerly very anxious to maintain a friendly American policy, and the count seemed fated almost from birth to carry out this plan. Johann von Bernstorff was born, not in Germany, but in London, where his father was Prussian Minister, in 1862, and English became his mother-tongue. In time young von Bernstorff went to Germany, and from 1881 to 1889 he was an officer in the Artillery Guards at Berlin. When he was twenty-five he married Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer of New York, an American.

A POPULAR AMBASSADOR

Von Bernstorff's diplomatic career was a varied one. He began as an attaché of the German Embassy in Constantinople. Then, for sixteen years, he was storing up cosmopolitan experiences at the Foreign Office at Berlin, at the legations of Belgrade, Dresden, and Munich, and the embassies at St. Petersburg and London. In 1906 he was sent out to Cairo. Finally, in 1908, he became German Ambassador at Washington.

The new ambassador startled Washington by his extraordinary capacity for adjusting himself to a new environment. Bernstorff was a count, but he let himself forget that. He was free, frank, and amiable. His command of English was naturally perfect. His American wife brought him added favor. As a story-teller, after-dinner speaker, and master of repartee he could meet Americans on terms of equality. When he was once asked at a dinner of notables whether he played poker, he quickly answered, "It's the only game I know." In his younger days Bernstorff liked tennis, but after a superior, Count Wolff-Metternich, had suggested that tennis smacked of the "dancing age" he adopted golf. He even developed a fondness for baseball and—newspaper reporters. He saw, too, that the Americans liked to make and hear speeches, and so he was quite willing to accept all sorts of invitations to dinners and was ever ready to respond to toasts. He also made it a habit to address faculties and students of colleges and universities. In a comparatively short period he received honorary degrees from nine American institutions of learning—no foreigner had ever before, in so brief a time, achieved as much. His popularity was established.

Indeed, von Bernstorff was much more popular in America than he was with the members of his own class in Germany. The *Junkers* disliked him and his methods. "The armor-plate patriots of the Rhineland, Westphalia, and Berlin . . . and the export jingoes, who hate tariffs in every country but

their own, looked upon Count Bernstorff as an egregious failure." [1] They demanded his recall at regular intervals.

Just how near Bernstorff might have come to bringing about his political idea of unity and friendship between Germany, the United States, and England no one can now tell. American public in Germany's favor. Whatever his feelings in the matter, he carried out his instructions with customary German efficiency. There was the customary German bungling, too, for by 1915 it became apparent that Bernstorff himself was chief manager of a wholesale propaganda plot

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Count Johann von Bernstorff

The former German Ambassador to the United States is here shown arriving in his motor-car at the State Department in Washington. Before the difficult days of our neutrality Count von Bernstorff was extremely popular in this country, owing to his democratic attitude. He even developed a liking for baseball and newspaper reporters.

It was fortunate for him that he had a kindred spirit in Lichnowsky at the German Embassy in London. The two ambassadors, however, were neither of them strong enough to withstand the tide of war.

BERNSTORFF AND THE WAR

When England joined France and Russia it fell to von Bernstorff to win over the in the United States. Many things may be fair in the field of diplomacy, but the United States requested the removal of Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, respectively German naval and military attachés in Washington. Various newspapers now turned hotly against the once popular ambassador and clamored for his dismissal, but von Bernstorff was allowed to remain until war was declared against his country in 1917. He had been ruined by the war.

[1] *Men Around the Kaiser.* By F. W. Wile.

EBERT AND SCHEIDEMANN

Germany's First President a Saddler—Premier Scheidemann Once a Printer's Devil—Compromise Wins Leadership

THE dark-haired, stout, slant-eyed man who has played so curious a part in the changing history of Germany, Fritz Ebert, is the son of a working-class tailor of Heidelberg, where he was born in February, 1871. It is said that "he shows but scant trace of the South German . . . black-haired, with black mustache and imperial, and eyes like those of a child of Nippon, he impresses one as a veritable Prussian product. When strangers at the National Convention of the Socialist-Democratic party heard him discuss the finances of the party or questions of welfare, they felt that they were listening to an honest and common-sense bureaucrat. But in Ebert is something seldom found among Prussians, that is, tact, and he has the ability of reconciling conflicting interests which are always coming to the fore in a party. Possibly he was selected as President of the new Germany chiefly on account of his talent as a maker of peace, for, whenever the Socialists before the war had inner turmoil or threatened explosion, it was Ebert who calmed the storm."[1] This trait of smoothing differences and reconciling opposing camps is emphasized by all his biographers.

THE PARLIAMENTARIAN

From his father's tailor-shop young Ebert went to a saddler, whom he served as apprentice. When he was about twenty-one he began to lay the foundations for his party career by writing on labor topics for the *Bürgerzeitung*. In 1900 he became secretary of the artisan organization to which he belonged, and five years later he was a member of the Central Executive Committee of the Social-Democratic party. He was thirty-nine years old before he was even elected to the Reichstag.

In Parliament, as out of it, Ebert held to his party with a loyalty so strong that it brought him bitter criticism. After Bebel's death Ebert was elected chairman of the Socialist party. A year later came the war. In this crisis Ebert acted in accordance with his old principles. He wanted to save the party of the Social-Democrats at all costs. On the grounds that Germany had been invaded first by Russia, but actually because he feared the destruction of his party if it failed to support the war, Ebert became the leader of the Majority Socialists. Under his quiet, efficient organization three important journals were wrested from the Independent Socialists. It was Ebert who, at the party congress of 1917, opposed the government on the question of parliamentary reform. It was Ebert again who, at the Imperial Conference of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils of December, 1918, spoke with his strong Baden accent for the National Assembly and against the rule of force. It was commonly felt that his success in suppressing the Spartacides helped to win him the Presidency of the new Republic of Germany.

Shortly after Ebert's election to the Presidency *The Evening Post* (New York) gave the following interesting description of his family: "The mistress of the German presidential residence is a comely *Hausfrau* of medium height and slender, who up to the present time has always attended to her own household duties, done the family cooking, and even been her own dressmaker. Frau Luise Ebert . . . was born forty-five years ago in a working-man's home in Bremen. . . . She said to-day in discussing the new position in which the Ebert family finds itself: '. . . Whatever may come we are going to remain true to our traditions as a plain working-man's family.' . . .

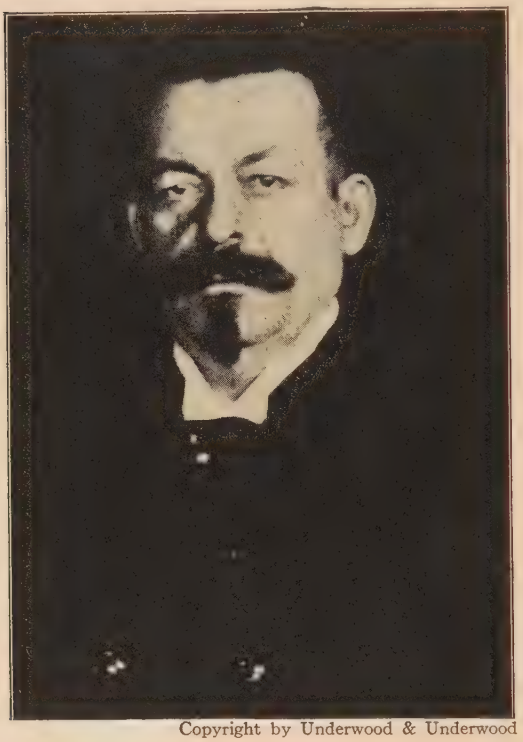
"The family up to two weeks ago had

[1] S. Zimand in *The Public*.

been living in a suburb of Berlin. . . . President Ebert has expressed aversion to the Bellevue Palace on the ground that it is 'too imposing.' . . .

". . . The question of official receptions is already worrying certain circles in the capital who contemplate with some concern the shift from the splendor of the Hohenzollern levees to the threatened Jeffersonian simplicity of the new régime."

But with his usual tact Ebert will probably adjust social as well as political perplexities. Everywhere his voice has been for moderation, for compromise and party peace. The harness-maker of Heidelberg seems to have cared more for the Social-Democrats than for either socialism or democracy. Counter-revolutionary in spirit as in politics, he survived even the signing of the Peace Treaty.



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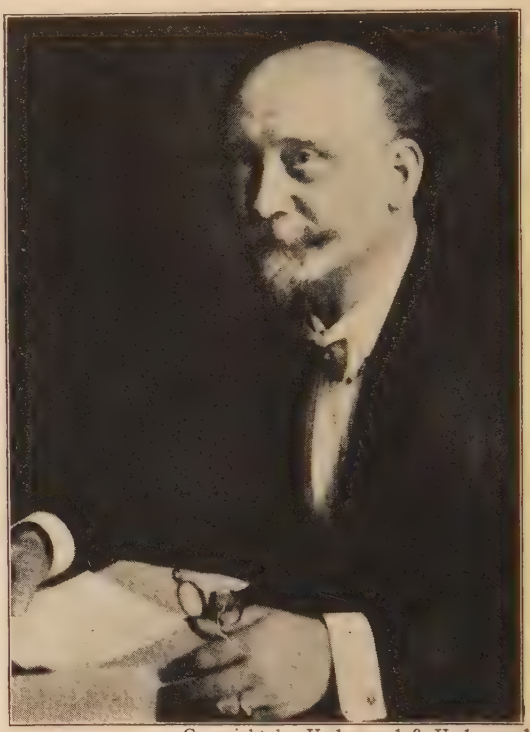

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Friedrich Ebert and Philipp Scheidemann

Ebert, the former saddler, became first President of the new German Republic. He was almost forty before he was even elected to the Reichstag. In order to save the Social-Democratic party he threw in his support with the Kaiser in the Great War. Scheidemann, the printer's devil, is more of an opportunist, and tied himself up with the Ebert government, but resigned as Premier rather than accept the terms imposed upon Germany by the Allies.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

Quite a different type is Philipp Scheidemann. He began, like Ebert, humbly enough as a printer's devil in the town of Cassel where he was born in 1863. He was graduated from the public school, but, as one biographer declares: "Most of his education he got by burning the midnight oil. Shrewd, with an open mind and the ability to deliver an effectual soap-box speech, he very soon won a place in the socialist movement." Indeed, the young compositor soon rose to the editorship of a socialist paper in his native town, and having early won his political spurs, in 1911 he was elected to the national executive committee of the Social-Democratic party. In 1913 Scheidemann acted for a time as Vice-president of

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First Session of General Cabinet Formed by Chancellor Scheidemann at the Request of President Ebert

Seated at the council table, left to right: Herr Bauscher, Cabinet Secretary; Ministers Schmidt (Food), Schiffer (Finance); Scheidemann, Chancellor; Landsberg (Justice), Bisseli (Commerce), Bauer, Brockdorff-Rantzau (Foreign Affairs), and David, National Assembly President. At the right: Ministers Noske (Defence), Gotheim (without Portfolio), Bell (Colonies); Gressberg, Postmaster-General, and Preuss (Interior).

the Reichstag, and it has been said that that body never saw a more elegantly dressed man in the chair than when Scheidemann presided.

THE LOST LEADER

When he argued for the support of the war it was in sympathy with Ebert, for the sake of keeping the confidence of the pro-war union leaders, who did not want to lose their positions and have their money confiscated. But his enemies, and some who had been his friends, say that Scheidemann cared less for the party than for the party's backing. "He was then just as little converted to Kaiser patriotism as he is now converted to republicanism. There is one ideal to which Scheidemann has affirmed allegiance, and that is an assured position of leader of the great party." [1]

Two weeks before the revolution Scheidemann changed again. Having been the butt of the Independent Socialists during his pro-war activities, with demagogic cleverness he won the position of premier under the republican government. He has been compared with "his spiritual father," Lassalle, not so much because of his talents, but because he "is vain like his great master; worst of all, his heart is not really any longer in the cause with which he has been affiliated so long. It was Lassalle's ambition that the German Empire should close with the House of Lassalle instead of the House of Hohenzollern. Perhaps it is Scheidemann's ambition that the German Empire shall be ruled by the House of Scheidemann." [1]

On June 20, 1919, at two o'clock in the morning, Premier Scheidemann and his Cabinet resigned, rather than accept the peace terms laid down by the Allies. To his enemies this would seem to bear out the statement that the man was always playing with the winning side. The bitterness of the anti-war socialists, who recognize in him only the lost leader, seemed justified.

[1] S. Zimand.

[1] S. Zimand.

LIEBKNECHT, THE BRAVE

Anti-Militarist and Internationalist—An Uncompromising Socialist—Liebknecht and the German Revolution

IN the most remarkable book that has yet been written about the Great War Henri Barbusse makes his finest character say, "There is one figure that has risen above the war and will blaze with the beauty and strength of his courage—Liebknecht." This tribute from a foe across the Rhine probably gave deeper satisfaction to the anti-militarist and internationalist, Karl Liebknecht, than any belated eulogies from his own countrymen, since it emphasized the unity of spiritual ideals among men of different languages, races, and countries. For Liebknecht, the uncompromising foe of militarism in his own and every other land, was also the most consistent internationalist that the war has produced. Only Lenin and Trotzky as clearly voice the claims of a common humanity above the claims of country.

There were three transcendent moments in the life of Karl Liebknecht when the Muse of History, who is by no means averse to dramatic effects, focused the eyes of a wondering world on the plain little man who dared to be right alone, with only God on his side. On the second of December, 1914, when all Germany was still rallying to the cry of "Defend your fatherland!" with sacrificial devotion, and even the Socialists, placing patriotism above their professed internationalism, voted the war credits on the ground that this was a defensive war, Liebknecht alone, deserted by his own party, spurned and insulted as a traitor by every other party in the Reichstag, refused to vote for the sinews of war. Again, four years later, on October 25, 1918, when the first fierce flames of the revolution swept over Germany and Prince Maxi-

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Karl Liebknecht

The German Socialist who opposed the war was expelled from the Majority Socialist party and finally was killed by the militarists or by the adherents of the Majority Socialists.

milian, the conciliatory Chancellor, prudently bestowed amnesty on political prisoners in the hope of saving the government, Liebknecht was released from prison, where he had been languishing since 1916. This was the triumphant climax of his career. In a carriage filled with flowers and drawn by his enthusiastic followers, the apostle of the brotherhood of the working-man declared that the people's time had arrived. Doubtless he counted on devoting his life to this cause, but the irony of fate doomed him to a sinister and untimely end. The tragic catastrophe came on January 15, 1919, when, deserted by Conservatives and Moderate Socialists alike, repudiated by all save a handful of his comrades of the Left wing, he was seized by henchmen of the government and done to death in the silence and the solitude of the Tiergarten. What were the last words of Liebknecht before the soldier fired the shot that ended his life we may never know; but we may be sure that his last thoughts were of the day when

> . . . the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.

"THE UNCROWNED KING OF POTSDAM"

Liebknecht came by his ideals and policies by heredity, by training, and by personal conviction. A son of Wilhelm Liebknecht (1826–1900), the famous agitator, orator, and editor of *Vorwärts*, who shared with August Bebel the leadership of the Social-Democratic party for many years, Karl Paul August Friedrich Liebknecht was born at Leipzig on August 13, 1871, the year in which his father was arrested by the Prussian government on a charge of high treason —a fate that the son was to meet thirty-five years later. From his father he inherited a fanatical hatred of Prussia and a deep devotion to the cause of internationalism. The boy was educated in the thorough German fashion, and after getting his university training at Leipzig, Berlin, and Würzburg young Liebknecht began to practise law and became prominent in the Socialist movement almost immediately. In 1904 he won his first battle against Prussia when, in the "conspiracy" trial at Königsberg, in defending German Socialists charged with aiding Russian revolutionists who were sending seditious literature across the frontier, he turned the case into an indictment of the Prussian government. European radicals everywhere took notice and smiled approval.

His second battle ended less happily. In 1907 *Militarism* appeared, a pamphlet in which Liebknecht attacked militarism, navalism, and the industrial exploitation of colonies as capitalistic weapons designed to destroy the working-man, and emphasized the stupidity and brutality of the military machine. He was tried for high treason and in his defense he defiantly expressed his creed: "The aim of my life is the overthrow of the monarchy. As my father, who appeared before this court exactly thirty-five years ago to defend himself against the charge of treason, was ultimately pronounced victor, so I believe the day is not far distant when the principles which I represent will be recognized as patriotic, as honorable, as true!" His courage had its own reward of a prison sentence of eighteen months, but while in prison he was elected by the people of Berlin to represent them in the Prussian Assembly. Liebknecht's political career had begun.

Americans may be interested to learn that Liebknecht visited the United States in 1910, and that his first experience in a political democracy left a deep impression on his mind. In 1912 he was elected to the Reichstag, and from that time on "the uncrowned King of Potsdam"—he represented the Potsdam district—employed those obstructive tactics that made him a thorn in the flesh of the government to his dying day. With the death of Bebel he became the foremost figure in the most powerful party in Germany. He dared to expose the corruption practised by the Krupps. He became the champion of woman suffrage, industrial education, and internationalism, the bitterest foe of militarism in every form. He spoke for a German republic and tried to make the world safe for democracy long before the words became a popular slogan. Though

he was called a firebrand in public life, his private life was as quiet and regular as that of any contented Philistine. He married twice, his second wife being a Russian who had taken her degree at the University of Heidelberg.

LIEBKNECHT OPPOSES THE WAR

When the war broke out, Liebknecht became a veritable gadfly to the harassed government by using the "supplementary question" with tactical cleverness against every government measure. As his father had resisted the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, so he protested against the violation of Belgium and Luxemburg, as well as against the levying of contributions in conquered territory, reprisals, and the military dictatorship of the Prussian and German autocracies. He heaped scorn on the war contracts, showed what a heavy price the German nation was paying for the war, even as early as 1915, in the high cost of living, the increase of juvenile crime, and the appalling loss of life, and registered his protest against submarine warfare. The government tried in vain to silence him by drafting him for military service in a Landsturm regiment, although he was then more than forty-three years old. But Liebknecht was still a member of the Prussian Assembly and of the Reichstag and continued to deliver his scathing indictments against the conduct of the war. Injured at the front in 1915, he returned to Berlin and introduced his questions on proposals for peace amid the jeers and laughter of his opponents. Members of the conservative parties would leave the Chamber in a demonstrative manner when he arose to speak. In January, 1916, he was expelled from the Socialist party for "gross infraction of party discipline."

COURAGE IN PRISON

His final offense which caused his arrest for treason occurred on May 1, 1916, when he delivered his famous speech before the Labor Day crowd gathered in the Potsdamerplatz. He said, with bitter mockery: "Comrades, some time ago a witty Social-Democrat observed: 'We Prussians are a privileged people. We have the right to serve as soldiers, we are entitled to bear upon our shoulders the entire burden of taxation, and we are expected to hold our tongues.' So it is. The authorities never cease to call upon us to keep silent. Quite a simple thing—hold your tongue, that's all. Don't talk! If you are hungry, don't talk! If your children starve, don't talk! They ask for milk—hold your tongue! They ask for bread—don't say a word! Comrades, we are starving, but no one must know it—least of all the soldiers. Such news would weaken the warlike spirit of the fighters; therefore, don't complain. Women, hide away the truth from your own men! Lie; don't tell the truth, lest the soldiers in the trenches learn how things stand. Prussian censorship takes good care that this does not happen. Poor German soldier, he really deserves pity. Under the compulsion of a warlike government he has invaded a foreign country, and is doing his bloody work, suffering untold horrors. Death reigns on the battle-field and his children at home are succumbing to hunger and want. The poor mother is in distress and cannot share her grief with her husband. The workers of Germany have to bleed because such is the will of the capitalists, of the superpatriots, of the cannon-makers. The people have to make bloody sacrifices without a murmur in order that these robbers may mint gold out of their valuable lives. The war was ushered in with a lie, so that the workers would rush to the battle-fields, and now the lie still presides over the continuance of this awful carnage." The court reduced the charge to one of treasonable utterances and passed the minimum sentence allowed by the law—thirty months in prison. None the less, Liebknecht's condemnation excited wide-spread opposition, and strikes of protest and riots followed in Berlin, Chemnitz, Leipzig, and Dresden, the strikers in Berlin numbering fifty-five thousand.

From prison Liebknecht continued to make himself a nuisance to the government by attacking it for continuing the war and indicting international capitalism as the cause of the war. Then came the day for

which he had been waiting, the day of wrath for militarists and *Junkers*, so different from "*Der Tag*" which they had so often toasted. In October, 1918, wise observers were saying, "It is a race between Liebknecht and Foch—revolution or armistice." Liebknecht and the revolution won the race and the German Empire was doomed.

HIS TRAGIC END

But Liebknecht's career, too, was coming to its end. Once out of prison, after the first tempestuous welcome accorded him on October 25, 1918, he became once more a man without a party. Intransigent, an internationalist of the extreme type, he could not combine with the orthodox Majority Socialists like Ebert and Scheidemann, nor with the Moderates of the *Vorwärts* group such as Bernstein, Haase, and Kautsky. He was shut out from the Council of Soldiers and Workmen, for he and Rosa Luxemburg had alienated all moderate, and even many radical, Socialists by their policy of "No compromise!" They became identified with the Spartacides, and Liebknecht, like Lenin, proposed a temporary dictatorship of the proletariat, the length of this dictatorship to depend largely on the international situation. The revolution that had begun so quietly in November, in the orderly German fashion, without flowers and music, bombs and gunfire, now became hideous with factional strife; death and destruction stalked through the streets of Berlin. The Spartacides were hunted to their hiding-places until their power was broken, the offices of Liebknecht's news organ, *The Red Flag*, were raided, and he himself fled to the Hotel Eden for safety. He was seized on January 15, 1919, whirled away in a motor-car, and, according to the first official German reports, was "shot while attempting to escape." Dark, unsubstantiated rumors hint that he was clubbed to death or shot to death by German soldiers at the command of German officers, and the committee now working on the case has not yet rendered its final report. The world that had "supp'd full with horrors" for more than four years, familiar to slaughterous thoughts, still felt the dire end of Liebknecht as something revolting and terrible beyond the bloody calamities of war, and a thrill of pity ran through every feeling heart.

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE

However opinion may differ as to Liebknecht's philosophy, ideals, and methods, there can be no question as to his stanch integrity and splendid heroism. His attacks against the German government were a valuable propagandist weapon for the Allies, but his platform would not have been welcome in any of the belligerent countries. In his own country even the Radicals called him a megalomaniac, and most Conservatives agreed that he was an impractical, obstructive idealist. Yet his deadliest foes, the Pan-Germans, admit that he was "an honest fanatic." If he lacked the qualities of constructive leadership, he possessed a quality as rare—single-minded devotion to an unpopular cause. A man without a party, he would have been proud to be called "a man without a country," since he claimed the whole world of workers as his own.

The phrase with which Napoleon immortalized Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," may to-day be applied to Liebknecht, for he, too, had a soul "tempered with steel." The courage of the battlefield in the midst of screaming shells and hideous carnage has had more than its measure of praise. But that sterner courage that searches the soul and faces the most fiery ordeal yet devised by man—to stand alone, deserted by friend and foe, despised and contemned of men—too often remains unwept, unhonored, and unsung. John Brown had that courage, and his soul goes marching on. Karl Liebknecht had that courage, and his stirring call, "Workers of the World, unite! Unite in a war against war!" may yet be answered. An opponent of all wars, he freely gave his life to the breaking of military absolutism.

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THE ILL-FATED BERCHTOLD

The Hand That Held the Torch That Set the World Ablaze

TO Leopold Anton Johann Sigismund Josef Korsinus Graf Berchtold, Austrian Foreign Minister in 1914, belongs the distinction of having applied the match that set the world ablaze. But while the consequences of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia on July 26, 1914, must have been clearly foreseen by Count Berchtold, yet the responsibility for that act can be laid upon his shoulders only theoretically. He was the instrument rather than the cause. He had become the tool of the military and clerical sections of the state and it was in conformity with their designs that he prepared for the attack on Serbia.

Count Berchtold's official career began at Brünn; afterward he became secretary in the Foreign Office in Vienna. In 1895 he was appointed secretary to the embassy in Paris; in 1899, councilor of embassy in London; Ambassador to Russia in 1906, and Foreign Minister of the Dual Monarchy in 1912. He thus succeeded Aehrenthal at the Foreign Office in Vienna, as he had previously succeeded him at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy at St. Petersburg. At that time, 1907, Count Berchtold was tall, with an exceptionally graceful figure, regular features, a healthy pallor, and soft brown hair. He was an aristocrat to his finger-tips. He married in 1893 Countess Fernandine Károlyi von Nagy-Károly.

It may be said that while Count Berchtold was upright and conscientious, he was also weak and vacillating and unfitted to guide the affairs of the state in stormy and critical times. A country gentleman and a student, he felt the burden too heavy to carry and tendered his resignation several times, but it was not accepted by the Emperor Francis Joseph till January, 1915, when Baron Burian succeeded him as Foreign Minister.

A MODEST ARISTOCRAT

Dr. E. J. Dillon in speaking of Count Berchtold says in *The Contemporary Review:* "Franz Joseph felt a strong liking for the imperturbable, easy-going aristocrat, the charm of whose serene manners, the straight-

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Count Berchtold, Austrian Foreign Minister

This is the man whose hand lighted the match that set the world ablaze when he sent the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in 1914. An aristocrat to the finger-tips, Count Berchtold is here seen in the uniform of a Hungarian nobleman.

forwardness of whose methods, and the serenity of whose temperament captivated him. To the aged potentate it might seem that a diplomat who had had many years' experience in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, who could afford to entertain right royally, and who was conversant with Aehrenthal's plans and aspirations, was eminently fitted to discharge the duties of Foreign Minister, especially in view of the circumstances that the broad lines of Austria's policy were traced in the first instance by the monarch himself. To this view of his qualifications Count Berchtold himself demurred. He felt sufficiently qualified to know that his equipment was inadequate, and he had the manliness to say so. . . . That personal reasons contributed materially to this decision cannot be gainsaid. Count Berchtold was one of the largest proprietors in the monarchy. He owned enormous estates in Moravia and Hungary, and he always succeeded in managing them well, while discharging his obligations to those dependent upon him in a generous spirit. Open-air life had ever a powerful attraction for him, and the sedentary existence imposed upon him by his ministerial duties, taken in conjunction with the worries inseparable from office, impaired his health and rendered his retirement a matter of necessity."

TISZA AND KAROLYI·

The Imperious Magyar—"Let Them Come and Take My Acres"—Transfer of Power to the Proletariat of the Hungarian Peoples

THE Magyar of Hungary is the haughty flower of European aristocracy. Imperious with pride of race, hot-blooded, grim of wit, equally ready to fight a duel of exhaustion with an opponent or to stand scornfully impassive above a riotous, threatening mob, reticent in public, charmingly discursive as a courtly host—such was the indomitable Tisza, master of Hungary's destiny, who died riddled with the bullets of a defeated people.

"As the son of a Hungarian nobleman and an heir to great estates, Stephan Tisza not only attended the university in Budapest, but was sent to complete his studies in Berlin and Heidelberg. An idea that he might prove a genius in finance led to his assumption of the directorship of the Hungarian company that collapsed during the crisis in oil. . . . Tisza was completely vindicated by a close scrutiny of every transaction, and he sacrificed a considerable fortune in making good the losses of his friends. The experience made him distrustful, reticent, perhaps misanthropic."

On his large landed possessions, however, "he reveals himself completely as a Hungarian nobleman of ancient lineage, loving the soil of the Magyars, who, to him, are the flower of the Caucasian race. Hungary, her history, her economic resources, her poets, and her painters, are so much the themes of his study and discourse as to gain him universal acceptance as the highest living authority on the subject."[1] But Tisza in the Chamber was another man. A rigid Calvinist, energetic and abstemious, with the finely cut features and distinguished bearing of his famous father, and the eloquence of his brilliant mother, Count Stephan Tisza presided over the Hungarian Chamber with the stern simplicity of a dictator.

TWO HUNGARIAN ARISTOCRATS

No stronger contrast could be drawn than between this iron ruler and his noble enemy, the beloved Karolyi. A writer in *The Evening Post* (New York) discussed the two men, when the dubious report of Karolyi's attempted suicide was circulated: "Was it not but yesterday that Count Stephan Tisza ruled Hungary with the power of a military despot and dictated the policies of the Haps-

[1] *Current Opinion.*

burgs? It was at his command that, in those blessed days of peace, volleys of Bosnian infantry mowed down the Magyar workers, clamoring for the right to vote, in the streets of the Hungarian capital. It was at his command that the leaders of the Opposition, noblemen, privy councilors, and ministers of God among them, were literally kicked and dragged by gendarmes down the steps of the Budapest Parliament, the 'temple of Magyar constitutional liberty.' One of these leaders was Count Michael Karolyi, the cousin of the Premier, and the second largest temporal landowner in the country of limitless estates.

"And to-day? Count Tisza is dead, his heart pierced by the bullets of Magyar soldiers whose brethren he had sent to the shambles by the hundred thousand—crushed by the very forces he more than anybody else had helped to turn loose upon the world.

"A good way to explain Karolyi is to contrast him with Tisza. Typical representatives, each in his way, of their race and caste, these two aristocrats have but one quality in common—indomitable courage, physical and moral. Bodily valor, however, is the common heritage of Magyar aristocracy. . . . The different manifestation in each of the quality called moral courage is the measure of the gulf that separated the two men. For Tisza, moral courage was an impenetrable armor behind which he defied the twentieth century in the terms of the fourteenth. He had a certain style, a simplicity of outline, which commanded the admiration even of his enemies. This style is not the property of cowards. Karolyi's moral courage helped him to battle his way through the Chinese wall of caste feeling and class interest, to face social ostracism for the sake of democratic ideas.

"If sheer force of character and oneness of purpose are desirable standards, Tisza was by far the greater man of the two. . . . He had no use for the scientific methods of oppression, did not believe in bribing people into submission. He was all for the whip and the saber as the instruments of political education for the masses—feudal baron merged into a Russian police general. His Magyarism was simply caste feeling and Oriental exclusiveness. His stern religion finishes the picture. He was a Calvinist crusader—at the same time a devout servant of his Catholic master the King; a Cromwell willing to fight and die for the divine right of James II."

KAROLYI SPONSORS THE COMMON PEOPLE

It was the custom to lay the staff of office of a political chief in the cradle of Hungarian counts. Count Michael Karolyi, however, was not destined by his parents for political life. He was the heir to estates reputed to be worth about $30,000,000, and he was educated as a scientific agriculturist. Curiously enough, he began public life as president of the Hungarian Agricultural Union, the representative body of Magyar Junker reaction. But from his boyhood he was known for his quick, impetuous, passionate nature. To the dismay of his unhappy family, he turned against the aristocracy and the plutocracy, his natural background, and threw his influence and his sympathies in with the common people.

In 1914 he came to the United States to enlist the patriotic Hungarians here in the fight for universal suffrage and other reforms in their homeland. At a mass-meeting in New York at the Central Opera House he was frankly asked why he did not turn over his immense estates to the people. His reply was characteristic: "I will not give my people alms. I will not offer my people bribes. The land belongs to them. When they realize it they will seize the land, mine with the rest. So far as I am concerned, they are entirely welcome."

When war broke out Karolyi was so clearly pro-Ally that he was indicted for high treason on a charge brought by his own cousin, Count Emery Karolyi. He openly opposed submarine warfare, denounced the imperialist aims of the central powers, and urged a peace in accordance with President Wilson's avowed principles.

In October, 1918, the defeat of the Austro-Hungarian armies pressed toward the dissolution of the Dual Empire. On November 1st Count Stephan Tisza, who spent his life in trying to effect a closer union with Austria and to Magyarize Hungary, was assassi-

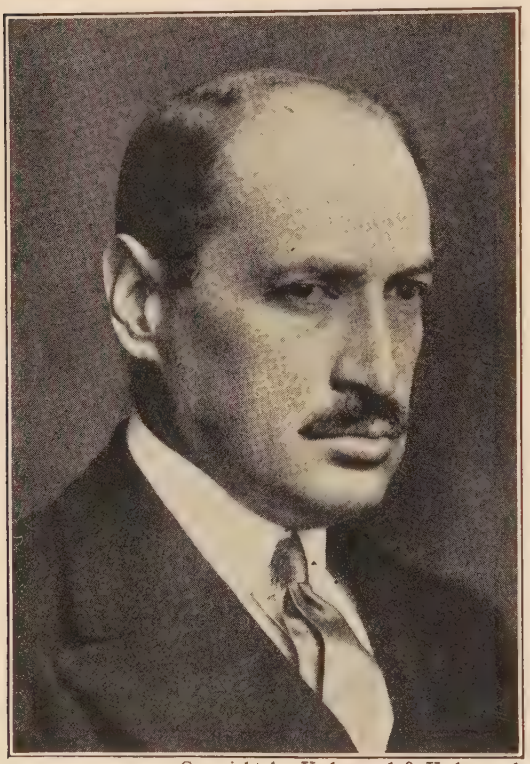
nated by three soldiers who entered his home in Budapest. A telegram sent by Karolyi to the *Berliner Tageblatt* gave the news to the world:

Revolution in Budapest, and National Council took over government. Military and police acknowledge National Council completely. Inhabitants rejoicing.

[Signed] KAROLYI, *President National Council.*

THE "RED COUNT"

On November 16, 1918, a republic was formally proclaimed, with Karolyi as governor. Not only liberated Hungary, but the



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Count Karolyi, of Hungary

This descendant of the feudal nobility of Hungary gave his influence and his sympathy to the common people, and became a simple citizen without a house or an acre to call his own.

Allied world and the democracies of Europe joined in a feeling of relief and joy. It was believed that the time of popular freedom had arrived, that the land which had borne the yoke of autocratic power so long was at last to gather the fruits of republican victory. When, in March, 1919, Karolyi freely abdicated in favor of the Communists the Allies were astonished and not a little dismayed. A study of the man, however, would show that he was simply following the principles he had proclaimed in the United States in 1914.

Shortly after this momentous event Karolyi was interviewed by Hiram K. Moderwell, an American writer, whose account of that meeting is significant. Karolyi was living in his small villa high on a hill overlooking Budapest. "There is nothing manorial about Karolyi's surroundings," wrote Mr. Moderwell. "They are those of a man of many interests, who lives simply and seriously. . . .

"Karolyi himself no more suggests the feudal nobility of Hungary than does his house. He is rather the sportsman in appearance, tall, vigorous, a trifle stoop-shouldered, brisk in manner. He might be a banker, with a taste for sport and paintings. He speaks excellent English. His conversation possesses the listener. . . . He does not speak, like many leaders, to convince the hearer of the correctness of his personal position. If one will not see the truth that he has to tell, that is all the same to him; he has experienced that often enough before. But it is nevertheless the truth, for he has lived with it and suffered from it."

Karolyi spoke simply enough: "'Bolshevism isn't a thing. You can't export it in a bag from Russia. You can't sow its seeds with Russian rubles. It is a form of organization which must come when problems arise which the bourgeoisie cannot solve. The Entente made Bolshevism inevitable in Hungary by creating an impossible economic condition. Through the military occupation of the most and the best of Hungary's territory, we were cut off from our raw materials. The factories were obliged to shut down, our money declined in value, the unemployed filled the street. For weeks our coal-supply was only enough to last us from day to day. . . . Then came the new Allied demands which would have taken away nearly all our remaining land and left Budapest with its two million inhabitants to be supported on—nothing. Under such circumstances an uprising of the people was

bound to come. Was I to order my soldiers to shoot down their fathers and sisters? . . .

"'By agreeing to the Entente's demands, as of course I had to, I was agreeing to the economic ruin of my country. The nationalists and the capitalists would not support this policy, though they could offer no alternative. The Entente policy killed the support that could have warded off Bolshevism. It killed the capitalistic system in Hungary.'

". . . Count Karolyi, head of one of the most eminent families of Hungary, one of the two or three wealthiest landowners in the land, married to a member of the ancient Andrassy family, changed himself by his act into a simple citizen, without a house or an acre to call his own, and with a maximum potential income, in the present value of Hungarian money, of exactly $150 a month. He fell with the social order that he represented.

"The Hungarian property-owning classes called him a visionary and a coward. But he is certainly neither. Throughout the war he was perhaps the one prominent man in Hungary who saw the truth and had the courage to speak it."

ABDICATION IN FAVOR OF THE PEOPLE

When he had power he used it not only democratically, but effectively. Both Hungarian revolutions were bloodless. But when more than half of Hungary's territory was occupied, and she was faced with the prospect of losing all her future export trade and food and raw materials wherewith to supply her industrial population, Karolyi spoke the truth with the same fearlessness and directness which had characterized his attitude during the war. On March 21, 1919, he issued the following proclamation: "The government has abdicated. Those who until now have governed by virtue of the popular will and with the support of the Hungarian proletariat understand that the compelling power of circumstances commands a new course.

"The management of production can only be assured if the proletariat takes the power into its own hands.

"In addition to the threatening anarchy in production, the foreign situation is also critical. The Paris Peace Conference has secretly pronounced the sentence which surrenders to military occupation nearly the whole territory of Hungary. The Entente mission has announced that henceforth the demarcation lines will be regarded as political boundaries.

"The apparent purpose of the further occupation of the country is to utilize Hungary as a field of deployment and operation against the Russian Soviet army fighting on the Rumanian border. But the territory taken from us is to be the reward of the Czech and Rumanian troops for defeating the Russian Soviet army.

"I, the provisional President of the Hungarian People's Republic, turn from this decision of the Paris Conference to the proletariat of the world for justice and aid. I abdicate and transfer the power to the proletariat of the Hungarian peoples."

WORK IN THE FUTURE STATE

Rosa Luxemburg, the Spartacan Socialist, stated her view of the results of the social revolution upon the wage-earners of the world as follows:

"When we have created a nation of working people, where each labors for the welfare of all and produces only for the common profit, the work itself will change in spirit and character. To-day labor in the field and the factory, in the shop and the office, is for the most part burdensome and uninteresting for the proletarian. People go to work because they must, because otherwise they will not have anything to eat. In a socialist society, where all work for the common welfare of all, it is natural that the conditions of labor will be such as to shield health and to inspire a desire to work in the highest possible degree. The working hours will be short enough not to overtax the worker beyond his maximum efficiency. The place where work is done will be attractive and wholesome. Every possible measure will be taken to change tasks and to afford periods of recuperation; and thus each one will be inspired to do his share with pleasure and elation."

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General Ferdinand Foch

Supreme commander of the Allied armies. "My center gives way, my right recedes; the situation is excellent. I shall attack." These words, uttered before the first victory of the Marne, represent the mettle of the man whose motto is, "A battle won is a battle in which one declines to admit defeat." It was after his great counter-offensive against the enemy's weak front on the Soissons-Château-Thierry line that France gave him her highest honor, the title of Marshal of France.

FOCH, MARSHAL OF FRANCE

A Master Strategist in Action—Pen-picture of the Man That Led the Allies—Foch and Pershing

IN July, 1914, on the eve of war, divisional maneuvers were held in Lorraine and troops known as "the Division of Iron" were reviewed by Foch. Captain André Dubarle of the Hussars wrote the following letter to his parents, giving his impressions of his general: "General Foch is a former commander of the School of War, where he played, on account of his great fitness, a remarkable rôle. He is a man still young, slender, and supple, and rather frail; his powerful head seems like a flower too heavy for a stem too slight.

"What first strikes one about him is his clear gaze, penetrating, intellectual, but above all and in spite of his tremendous energy, luminous. This light in his eyes spiritualizes a countenance which otherwise would be brutal, with its big mustache bristling above a very prominent, dominant jaw. . . .

"His speech is sober, direct; he affirms principles, condemns faults, appeals to our energies in a brief but comprehensive style.

"He is a priest who judges, condemns, and instructs in the name of the faith which illumines him and to which he has consecrated all the powers of his mind and his heart. General Foch is a prophet whom his God transports."

When hostilities began, Foch was not slow to put into practice one of his favorite maxims, "The best means of defense is to attack." His Twentieth Corps broke through the Bavarian army into German Lorraine. This success, however, was fleeting and the French troops were quickly obliged to retreat from German soil.

On August 28th Joffre recalled Foch to command the new Ninth Army which was destined to hold the center at the decisive battle of the Marne. The modest beginnings of that army were described by Foch in these words: "We were poor relations—a General Staff of five or six officers gathered in haste to start with little or no working material, our note-books, and a few maps."

HIS DARING STRATEGY

On Sunday, September 6th, the Prussian Guards had succeeded in driving back Foch's Angevins and Vendéans and occupied the marshes of St. Gond. The Bretons on the east of Foch's line could not hold their ground and the Moroccans and Forty-second Division on Foch's left had to yield. The following day the German attack grew more desperate and it seemed that a general retreat would be necessary. It was then that Foch made his memorable deduction: "They are trying to throw us back with such fury that I am sure it means things are going badly for them elsewhere and they are seeking compensation."

It was on September 8th that Foch executed the astounding maneuver of withdrawing from the combat the Forty-second Division entirely engaged on his left and of making these weary men march the length of his long line and reinforce the right wing of his army, which had been pushed back. While this movement was in progress the Prussian Guard succeeded in smashing through and entering La Fère-Champenoise. When this was announced to Foch, he telegraphed to General Headquarters: "My center gives way, my right recedes; the situation is excellent. I shall attack." Again Foch had carried out his precept, "A battle won is a battle in which one declines to admit defeat." The order to attack was given and then he went for a walk with one of his staff-officers, Lieutenant Ferasson, with whom he discussed m[illegible] allurgy.

The following day the enemy was in full

retreat all along the front and General Foch had installed his headquarters in La Fère-Champenoise. This was the part played by Foch in the battle of the Marne.

GENERAL FOCH'S PERSONALITY

The following interesting account of the man Foch was given by Henry Leach in *Chambers's Journal* in 1918: "When you look along the gallery of the world's great generals, those who seem to have bent the destiny of peoples, you may sometimes reflect that in appearance they have one common characteristic: they are cold, hard, stern. In the look of many of these men there is the suggestion of a certain crude remorselessness of materialism, of simple, hateful selfishness. . . . There can be nothing surprising that men whose lives are given to soldiering —a little statecraft mixed with it at times— whose business, after all, is bloody destruction . . . men who are educated and paid to fight and kill . . . —it is not surprising that these men should have a steely, heartless glance, the facial mark of militarism. . . . But General Foch, who is in full command of by far the greatest army that has ever been gathered, the army of half a world and not a nation, is somewhat different from others. On his countenance there are indeed sternness, resolution, reserve, and strength. The lines are strongly marked; trials and care have cut them. His eyes are deep set and penetrating, the lower lip and the chin are formidable. But there is a certain Latin smoothness, flexibility, and gentleness upon the face of this generalissimo, betokening, as one fancies, a man of heart, of kindliness. . . .

"Foch no doubt has exact knowledge of the place where he was born, but, not regarding the matter as of immediate importance, he has not troubled to correct certain mistakes that the admiring Parisian chroniclers have made, for they vary somewhat in choice of spot, though the locality is certainly Tarbes, or somewhere round about, and the year was 1851. An interesting reflection is provoked upon the circumstance that so much of France's best blood comes from the south. Among the generals, Joffre was one who sprang from there. The education of Foch was begun at Tarbes, and afterward he went to St.-Etienne. Then he was prepared at the École St.-Clément in Metz for the Polytechnic School, where, after serving in the war of 1870, he was admitted in 1871. Next he attended the Cavalry School of Saumur. In 1878 he was made captain, and in 1884 was admitted to the Superior School of War, to which in 1896 he returned to fulfil the duties of professor of general strategy and tactics. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel two years later. . . . It is a little odd to reflect that in 1900 he was, indeed, dismissed from his appointment at the Superior School of War. General Bonnal succeeded General Langlois as commandant of that institution, and the new broom began an extensive sweeping, as the result of which Foch was one of several professors who were sent elsewhere. But it was said and realized that his doctrines had made a special mark at this School of War, and that he had exercised a permanent influence upon the teaching of tactical systems. France realized that she had great need of this man, and began to watch him closely. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in 1907, and shortly afterward was appointed commandant of the School of War. Seven years back he was raised to the command of the Thirteenth Division at Chaumont, and soon afterward to the distinguished and highly important command of the Twentieth Corps at Nancy. There he was when war broke out, and we know what has happened since—or some of it.

FOCH AND CLEMENCEAU

"During the battle of the Marne he hurled the German Imperial Guard into the marshes; then he led his forces during the long and bloody battle on the Yser, and organized the liaison between the French and the British armies. The success of the Somme offensive in 1916 was largely due to him, and by the end of that year he had been intrusted with several missions both in France and in Italy. He directed the Anglo-French troops that were sent to the aid of the Italians when the Austrians and Germans made the wild

rush that resulted in the Isonzo retreat. When M. Clemenceau rose to power as Premier, it was evident that he had made up his mind to have Foch at the general head of things on the Western front. Long before we knew of it here, but when some had a suspicion of what was about to happen, they were declaring in Paris that Foch was to be generalissimo, and in effect was that then. The confidence of M. Clemenceau—so generally a cynic, with no obvious and complete trust in many persons or things—in his Foch has been a very interesting phenomenon. When war problems were to be solved in the early part of this year the French Premier would look around for Foch and take him with him to great discussions, saying, petulantly: 'I must have Foch! I can't do without Foch!' Clemenceau is a man of marvelously keen discernment, and he plainly indicated that he believed Foch knew more about war, and the possibilities and the necessities thereof in the present instance, than any other general fighting on the side of the Allies, good as some of the others were.

HIS SIMPLE TASTES

"Foch forms a peculiar personality. . . . They say that *foex* in Celtic means 'fire,' and that it is from *foex* that Foch has come. Let us add that his name is pronounced with the last letters soft, as Fosh. If his ancestors were of the name of Foex, which stood for 'fire,' how would not Balzac, they say, have reveled in this circumstance, believing as he did in the predestination of names! And Foch has the blue eyes of the Celt, even though, being of the Midi, his complexion is so dark. Some say that he has also a touch of the Basque in him, and that for years he lived within sight of the Spanish border. He is a man of simple tastes and careful discretion in his speech. He distributes his time between his military labors, his family, reading, and sport. A man of much culture and wide reading, he is especially devoted to history, as to which his knowledge and his memory are astonishing. It has been suggested earlier that as a rule generals are not conspicuous for their appreciation of the arts. . . . But Foch, though arms have taken up his thoughts for most of his life, has a genuine love and appreciation of the work that arises from the higher minds and spirits of men, and for the beauties that are given to the world. As a youth he used often to frequent the house of Gustave Doré, with whom his family was on some terms of intimacy, and he met Rossini there. He came to experience a taste for the works of the composer of the *Barber of Seville*, but he loves best the old French musicians like Couperin, Lassus, Blavet, and Rameau. And, as regards tastes and affections, it may be added that he has a reputation for being a connoisseur in old furniture. At the table, we are told, he is a man of frugality and few marked tastes. He will eat anything that is placed before him without

General Ferdinand Foch

A photograph of the immortal general when he was in command of the three French armies in the north, including those of D'Urbal and Maud'hui. Joffre was particularly partial to Foch even then, and Clemenceau, always skeptical both of men and what they can do, felt that he could not get along without him in the field.

complaint of *chef;* he sips a little wine, with some coffee to follow, but avoids liqueurs and spirits. Indeed, if he has any special attachment at all in matters of food and drink, it is for fruits.

"Foch is a great, if not a mighty, hunter. When the motor-car first became a practical machine for locomotion, and enthusiasm for its adoption set in, Foch was s ept along with the torrent and automobilism became a passion with him for a time. But presently he recovered and went back to his horses, admitting that, after all, they were the nobler if not the faster things. Never does he experience a keener sense of exaltation than when on a fine morning his favorite chestnut, which is described as a golden chestnut and which pricks up his ears at the name of Crœsus, is brought round for him, and when his foot is put to stirrup. It is a fine animal, pure-blooded and an acknowledged beauty, one that he bought in 1913 and that has never been long out of his company since then. On horseback, riding through the forest, the generalissimo is completely contented, for he is a lover of Nature in her every manifestation, and rejoices in the view of many splendid trees.

"Every man has some bad habit, or there is a general fault about him; and, as we have spoken only of the good points of this generalissimo, let it be added accusingly and without mercy that in a land where smoking is often practised to excess, and at a time when there is more of it than ever before, Foch is one of the champions. You do not see him without a cigarette between his fingers; but an old smoker, who really smokes for the love of nicotine, might say, peevishly, that, after all, this general, despite his everlasting cigarette and the electric installation he has had put in his war-automobile to rekindle it, because of his continually allowing it to go out, is but a trifler with the herb. He may allow the light to be extinguished half a dozen times. It is doubtless because he is thinking.

FOCH THE TACITURN

"The general has the reputation of being a little distant, very reserved with those who do not know him well. Others will say he is taciturn until one is intimate with him. When he is busy with war and its works he is a man of very few words. His orders are given most briefly. He makes fewer addresses to the soldiers than they would like, and, as some would say, would be good for them. . . . Before he turns in at night, he has a way often of giving himself up for a while to thoughts upon some great problem that is before him, especially if it is a case of deciding upon one of various courses. He will meditate much and deeply upon it, and then will retire to bed without having reached any decision. Thus, as we say, he sleeps on it. . . . After rising, Foch knows his decision without further thought. He says that often he recalls the subject for the first time when he looks at himself in his mirror during the act of shaving, and knows the result. This is a little curious as part of a man's habit or system. His is a keen judgment, and in the matter of anticipations we may class him as a careful and discriminating optimist. If he believes in a thing, he believes in it very much. He has the faith which will translate mountains. . . . The German offensive of 1918 had just been well established when a man of some importance from Italy was admitted to his headquarters one day, and had some questions to ask. He found Foch possessed of a remarkable *sang-froid.* It was near the end of a day, but outside there was continuous excitement, and motor-cars were dashing up, and speeding away again, in such number and with such haste as indicated the tension of the time. But Foch was cool. He sat in his chair, stretched out his legs, and had the manner of a man who had earned his repose. And he murmured then: 'The German waves are breaking on the banks. To hold them back, however, is not all. We have ample resources, and we shall do something more. We may be satisfied with the way in which things are going.'

"Two highly important volumes that he prepared during the time he was director of the Superior School of War are entitled *The Principles of War* and *The Conduct of War: • Maneuvers in Battle.* Remarkable works are these, and a strong personality, with marvelous perceptions, and strength

of belief in them, is revealed in these pages. He puts a saying of Napoleon as a preface to the first of them, 'It is not genius that suddenly reveals to me what I must say or do in a circumstance which to others would be unexpected; it is reflection and meditation.' In those days he continually imposed upon his pupils the paramount necessity of thought. That with deep and earnest thought true decisions come easily and quickly is a firm belief of his. He used to say to his pupils unceasingly: 'Think, and yet think again. You will be asked some day to be the mind of an army. I tell you to-day to learn to think.' At another time he would tell those pupils, with irony, 'Do you think that to wear slung on one's hip a well-sharpened, well-cared-for sword signifies that one knows how to fight?' Another famous saying of his is, 'A battle won is a battle in which one will not own oneself beaten.' . . . 'The art of commanding,' says he, 'does not consist in thinking and deciding for one's subordinates. . . . Then he says: 'High as the command may be placed, its first task should always be to give orders; but its second task, which is quite as important as the first, should be to insure the execution of those orders. A battle must be conducted on the battlefield.' He reflects that modern war, to arrive at its end—to impose one's will on the enemy—recognizes only one means, the destruction of the organized forces of the enemy. . . . Every defensive battle, therefore, must be terminated by an offensive action, a victorious counter-attack, or it will lead to no result."

THE LAST PHASE

The Germans began their last great offensive on March 21, 1918, and succeeded within the next few days in entering Péronne, capturing the Ancre heights, and forcing the French out of Noyon. On March 26th a conference met at Doullens and the serious situation was discussed. It was then that the Allied operations were placed under the control of Foch and on March 30th his appointment was publicly announced. General Pershing went to Foch's headquarters to offer the services of his officers and men.

"I have come to tell you that the American people would consider it a great honor to have our troops engaged in the present battle. I ask for this in its name and in my own. Just now, the only question is fighting. Our infantry, artillery, flying-men—all that we have is at your disposal. More are coming—as many as may be required. I have come expressly to tell you that the American people will be proud to have their troops engaged in the greatest and finest battle in history."

During the hard fighting in June, when asked what he thought of the situation, Foch replied: "If I had to choose between Hindenburg's cards and my cards, I would choose my own." Foch had bided his time, and when that time came, the day of July 18th, he launched his counter-offensive against the weak point of the enemy's front, the Soissons-Château-Thierry line, and followed up that success by blow after blow, carefully organized and relentlessly effective. It was then that the French government decided upon giving the highest order it could to the organizer of the victory—the title of Marshal of France.

As a dominant military leader, representing the military element, he exerted great influence at the Peace Conference. He shared with Joffre the honors bestowed by his grateful nation.

Foch had the misfortune to lose a son and a son-in-law in the war. René Puaux speaks of him in these terms: "No man is more modest, more simple. Above the indomitable energy which characterizes him there is a tenderness, a grand melancholy. I seem to see him going, alone, to the church at Cassel, when it was deserted, there to meditate on his task and to seek comfort for the great grief of which he never spoke."

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JOFFRE, VICTOR OF THE MARNE

Joffre's Order, September 6, 1914—A Digger of Trenches—A Believer in Luck—A Good Bourgeois—His Visit to America

"AT the moment of engaging a battle on which the fate of the country hangs it is necessary to remind every one that the time has passed for looking backward. Every effort must be made to attack and to drive back the enemy. The hour has come to advance at any cost, and to die where you stand rather than give way. In the present circumstances no weakness can be tolerated."

This Order of the Day was issued by General Joffre on the morning of September 6, 1914, which ushered in the battle of the Marne. It was read along the entire front, and it reveals both the confidence of the chief in his soldiers and the character of the leader himself.

Joseph Jacques César Joffre, the victor of the Marne, was little known to the public before the beginning of the war. The following narrative of the man and his work gives an idea of how he appears to French eyes:

A PORTRAIT STUDY OF THE MAN

"Was it prophetic that old Mme. Joffre, the wife of the cooper of Rivesaltes, decided that César should be added to the Christian names of Joseph Jacques, bestowed upon the boy born to her on January 12, 1852?

"No one, of course, not even his greatest admirers, claims for General Joffre those administrative qualities which made Cæsar so wonderful an empire-builder and statesman as well as a soldier. Yet there are points of similarity in the success of both. Joffre, like the Roman patrician, is a cool, calculating mathematician; a born strategist, a builder of forces, and a maker of men. He has a knack of transforming and reorganizing raw and inadequate human material into successful units.

"'The task is a hopeless one; Joffre will never accomplish it,' said the pessimist when, three years ago, he was placed in supreme command of the French army and practically asked to bring it to a state of efficiency, after varying turbulent parliaments had done their best to turn the military departments into a state of chaos. But the French War Office had the greatest faith in the bourgeois general. It agreed with General Pau, the one-armed idol of France, who, at the meeting which was to decide upon a new chief of the General Staff, pointed to General Joffre and said, 'That is the only possible man.'

THE ONLY POSSIBLE MAN

"Thereupon Joffre, quietly, methodically, but none the less quickly—for, like the late Lord Roberts, he fully realized the menace of Germany and the necessity for preparing for the great day of trial—went to work. He organized the infantry on more modern lines, made his cavalry as efficient and daring as any in Europe, staggered France by dismissing five generals who had been found incompetent in maneuvers, reorganized the whole system of fortifications, and, what was of the most vital importance, although few realized it at the time, preached preparation for war on twentieth-century lines.

"He was one of the few eminent soldiers to foresee the kind of war which we are now witnessing—a war long-drawn-out over an enormous front, in which patience is more precious than daring, and dash less valuable than calculation. 'I remember hearing him say,' remarked one of Joffre's few intimates, who had been admitted to that little house in Auteuil where France's great soldier took his bride a quarter of a century ago, 'It is no longer the general-in-chief who will henceforward win the battle; it will be the colonels and even the humble captains. Battles will be engaged over fronts of from

two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles in length; and over such an extent the will of a single man can scarcely get a grip. Combinations and ruses are scarcely possible nowadays. The troops which win will be those which hold out longest, which have the greatest power of endurance, the most energy, and the strongest faith in the final success.'

"On the field the man who in private life loves to potter about the garden of his house in Auteuil, accompany his wife on shopping expeditions, who is very fond of a musical evening with his daughters, Marcelle and Annette, who have on occasions persuaded their father to exercise his bass voice, and who might often be seen in the morning riding with his girls in the Bois de Boulogne, is, although amiable and genial to his intimates, imperturbable, arbitrary, and assertive.

THE SECRET OF HIS GOOD HEALTH

"Perhaps one of his most curious characteristics is that he will tolerate no interference, so far as the exigencies of the situation allow, with the systematic personal habits which he has followed for many years and to which he attributes not a little of his good health. This is illustrated by an incident which happened during the retreat from Mons.

"Late one night at Joffre's headquarters a staff-officer arrived with a very urgent despatch. The Commander-in-chief had retired, and the officer was informed that on no account whatever must the general be disturbed. 'But he must be roused,' said the staff-officer, 'for a whole division is in danger of being surrounded.' 'The general,' came back the reply, 'has given orders that in no circumstances is he to be awakened before six A.M. Furthermore, there is no need to wake him, for he has left all the necessary instructions for possible emergencies in envelopes marked one, two, and three.' The staff-officer on duty thereupon opened the despatch, selected envelope number two, which met the case, and instructions were immediately telegraphed to the commander who had sent his despatch, and who was promptly reprimanded next morning by Joffre, when he had heard what had taken place, for using the motor instead of the telegraph.

"He endeavors to follow, as far as circumstances will permit, the same regular mode of life to which he has been accustomed almost since his marriage. Every morning, previous to the war, he would be up and dressed, having previously had a vigorous ten minutes in a room next to his bedroom which is fitted up as a miniature gymnasium, ending with a cold shower-bath. An hour later he might be seen trotting briskly on horseback through the leafy bridle-paths of the Bois du Boulogne, sometimes in company with other officers, but more often with one of his daughters, followed at a discreet distance by his orderly.

"Social functions never appeal to him. And if disinclined for music in his leisure moments, he would turn to his books and spend an hour with military works or the fiction of Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, and Dickens—the last named being a great favorite. Or if friends dropped in he might take a hand at bridge or whist. The simple habits of his youthful days at Rivesaltes still cling to him. His only surviving sister, Mme. Artus, says that even after he became a general the Commander-in-chief insisted on remaining to his friends plain Joseph Joffre. He made a practice of paying frequent visits to the family home at Rivesaltes, and one of his great pleasures during his brief holidays at home were long games in the evening with his father and his friends.

"A favorite game was *mouille*, and it was during one of these games, Mme. Artus tells us, that he explained to his father how to dig slanting trenches on his property as a protection against the ravages of spring rains. 'You should, father,' he said, 'dig slanting lines of trenches across your farm at Bompas. They will drain the land and prevent floods in spring; and I think I can claim to know something about trenches,' he added, with a laugh.

TRENCHES—IN PEACE AND WAR

"It cannot be said that Joffre's relatives and friends marked out for him a brilliant

career in his early days. For, although he astounded at times the village *curé* and his playfellows with his wonderful grasp of mathematics and the ease with which he would solve the most intricate problems, he was regarded, to quote the words of one who knew him in his boyhood days, as 'too slow and methodical to compete in the race for success.' And when he left for Paris at the age of fifteen and a half, to prepare for the entrance examinations of the École Polytechnique . . . his place on the list was rather low—fourteen.

"The reason for his comparative non-success has, in the light of later events, a certain piquancy, for the examiners said that, while young Joffre was exceedingly good at mathematics, he had failed to grasp the intricacies of German grammar, a language for which he showed a pronounced distaste.

"Joffre's family, however, were full of hopes that he receive his commission as second lieutenant when the Franco-Prussian War broke out and he was attached to the Engineer Corps in besieged Paris. How, after the conclusion of peace, he was employed in reconstructing the Paris fortifications, and how his work so pleased Marshal MacMahon, when he came to inspect it, that he made the lieutenant a captain on the spot, is a story which has often been told. But, although this promotion came to him at the early age of twenty-two, Joffre was not contented, particularly when, having made a name as an engineer, the authorities for several years kept him busy organizing and perfecting defensive works.

"'It is all very fine,' Joffre is reported to have said, about this time, 'but I don't want to spend the rest of my days building fortifications. I want to command troops and see some fighting.'

"So they sent him to Tonkin, where the French-Indo-China War was in progress, and there Joffre had an opportunity of commanding troops and leading his men to victory with sword in hand.

A BELIEVER IN LUCK

"Hard-headed, unsentimental soldier though he is, it is one of the curious traits in Joffre's character that he is a firm believer in luck. He will tell you that his star was in the ascendant on that memorable march to Timbuctoo in January, 1894, when he avenged the murder of General Bonnier and his men and achieved the distinction of being the first French army officer to reach Timbuctoo. . . . Joffre himself has related in his story of the expedition how he set out from Segou on Christmas Day, 1893, to the conquest of Timbuctoo, then in the hands of the Tauregs, the terrible 'veiled men' of the Western Sudan, who had the worst reputation of any brigand race on the face of the earth. The expedition was divided into three parts. Bonnier went up the Niger by water, preceded by Lieutenant Boiteux in a gunboat, while Joffre commanded the last column, a small force of some thirty Europeans and three hundred natives, who took an arduous route along the Niger banks.

"Bonnier and Boiteux reached Timbuctoo and occupied the citadel. But, unfortunately, Bonnier himself, setting out a day or two afterward against the Tauregs, was surprised by night and massacred with all his men. Meantime Joffre was pushing ahead with his little force, and although harried by the Tauregs, who hoped to surprise him as they did Bonnier, they never caught him asleep. Through deadly swamps and waterless desert, under a blazing tropical sky which caused the death of many men and horses, they steadily pushed ahead, and Joffre relates how he not only took the precaution of making friends with the local chiefs, but brought them along with him whenever possible, even at the price of much regretted delay, due to having to 'sit up all night' in friendly palaver.

HE KNEW WHEN TO DISOBEY

"What Joffre's feelings were when, at the end of this eight hundred miles' arduous march, he found his comrades can be better imagined than described. What was more galling still, he found instructions at Timbuctoo telling him to rejoin immediately and leave a junior officer in charge, 'preparatory to evacuation.' With the instinct of genius, Joffre knew when to disobey. He

stayed, and by doing so ultimately earned the gratitude of the French government. For not only did he administer a crushing blow to the Tauregs, clearing the district round about for two hundred and fifty miles, and, in four separate expeditions, defeating the most dangerous of the neighboring tribes, but while carrying on this terrible guerrilla warfare he introduced many reforms in Timbuctoo itself which ultimately transformed a ruined and desolate town into one which could look forward to a period of security and prosperity.

"'Luck was on my side,' Joffre said, modestly, when he was afterward congratulated on his brilliant achievement and promoted lieutenant-colonel for his valuable work. 'I might . . . have met with the fate of Bonnier and Boiteux had the Goddess of Good Fortune not attended me,' he added, refusing to acknowledge that it was really his caution, foresight, military genius, and indefatigableness which enabled him to bring his column through so successfully.

"At the same time a little incident occurred on this expedition which might have brought about quite a different result. While still some distance from Timbuctoo Joffre's left eye was attacked by a poisonous insect. The doctor feared that the commander might lose his eyesight, and advised a bandage. But the patient refused, saying, 'I could not command my troops if I were blindfolded.' 'Then you must wear blue spectacles,' said the doctor. But the desert is not the place to find blue spectacles, and General Joffre's eye became worse. The doctor foretold blindness, but Joffre merely smiled. His luck would hold good, he said. Sure enough, one day the mail brought a package to a soldier who had been sent to the rear, from General Loyre, the man's uncle. General Loyre being a personal friend of Joffre, the latter took upon himself to open the package, and the first thing he found was a pair of blue spectacles.

"'You see, I was right in having faith in my luck,' Joffre is reported as having explained, and in this way his sight was saved, although his eye has ever since been clouded over with a thin veil."[1]

[1] *The Literary Digest*, February, 1915.

THE MAN AND HIS METHODS

What are the chief personal characteristics of this military genius who, to his friends who asked him how things were going in the war, remarked, with a twinkle in his eye: "*Laissez-moi faire. Je les grignette*" ("Leave me alone. I am nibbling at them"), and of whom the Germans themselves said, talking of the qualities of the French soldiers, "At their head stands an army commander who, though he has won no decisive victory, has secured a name in the list of the most famous generals"?

Picture to yourselves a man who at first appears too stout to be physically fit, but whose bull-neck, crowned by a massive head and a strong jaw, betrays super-energy and great mental force. Joffre is five feet nine inches in height, and is very powerful in physique and capable of the most strenuous exertions.

"No German," to quote the words of one who knows him intimately, "could be more thorough; for him no lasting results can be achieved without the utmost care. And joined with an extraordinary capacity for detail are a breadth of view rare in the extreme and limitless patience. His methods resemble those of the head of a great business, while his strength is that of a man who, by sheer force of character and intellect, has mastered himself and mastered his task. Whatever he achieves he will richly deserve."

Joffre never poses, and, while neat in dress, he has had too many hard knocks, in attaining his position, to give time to the study of effects before the camera and on dress parade. Hero-worship he abhors, and he is indifferent to praise. When he has an object to achieve he goes stolidly forward, and if, as the result of his hard work in the present war, he is made a demi-god by future historians, it will not be "Papa" Joffre's fault.

"JOFFRE'S WAR"

Long before the Austrian Archduke met his death, the skeptics viewed Joffre's preparations for a coming war with much amusement. It was an "*idée fixe*" of the general that was inevitable, and thus it was in advance labeled "Joffre's War."

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The Kiss of Faith

Marshal Joffre decorating officers at the Polytechnic School, Paris. The kiss in France is the sign of brotherhood among men; in times of peril it means the bestowal of great faith.

There are several anecdotes about Joffre that are worth repeating. One deals with the way he secured Georges Boillet, thrice winner of the Grand Prix, for his personal chauffeur. Boillet, we are told, is an excellent driver:

"He is considered the most supremely reckless automobilist in France. The day that mobilization was decided on, Boillet received a message:

"'At eight o'clock to-morrow morning report to General Joffre.'

"At eight o'clock the following morning Boillet was standing in front of Joffre. That kindly, soft-spoken old gentleman looked him over. Then he said:

"'You have two hours in which to say good-by and get into your uniform. At ten o'clock be in the driving-seat of my car.'

"Boillet was in that seat at ten o'clock. Somewhat later he discovered that Joffre was not a man to be feared by another man who was doing his work well. One day he asked the commander-in-chief how it was that Georges Boillet had been selected to drive his car.

"'I attended the running of the last Grand Prix,' said Joffre, simply, 'in order to pick a driver.'

"There you are. Joffre believes in preparation. He believes that the very least detail must be foreseen in advance if one would be successful. A commander-in-chief in time of war needs a supremely irresponsible and magnificently skilful driver, and as his neck is intimately risked he should pick that driver out himself.

"It is fair to suppose that much of the Allies' strength in the first part of the war was due directly to Joffre's far-sightedness. For the last four years he had not been idle. Succeeding, in 1910, to the command of a good army, 'he set about making it a better one.'

"The maneuvers of 1913 were praised by every military observer. Joffre returned from the field, and his first order was to retire five generals.

"'They were not up to their work,' said he, in effect. 'One of these days we shall have war.'

"He remodeled the plans for mobilization. As a consequence, the French army took the field in 1914 days earlier than those who had formerly been familiar with it believed possible. He practically compelled France to adopt the three-year service law—a most unpopular measure from a politician's standpoint—and that saved France. He insisted that the appropriation for the flying corps be increased—out of all reason, as the opponents insisted.

"'We will have no time in which to build machines and train men when the war starts,' he said in 1912. 'The essence of success in a modern war is speed.'

"Every French general has made a study of the disastrous campaign of 1870. For forty years the general staff has been at work preparing to meet the Germans in the next war. Joffre has always insisted that to be successful an army must remain upon the offensive. But he—alone of French generals—seems to have seen that in the first days of the war the French army would not be fit, physically or morally, to assume the offensive against the powerful German machine. So that when the war began he retreated. He fought every foot, but he retreated. France was in despair. It writhed in humiliation when he let it be known that he was prepared to sacrifice Paris.

"'Paris is to me only a fortified town,' he said. 'It must defend itself. It must play its part in the line.'

HIS JUSTICE AND COMMON SENSE

"That very statement seems most typical of Joffre the soldier. Kindly though he is by nature, his is the harshness of keen, unsentimental justice and common sense when he is in uniform. And he sees all things simply. Down at the bottom of every argument, hiding about the roots of all life's complexities, is one lucid, simple truth. He seeks for that. And therefore they call him Joffre the Silent. All his thinking is best done in the cool depths of reason, and his words must find their way up from there slowly. His word is law, not because he is cold or stubborn, but because no appeal can undermine his sure judgment.

"The officer who is not up to the rigid standard he insists upon is dropped. When he was serving in Madagascar he once asked an officer when a given task could be com-

pleted. The other fellow didn't quite know. It was not a matter of importance.

"'Two weeks, possibly,' said he. 'Maybe three weeks.'

"'See that it is done within five days,' said Joffre, 'or go back to France.'

"Since the war began he has retired approximately thirty generals. The precise number is not known, because the French War Office is not at all loquacious. It is assumed that they fell short somewhere. In one instance it is known that one of Joffre's personal friends resented the promotion of a rival over his head. When that rival issued an order the soured general obeyed, but he obeyed grudgingly. Joffre dropped him without a word.

"'Why?' asked the humiliated officer. 'I obeyed the orders I received.'

"'You might have done better,' said Joffre. That was all. . . .

"He likes to squat down by the side of a fire in one of the trenches—this heavy, white-haired, slow-spoken old man—and talk to the boys who are fighting for France. He wants to know what they are getting to eat, and if the supplies of ammunition come promptly, and if more blankets are needed. Now and then a private soldier gets a step in rank during those fireside talks. The tradition that every soldier carries the baton of a marshal in his knapsack is still alive in France. The men talk to him as to one of themselves. They follow him out to the

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Major-General Leonard Wood, Host of the United States to Marshal Joffre

"Bully," says Joffre, at West Point

car and place detaining hands upon his arm that they may finish what they have to say.

"It was this same General Joffre who some years ago came into close touch with one of to-day's reigning monarchs. He saluted, but formally. At the first moment possible he escaped from the royal presence. A friend remonstrated.

"'You were no more than courteous to the king,' said he. Joffre ruminated. He always ruminates in conversation. Long intervals sometimes separate his sentences.

"'Well,' he said, finally, 'he was only a king.'"[1]

JOFFRE IN AMERICA

After the entrance of the United States into the war the French government decided to send over a commission to convey greetings and discuss ways and means of co-operation with the United States. This commission included General Joffre, Marshal of France. It was convoyed across the Atlantic by French war-ships and was met, a hundred miles at sea, by a flotilla of destroyers, arriving at Hampton Roads on April 24, 1917. The visitors were there transferred to the President's yacht, the *Mayflower*. The Washington residence of Henry White, former ambassador to France, was placed at their disposal and Secretary Lansing issued the following statement:

"It is very gratifying to this government and to the people that we should have as our guests such distinguished representatives of the French Republic as arrived this noon. In sending men who so fully represent the French government and people, we have the very best evidence of the spirit and feeling of France toward the United States. We can assure the French people that we reciprocate this spirit which induced them to send these commissioners, and rejoice that the two great nations are battling side by side for the liberty of mankind."

On April 29th an imposing ceremony took place at Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon. Joffre laid on the marble sarcophagus a bronze palm wound with the French tricolor, saying:

"In the French army, all venerate the name and memory of Washington. I respectfully salute here the great soldier and lay upon his tomb the palm we offer our soldiers who have died for their country."

Joffre visited West Point on May 11th and reviewed the Cadet Corps and later in the day he visited Washington's headquarters at Newburgh, New York. There the Eagle of the Society of the Cincinnati was conferred on him. From New York the French mission visited Boston, where they received an enthusiastic reception. Marshal Joffre ate a great many excellent dinners, listened to a number of speeches made by his eloquent compatriot, M. Viviani, and said very little himself. A silent, powerful, and rough-hewn figure, he will long be remembered by those who had the honor of meeting him, and to all who saw him he will remain a symbol of the spirit of that new France which was born in August, 1914.

[1] *The Literary Digest*, February 20, 1915.

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GALLIENI, GOVERNOR OF PARIS

Fighting the Pirates—Paris Saved by Taxicabs—A Strange Funeral

A LARGE, bony head upon a slender neck and shoulders gave General Gallieni the appearance of some strange bird, and his piercing eye added to this impression. It was an eye that had seen many countries, strange types of men, and wild animals as well. For the general had hunted and explored in East Africa and subdued and tamed to law and order tribes and communities, half civilized or savage, on different continents.

Yet this man was chosen, and wisely

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Supreme Commander of the Defences of Paris

Governor Gallieni, who had absolute control of the defences of the French capital, in readiness for the seemingly inevitable siege kept strengthening the fortifications of Paris. Scores of trains carrying French soldiers arrived hourly in Paris in those fateful days, and Gallieni immediately sent the men to the various forts which encircled the city.

chosen, to govern the most polished city in the world at a time when the German hosts were advancing toward it, while their bursting shells and their "Big Berthas" crushed stone and masonry, even in the capital, and hinted of the devastation that would follow in their wake if the city were occupied. Within its old-time walls still lurked the wolfish human elements that made the aftermath of the earlier invasion, the Paris Commune, a memory of fire and blood. The man needed must be more than an administrator, and Gallieni was more. He had put down piracy in China, and brought order into Madagascar. After those experiences he could cope with the problems of civilization.

AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE

Joseph-Simon Gallieni was born at Saint-Biat, at the foot of the Pyrenees, on April 24, 1849. His father was a soldier, a captain. In his youth Gallieni "had his military training at Saint-Cyr, and served through the Franco-Prussian war; then, for more than thirty years, he was hunting and exploring in Africa, fighting in the Far East, organizing and governing great territories inhabited by non-European races. He has written an admirable series of books describing his work and his dreams in these many-colored lands.

"In the Sudan in 1880-1881, and again in 1886-1888, we hear of him next in the Far East, where France rules a quarter of a million square miles of rich and historically interesting territory. In one of his books he tells us that, on February 18, 1896, he left his ship at Marseilles, having just completed a long and arduous campaign in Tonkin. During four consecutive years, the governors of France's great Oriental colony had intrusted to him the mission of guarding the northern boundaries of the colony, and organizing large, new territories. The achievement of this rough but interesting work resulted in the total disappearance of the pirates who had infested these regions for two centuries; and M. Gallieni also succeeded in establishing the most friendly relations with the mandarins of southern China, notably with Marshal Su, thus opening the way for the building of the colonial railroad. Further, M. Gallieni had a chance to develop administrative ideas which he had first applied in the Sudan, and which he was later to introduce, with excellent results, in Madagascar. After four years thus passed in active service, he was looking forward with lively satisfaction to the prospect of a long furlough in the bosom of his family, at Saint-Raphael, on the Azure Coast, between Marseilles and Nice; but the higher powers ruled otherwise, and General Gallieni was asked to go out to Madagascar.

"In his well-written and superbly illustrated book, *Nine Years of Madagascar*, General Gallieni tells the story of his work there, and enumerates the steps by which he changed anarchy into order, and added to his country a well-ordered and very rich region of a quarter of a million square miles.

"In 1905, General Gallieni was relieved of his heavy work in Madagascar, and returned to France to enjoy that coveted and long-postponed furlough at Saint-Raphael. But he was too active and too able to rest for long, and we soon find him in Paris, a distinguished member of the Supreme Council of War, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences, Vice-President of the Geographical Society of Paris, and Honorary Member of half a dozen other learned societies at home and abroad. Personally, General Gallieni was extremely popular, whether as a man of letters or a sportsman; he spoke English, Italian, and German fluently, as well as several of the native idioms of Africa and the East, and his collections of curios from the Sudan, Tonkin, and Madagascar were deservedly famous." [1]

AN ARMY IN TAXICABS

But the performance by which Gallieni will be remembered was the transportation of an army in taxicabs to the menaced French wing, when Paris was threatened. Long as is his list of previous achievements, this is the exploit that has made him immortal. While governing Paris he employed women in numerous positions and

[1] *Review of Reviews.*

had a high opinion of their capacity. He thus released numerous men for service at the front and performed a valuable military service.

Gallieni died in the land he loved so dearly in 1916 and his funeral in Paris was a fitting end to his career. In that strange procession on the Paris boulevards marched black men and white; Moroccans and Senegalese attended; and among the Parisians were the reckless *gamins* of the slums, now trained and orderly soldiers. So they bore him to the Chapel of the Invalides with such honor as only the French can show to those they love. He had spoken his own epitaph long before, when, wasted and worn with illness, he said: "I have given my health and strength to the republic."

PÉTAIN, HERO OF VERDUN

The Mysterious Voice at Verdun—The Eternal Boy—A Strict Disciplinarian—"They Shall Not Pass!"

IN the dark days of the war, in February, 1916, when the long attack on Verdun had begun and the battle was raging, General Balfourrier was called on the telephone one night.

"I just want to give notice," said a distant voice, "that I take command of the place—"

And General Balfourrier, recognizing the speaker, replied: "All right! If it is *you*, everything will be all right!"

What unseen personality inspired this enormous confidence at that moment of tragic crisis to the French nation? Henri Philippe Pétain was a great, long-limbed, overgrown, blue-eyed, shy, smiling school-boy—a big boy, with a habit of wandering about in the rain without a hat or overcoat, whistling a melancholy tune; a boy well on in years, for he was over sixty when he called up General Balfourrier and took command of Verdun, but a boy still, according to all accounts, as well as a man, a great student, a great strategist, a member of the group of men who saved France.

For forty years Pétain had been preparing for this exploit, from before his graduation at the military school. That he had gone on the retired list with the rank of colonel before he was called to the front is incidental.

HOPE DEFERRED

Born near Calais in 1856, he entered the military academy of Saint-Cyr in 1876.

"Like Foch, like Gallieni, like Roques and the rest, he had seen service in the colonial possessions of the Republic. He had seen his dark-brown hair turn gray and his somewhat full figure grow lean and the small fortune inherited from thrifty parents dwindle into nothing, and the fame of which he had dreamed escape him before opportunity knocked once at his door. Then, swiftly, says the sympathetic *Figaro* (Paris), came the offensive in Artois and the battles in the Champagne country and the climax of Verdun. Pétain was then one of the world's most famous soldiers. He could decline a great command because his strategic conception was not approved. Nivelle was promoted over his head. Again the Republic turned to Pétain. He became what the *Gaulois* called his country's supreme hope.

"Never, as the newspapers of his country admit, was so conspicuous a character at once so baffling and so simple.

"His habit of amusing himself with the skipping-rope has become famous as the tub of Diogenes. He has a mania for dashing madly hither and thither at break-neck speed in a shabby motor-car. He can run on his lean legs at top-speed for mile after mile and he seems to enjoy the practice hugely. He has a horrible taste for brass music of the street-band description, listening with tears in his eyes as immense blocks of discord are quarried out of the atmosphere by trumpeters, cornetists,

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General Philippe Pétain

"They shall not pass," was the famous resolve of the hero of Verdun. His habit of amusing himself with a skipping-rope has gone the rounds of fame.

and drummers. He can shave himself without a mirror, and the greatest deprivation of the war to him is the lack of pastry. He enjoys anything, according to a correspondent of *The Daily Mail* (London), that a boy would enjoy—throwing stones, climbing trees, floating a paper boat in a tub of water, and looking at the animals in the zoo.

"His one serious interest, his grand passion, as the French say, is strategy. His idea of tactics was deemed preposterous until the long agony of Verdun. The war evolved a tactics of its own, but Pétain went farther than any in despising the artillery tactics of the Germans. There seems little doubt regarding the soundness of his ideas of strategy. These are presumed to find their happiest illustration in his view of what happened in Belgium. Pétain—who has indiscretion among some other guileless traits—did not conceal from the first that the Allies made one terrible error of judgment in Belgium. This was their failure to profit by Moltke's blunder. Moltke, it will be remembered, did not occupy the coast of Belgium and thus secure his flank before he invaded France. 'Moltke will be dismissed for that.' So predicted Pétain at a council when the consequence of Moltke's action became apparent. The battle first fought at Ypres was won by the Allies solely in consequence of this omission of Moltke's. Pétain has always insisted that this was 'the' defeat of the Germans in this war." [1]

"THEY SHALL NOT PASS!"

This man of strangely contradictory characteristics inspired respect among all who encountered him. This military sprite of the skipping-rope is one to be obeyed and feared.

"I should not like," wrote a *Times* correspondent who met him during the war, "to go to the defender of Verdun with a confession of failure, if I were an officer. I think I should rather meet the Bavarians in the trenches." Pétain, while adored by his men, is a strict disciplinarian, and can get the last drop of strength out of them. Yet he never squandered human war material, but, like Joffre, lavished shells to save the lives of French soldiers.

Organization is his forte. He was sent to Rumania for the purpose of bringing order into the army, and his name there is synonymous with faultless efficiency in carrying out his mission.

After long years of obscurity, his promotion in the war was rapid. In April, 1917, he was made Chief of Staff of the Ministry of War, and on May 15, 1917, Commander-in-chief of all the French armies operating on the French front. By that time General Pershing was co-operating.

Over and above all his combined qualities is that one designated by the linguistically discriminating French as the *coup d'œil*—the marvelous grasp of a situation. It was this instinctive comprehension that enabled him to realize the limits of the great offensive in Champagne in September, 1915. "We shall not break through," he told the optimists. Perhaps this perspicacity is all the more remarkable in a man who is an avowed dreamer. Yet his dreams often come true in a surprisingly practical manner. And Pétain is a prophet as well, for it was he who said at Verdun with supreme resolve:

"They shall not pass!"

[1] *Current Opinion* for June, 1917.

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A PERSHING WAS BORN IN ALSACE

The name was Frederick Pfoerschin, and he was born in 1724 in Alsace, about three-quarters of a mile from the Rhine River. When twenty-five years old he emigrated to America and here married. Some years later the family changed the name, to fit the new environment, to Pershin. Then later a final "g" was added.

NIVELLE, THE MAN OF STEEL

Rapid Rise—Verdun—"Attack at Once!"—The Poilus' Hero

FROM colonel to commander-in-chief in less than three years—that is the record of Robert Nivelle, who in 1916 succeeded Joffre as general of the French armies in the field. Cool, calm, and calculating, a graduate of St.-Cyr and the Polytechnique, an infantry and military expert, Nivelle has proved himself every inch a general. The battle of the Marne, the battle of the Aisne, Verdun, all testify to his bravery and ability. "His first noteworthy act in war is a fine example of military decision. On September 16, 1914, in the sector of the Yser a German advance forced back the French Seventh Corps, obliging it to retire to the left bank of the river. The only commander who did not conform to the general withdrawal was the commander of the 5th Artillery Regiment. With extraordinary audacity, this colonel rapidly advanced his batteries to cover the withdrawal, and opened such a tempest of fire upon the German columns that they were halted and thrown back, thus gaining time for the French to reorganize and to put in motion a victorious counter-attack. In October, 1914, Joffre gave him an infantry brigade, which he commanded on the Aisne front, and in January, 1915, saved the city of Soissons, which the Germans were then trying hard to capture. An officer in a private letter wrote that there was no spectacle more reassuring than that afforded by Nivelle when under fire. One morning in a wood during a pause in the advance, noticing that the rain of projectiles caused his staff-officers to duck their heads somewhat nervously, he took out his pipe, lighted it, and after a few puffs said: 'I should like to know a logarithmic table that would determine the distances between projectiles and one's destiny. Each of us is but a destiny with feet and hands. When our hour arrives to go to hell no prudence on our part will be of any use, nor would any imprudence be a real risk unless one's hour had struck.' Hearing these words, the officers turned to the front and without faltering continued the march which led to a victory."[1]

Verdun was his greatest achievement. Succeeding Pétain, whose spirit and victory are embodied in his immortal words, "They shall not pass," Nivelle had the task of turning the German failure into a retreat. In one autumn afternoon he wrested from the enemy practically all the ground which the Crown Prince had won in six bloody and costly months; and in his brilliant dash of December 15th he pushed the French lines forward to the spot where they had been before the German offensive.

Like most modern generals, Nivelle believes in action. The offensive is the thing. At Soissons, when he was taking over a division, a superior officer said:

"You see, the situation is not famous. What will you do?"

"Attack at once!" answered Nivelle; "it is the only way to relieve pressure!"[2]

UNMOVED BY DANGER

His sang-froid, his calmness in battle, had a great effect upon the poilus. They had infinite faith in him. "I belong to Nivelle's army," was a proud remark.[3] In his turn, he, like Joffre, called them "his children"; from them he exacted superhuman efforts, and they did not fail him.

"When at Verdun certain of the generals expressed their doubt that the men would be able to advance, on account of the condition of the ground, practically a sea of mud. General Nivelle answered, confidently, 'If I ask them to do so, they will!'"[4]

A *Times* (New York) correspondent gives a description of him at the time of Verdun: He is big, tall, and tremendously powerful,

[1] "The Defender of Verdun." Reprint from *La Nacion* in *International Military Digest.*

[2] "Joffre's Successor, General Nivelle." By Charles Dawbarn in *The Living Age*, March 19, 1917.

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] "Four Notable Frenchmen of To-day." By E. M. Marc Logé in *The World's Work*, March, 1917.

without an ounce of fat. Except for the trimness of his waist-line and his face unlined and almost youthful in its freshness, he is a type not unlike Joffre—a much younger Joffre and untried by the responsibilities of the high command.

"Nivelle actually looks like chuck steel. The last time I saw him I got exactly that impression, and, but for a decidedly friendly gleam in his steel-colored eyes, I would have shivered."

One of Nivelle's officers, when asked what manner of soldier his general was, answered, "A man!"[1]

[1] "Four Notable Frenchmen of To-day." By E. M. Marc Logé in *The World's Work*, March, 1917.

"KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM"

"The Sea Will Call You"—Sirdar of Egypt—A Stern Soldier—"Kitchener's Mob"—Kitchener's Achievement

"I HAVE to report with deep regret that H. M. S. *Hampshire*, with Lord Kitchener and his staff on board, was sunk last night about eight o'clock, to the west of the Orkneys, either by a mine or a torpedo."

The news reached London about one o'clock on June 6, 1916. The telegram was official. It came from the Commander-in-chief of the Grand Fleet, and was issued by the Secretary of the Admiralty. The blow fell with stunning force upon the English people. The silent grief and dismay depicted on all faces testified to the sorrow of a nation. When the news became public through the head-lines in the evening papers, "Death of Lord Kitchener," "Lord Kitchener Drowned," it produced a general stupor. 'Buses stopped and drivers and passengers got down. Those who were too late to buy papers read the news over the shoulders of others. In the evening a rumor was circulated that he had been saved. But this was traced to its source and found to be due to a speech of the Lord Mayor in which he said that the great soldier was not dead, but would live on in his work.

And indeed, true to his record, hi work was done before he departed. His army was an army in being—"Kitchener's Mob," as they called themselves in those early August days, had grown to that mighty host known as "Kitchener's Army." Although the war was to last two years longer, the power of Kitchener's name and Kitchener's personality had served England at the critical moment.

HIS BOYHOOD

Earl Kitchener was born June 24, 1850, at Gunsborough House, near Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland. He came of pure English stock, though he may have absorbed a whiff of the Celtic spirit from the years he spent in the land of his nativity. His father, a retired cavalry officer, had migrated to Ireland two years before the birth of his second son, Horatio Herbert Kitchener. There he bought a small estate and settled down to spend the evening of his life. Eugenie M. Fryer in *The Forum* gives an interesting glimpse of young Kitchener's personality and love of adventure: "The active expression of his love of adventure was in the great cave beneath the cliff whither he even now was heading, a cave hollowed out by the sea, whose dripping walls echoed over the swish and rumble of century-old tides, and in whose depth, so tradition had it, lay somewhere hidden a famous smuggler's treasure. He and his brothers, Chevalier, Arthur, and Walter, came there seeking tirelessly a treasure which they never found, but for which they never wearied of hunting. They played at being smugglers then, or, better still, at pirates robbing the crew of a wrecked galleon of the famed Armada; and in these games the boy Herbert Kitchener was the leader. It was he who planned and outlined the assault upon the unsuspecting and invisible foe, as it was he who by the sheer force of his personality led the attack. Yet

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Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener

The famous "Kitchener of Khartoum" who, to the sorrow of all Britain and all admirers of great fighters, went down on a British ship in 1915. He made many secret trips to Paris during the first year of the war, and was on his way to Russia when the *Hampshire* was sunk.

to-day, as he lay upon his back in that still water, it was solitude that he wanted, to think out this new life of the open sea that was calling to him. He was brought back sharply to reality by a gentle tugging at his left leg that grew quickly into an insistent drawing downward. For a moment the boy's face whitened as he swiftly recognized his danger. He was caught by a piece of kelp that in all probability would suck him under never to let him go. He jerked his leg, trying to free himself, only to find that the weed gripped the tighter. . . . And then he lay quietly upon his back, his square-set jaws drawn down grimly, the whole force of his will gleaming in his keen blue eyes, his body taut and still as the boy bided his time for the moment when he could free himself. . . . Presently his keen ears caught the soft murmur of the coming tide, and with it came a gradual loosening of the weed. He lay still, not daring to move, lest it would tighten the grip of the gold-brown strand of kelp. After a space he moved his arms through the water to find that he slipped forward slowly without feeling the grip upon his leg. *His will-power had saved him.* . . . It was the first time he had been so close to death, and the memory of an old woman, the gardener's mother, came to him. . . . He had gone to see this old woman, and she had read his fortune in the tea-leaves. *'Sure, you will travel far, gasiur, and see many lands, but it is the sea will call you at the end of the road!'*"

EARLY CAREER

Kitchener entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in 1868 and two years later went to France with an elder brother and enlisted in the Sixth Battalion of the Mobiles des Côtes du Nord, which was attached to the Second Army of the Loire, commanded by General Chanzy, who, it has been said, was the one man who might have saved the situation for France if his plans had not been subject to political interference. Kitchener profited by this lesson in later years. The following account of his work in Egypt appeared in *The World's Work* before he died: . . . "All that Horatio Herbert Kitchener has achieved has been by his own effort. He started in life without the aid of position or influence. . . . He contrived to obtain a commission in the Royal Engineers, where he attracted no notice. He secured his first appointment, which happened to be on the archeological survey of Palestine, because he knew how to take photographs.

"This assignment brought Kitchener into contact with native soldiers, gave him an insight into Oriental character and an opportunity to learn the difficult Arabic language, all of which was to be of practical help in enabling him to add more than 1,000,000 square miles of territory to the British Empire less than twenty years thereafter.

"His knowledge of Arabic led to the inclusion of Kitchener in the small group of British officers to whom was assigned the task of reorganizing the Egyptian army in 1882, then an army only in name. From second in command of a regiment he rose in a few months to the command of the cavalry. By 1884 he began to be mentioned in despatches. In the same year he commenced his large collection of medals and titles. By 1888 he was adjutant-general; two years later he was sirdar. . . .

"Kitchener has never brooked interference with his choice of subordinates. An indispensable attribute of greatness is the ability to choose the right man for a given task. Kitchener is sure of himself in this particular, as in others. He selects his own aides, trusts them implicitly, and is trusted and obeyed in return. Indeed, the man who doesn't obey does not stay around Kitchener very long. Failure for any reason whatsoever is something Kitchener never excuses. On the Khartoum expedition an officer ordered to execute a certain movement pleaded that he was suffering from sunstroke.

"'What does he mean by having sunstroke?' demanded the sirdar. 'Send him back to Cairo at once.'

"Instead, the chief of staff, who happened to be a friend of the delinquent, sent him a message telling him he was not sunstruck at all, and that, anyway, the healthiest thing for him to do was to execute his orders at once. The advice was followed. . . .

"It was said that Kitchener's office stationery consisted of a sheaf of telegraph forms which he carried in his helmet and a

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Lord Kitchener

One of the numerous decorations here seen on his breast is the Order of Khartoum, commemorating the exploits that made Kitchener and Khartoum almost synonymous.

pencil which he carried in his pocket. He seldom read an official letter and never wrote one. . . .

"Kitchener's first act after entering Khartoum, where the garrison and its commander, Gordon, had been massacred by the dervishes, was to hold a memorial service for Gordon. His next was to send a message to England asking for funds to found Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum to educate the natives.

"'A responsible task is henceforth laid upon us,' said he. 'Those who have conquered are now called upon to civilize.' . . .

HIS HATRED OF RED TAPE

"It was in this same Khartoum campaign that Kitchener's abhorrence of red tape was first impressed upon whom it concerned. A certain general, who may be called Fussyman, insisted upon issuing a daily order with all due forms and ceremonies. So importunate was he that in sheer weariness Kitchener at last dictated an order. Buoyed up by a blissful sense of importance, Fussyman hurried off to have it duly copied, registered, duplicated, sealed, signed, and delivered in the good old style. Meanwhile Kitchener, strolling out, accidentally met Broadwood, his cavalry commander.

"'Oh, Broadwood,' exclaimed Kitchener, in his softest drawl, 'will you kindly take four squadrons and a couple of guns and push on forty miles to clear up the situation, and start in half an hour?'

"'Very good, sir.'

"As the cavalry was jingling out of camp Fussyman came out of his tent with the order of the day. Upon finding that Broadwood's orders were totally different from the formal version intrusted to him by the commander, Fussyman gave Kitchener up as hopeless."

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

The Times (New York) says of him, in telling of his appointment as sirdar in Egypt: "Some officers were in the habit of running down to Cape Town and spending a few days at the Mount Nelson Hotel, so 'K' thought it was time the practice was stopped. Unannounced he arrived at Cape Town on his private train at six o'clock one morning and went to the hotel. He ordered the night clerk on duty to give him the list of guests and then visited the various rooms to give them a surprise. When one captain called out, on hearing the rap at the door, 'Is that the iced rum and lime-juice?' the chief replied, 'No, it's only old "K," who wants to speak to you.' The officer jumped out, thinking it was a joke, but found out his mistake when he opened the door. . . .

"One of the first things that Kitchener did on becoming sirdar was to send all the married officers who had been lent by the British War Office to the Egyptian army back to their regiments. He took the ground that a soldier married was a soldier spoiled, and he would not be bothered with women coming to him in tears every time he ordered an officer to proceed to the lines of communication on the Sudan frontier. He never had a married officer on his staff. It was his rule, Kitchener explained, and he would make no exceptions.

"The new sirdar's great height won for him the admiration of the Arabs of the desert, who are tall as a race. His knowledge of their language was perfect.

"At various intervals in his career in the Orient Kitchener would frequently disguise himself in a flowing burnoose and turban to enter the bazaars and get the news of the movements of the Mahdi's troops. It was on one of these expeditions at a place called Assiut on the Nile that he received news of a fight at the wells of Ambigol, near Wadi Halfa, in which several English officers were killed, before the report had been received by telegraph at the War Office in Cairo. Kitchener always believed that the Arabs had some kind of system of communicating news across the desert akin to wireless telegraphy. . . .

A STERN COMMANDER

"While he was reorganizing the Egyptian force Kitchener decided that he needed a certain type of gun, and he wired the War Office in London to send him the number necessary for the accomplishment of the purposes he had in mind. The War

Office replied by suggesting another kind of gun. Kitchener repeated his original message. The War Office replied that the guns considered best by the War Office were on the way, whereupon Kitchener sent this message to his chiefs in London: 'I can throw stones at the dervishes myself.' He got the kind of guns he wanted, and shortly thereafter the southward march for the reconquest of the Sudan was under way. . . .

"'K' had only one order for the pleasure-loving officers. 'A train leaves for the lines of communication at eleven o'clock and a transport sails for home at four this afternoon. You have your choice,' he said.

"He had a way of hurrying up things that was quite unpleasant for officers accustomed to taking their time. A colonel of engineers told Lord Roberts, when Kitchener was his chief of staff, that it would take three weeks to build a bridge over the Moda River. After he had left the tent 'K' went after him and said, 'Colonel, if that bridge is not finished in seven days, we shall have to send you home.' It was done."

A characteristic tale is told of the days when he was at the head of affairs in India. There is no small touch of humor in the account of his reception to the Ameer of Afghanistan several years ago: "When the durbar was held at Agra in February, 1907, in honor of the Ameer of Afghanistan, the bandmasters were instructed to play the Afghan national anthem on the arrival of the great potentate. No one had ever heard of such a tune, and finally the Commander-in-chief was appealed to for instructions.

"'It does not matter two straws,' 'K' replied, 'what is played, as he does not know a note of music. Play two or three bars of something heavy, pompous, and slow, and let it go at that.'

"The bandmaster finally decided upon a march from one of the older German operas, very little known by the general public. This was played with such success that the newspapers at Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and other cities visited by the Ameer printed a column about the 'weirdly beautiful Oriental strains of the Afghan national anthem,' and it has been used ever since at all royal functions in Kabul."

KITCHENER'S GRIM HUMOR

The Evening Post (New York) tells a sheaf of anecdotes about Earl Kitchener, in illustration of its statement that, though he was born in Ireland, he had about as much sense of humor as a sphinx. It adds:

"But many are the stories told about him in which he usually scored with some remark as grim and as heavy as himself. One of the most recent relates to the captain of a Home-Defence company, who had dug some trenches and drilled his men after the German bombardment of Whitby and Scarborough. Kitchener happened to be in the neighborhood and the captain succeeded in getting him to inspect his 'fortifications' and look over his men. At last, the inspection over, the captain turned to 'K. of K.' and inquired:

"'Should the Germans come, what uniforms should we wear, sir?'

"The War Secretary's eyes snapped. 'The ones you want to be buried in,' he said, as he turned away.

"But it is of Kitchener in South Africa that most of the anecdotes tell.

"When Capt. Fred Jones returned to St. John, New Brunswick, from the Boer War he was asked by his friends if he had seen Lord Kitchener. He replied that he had, but that their chat was somewhat brief.

"'It was like this,' said the captain to an admiring group of friends. 'I had received my marching-orders from home, and did not wish to leave until I had seen the Commander-in-chief of whom I had heard so much. I asked a horse-gunner if he could direct me to "K.'s" tent; and he told me where to go.

"'I followed the instructions and, looking through an opening in the canvas, I saw a tall man, who badly needed a shave, sitting at a small table, smoking a short clay pipe and writing despatches. He wore riding-boots, khaki breeches, and a gray-flannel shirt.

"'I went back to the horse-gunner and accused him of jesting, as I felt sure that the man I had seen could not be Lord Kitchener. He swore that it was, however, and I went back to the tent and walked in. When the tall man looked up from his writ-

ing, I said, "Lord Kitchener, I presume?" He replied, tersely: "Yes. Who are you?" I answered, "I am Capt. Fred. Jones, of the Canadian Militia." He said, "Well, get out of here," and I came away.'

"An officer who had campaigned in Egypt and South Africa with the general was asked one day, 'How does Lord Kitchener spend his time?'

"'He works.'

"'But I mean how does he amuse himself?'

"'By more work.'

"'Has he no recreations?'

"'Yes, two. Still more work and seeing that everybody around him works.' . . .

"On one occasion, a sick man had been sent out on duty by the camp physician, who declared him to be malingering. Kitchener found the man complaining, and called in two other physicians. They reported the soldier suffering from typhoid fever. Kitchener called in the surgeon who had wrongly diagnosed the case.

"'Take this man to the hospital,' he ordered, 'and yourself to England.'"

BUILDING AN ARMY

Lately we have heard much about the psychology of crowds and how an idea becomes spontaneously communicated to each member of it. Something of the kind took place when England was faced with the task of raising an army in a hurry. Who was the best man to undertake the job? There was no doubt in the public mind. The nation wanted Kitchener. His was a magic name to conjure with. Above and beyond his actual services to the country, there was something he stood for in the British mind. "K. of K." was an organizer of Victory. He could be depended upon to see them through. They believed in his star. No man in the Empire could have aroused such a quick response to the call for volunteers. The man who was credited with having scant imagination himself was able to fire the imagination of others. Probably one of the secrets of his power was the fact that he wanted nothing for himself. Promotion, honors, the hero-worship of the crowd, left him indifferent, or, rather, they bored him. To the public mind he remained until the last a force that was elemental, remote, and epic. Some part of his imperturbability may be laid to shyness. He hated scenes, especially when he was called upon to take the center of the stage. He had a horror of forms and ceremonies and was quite without vanity. When called upon to accept the appointment of Secretary of State for War, Kitchener was on his way to Dover to embark for Egypt. He returned at once and took up the last and greatest of his life's tasks. Immediately all the quack nostrums, the get-victory-quick plans of half-baked enthusiasts were swept away before his common-sense recognition that, before the end of the war came, each nation would be tested to the uttermost. He was practically alone in his belief that that end was at least three years away.

On first entering the War Office to take charge as Secretary of War, it is said he asked, "Is there a bed here?" and finding there was not, said, "Well, bring one." And as a matter of fact, for weeks he was too busy to leave the office.

THE GREAT BLUFF

J. Herbert Duckworth, the well-known London journalist, wrote an interesting article published by *The American Magazine* upon how Kitchener deceived the enemy. "How Kitchener's army was secretly increased from 1,000,000 to 4,000,000 men right under the very noses of the ubiquitous German spies is one of the most amazing stories of the war. The feat of clothing, arming, and training this mighty host, and of then smuggling it out of a supposedly submarine-blockaded island to France, has no parallel in history. . . . It completely deceived the German General Staff as to England's military strength, and confounded the Teutonic theorists who had always maintained that it was impossible to make a soldier in less than three years.

"This grim joke on the Kaiser was concocted by Lord Kitchener himself. He commandeered the services of the press to assist him to carry out the great bluff, and there can be no harm now in telling how it was done.

"When the British Secretary of State for War first conceived the idea of putting in the field 4,000,000 men he realized that it would be a grave strategic blunder to allow the enemy to know what was really afoot. Rather, the game should be to call for 1,000,000 men, and then press-agent the world with stories lamenting the fact that, at last, the British Empire was about to crumble up because the men of England had not the pluck to defend it. All the German stories that the modern Englishman had become effete and anemic were, indeed, too true!

"The scheme worked out admirably. Recruiting was phenomenally brisk from the first. Yet the Germans eagerly swallowed the skilfully phrased yarns that were published broadcast, that told how only conscription would save the British from utter disaster. . . .

"The campaign of silence was conducted on strictly scientific lines. The newspaper editors were first warned that any indiscretion would mean a court martial, under the Defence of the Realm Act, on charges of having 'spread reports likely to interfere with the success of his Majesty's forces.'. . .

"One London editor refused to 'stay put.' He published a picture of some soldiers without the permission of the censor. Lord Kitchener sent for the offender.

"'A second indiscretion,' he explained, 'will mean a court martial and jail.'

"'On what charges?' stuttered the astonished editor.

"'Never mind,' answered Lord Kitchener; 'we will clap you into prison first, and find the charges after the war is over.'"

KITCHENER'S COUNSEL TO THE BRITISH SOLDIER

Early in the war Kitchener gave out the following admonition to his army:

"Remember that the honor of the British army depends on your individual conduct.

"It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this trouble.

"The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier.

"Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act.

"Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses.

"In this new experience you may find temptation both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and while treating all women with perfect courtesy you should avoid any intimacy.

"Do your duty bravely.

"Fear God.

"Honor the King.

"KITCHENER,
Field-Marshal."

Apparently Kitchener followed the advice he gave to the British soldier to treat women with perfect courtesy and avoid any intimacy. The erotic side of his nature seems to have been practically negligible either through temperament or choice, and this elimination undoubtedly enabled him to pursue his path of military glory without immediate distractions or future regrets. Harold Begbie tells the story of a "Boer Delilah" who tried to captivate him. Her report after the experiment was as follows. "This is the most dangerous man in Britain. I feel as if I were within the shadow of death when I am near him. He is a man for men to conquer. No woman can reach him to use him. He would read me like an open book in an hour, and I believe he would shoot me as he would shoot a Kaffir if he caught me red-handed. I will try all other men, but not that living death's-head. No wonder he conquered in Egypt. I think he would conquer in Hades."

That Kitchener disliked women Begbie denies. "The idea that Kitchener is a woman-hater is false, and has its origin only in a busy man's natural distaste for chatter and frivolity. It is said that Queen Victoria challenged him on this question, anxious to arrange a match for the triumphant young

general, and that Kitchener replied, 'But I love one woman already, ma'am, and always have loved her.' Here was romance and mystery. The old queen raised her head. 'Who is she?' asked Victoria. 'Your Majesty,' replied Kitchener."

ENEMIES AND CRITICS

That a man of Kitchener's stamp should make enemies was inevitable. He was systematically accused of incompetence and blundering. It was hinted that his victories were the work of those he had relegated to obscurity and his administrative talents due to his ability to pick the brains of his underlings. *The Morning Post* of June 7, 1916, came out with an article in his defence which it is worth while to quote: "In the spring of last year it became known that the British supplies of shells and other munitions of war were entirely inadequate. In the middle of April Lord Kitchener was appointed chairman of the War Office Committee on the Acceleration of Supplies, but before long fierce attacks began to be made upon him, particularly in the newspapers controlled by Lord Northcliffe. These onslaughts were bitterly resented by most men. On May 21st copies of *The Daily Mail* were burned on the London Stock-Exchange, and the members unanimously passed a resolution expressing entire confidence in Lord Kitchener and strong indignation at the venomous attacks made upon him in different parts of the country."

A PORTRAIT

The late G. W. Steevens, the distinguished war correspondent, drew one of the best portraits of Kitchener in the days of 1898. "Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book, but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender, but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility; that also is irrelevant. Steady, passionless eyes, shaded by decisive brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long mustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. . . . His precision is so inhumanly unerring that he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exposition. 'British Empire, Exhibit No. 1, *hors concours*, the Sudan Machine.'"

Before his death Kitchener had grown heavy-shouldered and the expression of his face had considerably softened. His hair had turned gray and he wore spectacles. He never fully recovered from an injury received in India while riding through a tunnel, when his horse shied, breaking his rider's leg.

One of Kitchener's last successes was to meet the House of Commons in order to put an end to certain attacks made upon him and explain his point of view. Not long afterward he set sail for the shore he never reached. Enigmatic to the end, he silently vanished in the mists of the Orkneys. Lord Derby made a speech in the House of Lords on the resolution in reference to his death, in which he said: "Lord Kitchener said good-by to the nation at a moment when he left the whole of the machinery of the great armies that he had created in running order, and when it only required skilled engineers to keep going his work. It was really as if Providence in its wisdom had given him the rest he never would have given to himself. . . . We in these islands from time immemorable have paid a heavy toll to the sea for our insular security, but, speaking as a friend of a friend, I can say that the sea never executed a heavier toll than when Lord Kitchener, coffined in a British man-of-war, passed to the Great Beyond."

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FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT FRENCH

The Man Who Would Be Field-marshal—From Ship to Saddle—In Egypt—The Happy Warrior—Commander-in-chief in France

"IF I don't end my days as a field-marshal it will not be for want of trying, and—well, I'm jolly well going to do it."

Sir John French once pronounced these words in the mess-room of his old regiment, the Nineteenth Hussars, and, unlike the general run of prophecies, this one came true. Like Admiral Beatty in the navy, French was credited with having unusual and never-failing luck in the matter of promotion, and equally as in Beatty's case, this might rather be construed into sheer hard work, ability, and unswerving devotion to his profession.

FROM SAILOR TO SOLDIER

Sir John French was born at Ripple Vale on September 28, 1852. Two years before, Lord Kitchener, with whom he was destined to be so closely associated at different periods of his life, had first seen the light of day at Tralee; and the same year that gave John French to the world witnessed the birth of General Joffre in the Dordogne.

Sir John French never knew his father, Captain John French, R.N., who, having retired from the navy with the rank of post captain, died when Sir John, his only son, was two years old, and left him and five sisters to the care of their mother, a Scottish lady, a former Miss Eccles, from the neighborhood of Glasgow. Thus the boy was a blend of Irish, Scottish, and English stock, and the characteristics of the three races, the finest fighting people in the world, were strongly marked in his personality. From his ancient Irish lineage he derived his quick intelligence, his hot temper, his great intuitive faculty, his high courage, his optimism; from his Scottish mother a dash of the fighting quality of her people and probably his grim tenacity of purpose; while the English environment in which two generations of his family had lived gave him solidity and balance and that sound business sense which always seemed to his intimates to contrast so strongly with his passionate Irish qualities.

It is said that his great amusement as a child was playing with soldiers, though there is nothing premonitory in this fact, as most boys pass through that phase without eventually having the least military inclination or genius. In fact, young French went to Eastman's Naval College at Portsmouth and from there passed the entrance examinations for the navy at the age of thirteen. In the following year he joined the training-ship *Britannia* as a naval cadet. Mr. Cecil Chisholm in his biography says: "But like another field-marshal-to-be, Sir Evelyn Wood, the boy was not apparently enamoured of the sea. As a result he decided to leave that branch of the service. That action is typical of the man. He is ruthless with himself as well as with others. If the navy were not to give scope for his ambition, then he must quit the navy. . . . To enter the sister service he had to stoop to what was dubbed the 'back-door,' in other words, a commission in the militia. . . . But there are several facts to remember. Sir John French's genius developed slowly. One does not figure him as ready, like Kitchener, at twenty-one, with a complete map of his career. . . . In 1874 he was gazetted to the Eighth Hussars, being transferred three weeks later to the Nineteenth. At that time the Nineteenth Hussars was scarcely a crack regiment. It was nicknamed the 'Dumpies' owing to the standard of height being lowered after the Indian Mutiny.

"Despite constant rumors to the contrary, there can be no question that French was a most spirited young officer and a thorough sportsman. He at once earned

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Field-Marshal Viscount French

First Commander-in-chief of the British forces. His name will be a perpetual reminder of the English alliance with the French and of trials borne together. He was in command during the sixteen months in France when the retreat from Mons took place and the battles of the Marne and Ypres were fought.

for himself the sobriquet of 'Captain X Trees,' as a result of his being a 'retired naval man.' To this day, among the very few remaining brother officers of his youth, he is still greeted as 'Trees.' . . . I recollect once traveling by rail with him in our subaltern days, when, after observing the country for some time, he broke out: 'There is where I should put my artillery,' 'There is where I should put my cavalry,' and so on to the journey's end.

"In spite of these evidences of a soldier's eye for country, there is nothing to show that French had developed any abnormal devotion for his work. In 1880 a captaincy and his marriage probably did something to make him take his career more seriously. His wife, Lady French, was a daughter of M. R. W. Selby-Lowndes, of Bletchley, Bucks. They have two sons and a daughter. In 1884 he gained his majority and went to Egypt, where he was attached to the picked force sent across the Bayada Desert to relieve General Gordon. When Sir Redvers Buller had charge of the Desert Column he mentioned French in one of his despatches: 'I wish expressly to remark on the excellent work that has been done by a small detachment of the Nineteenth Hussars, both during our occupation of Abu Klea and during our retirement. It is not too much to say that the force owes much to Major French and his thirteen troopers.' A few days after the publication of this despatch Major French was gazetted lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. In 1889 he succeeded to the command and the rank of full colonel. In the Boer War General French was one of the few men who may be said to have gained, not lost, a reputation in South Africa. Christian DeWet described him as 'the one Boer general in the British army.'"

He was beloved by the men in the ranks. Here is one of the stories they told of him. After an exhausting day in Cape Colony, he reached a deserted farm-house where, he had been informed, a bed had been reserved for him. Two sleepy-eyed troopers were outside. "What's up?" he inquired. "Oh, nothing much," replied one of them, not recognizing the general in the darkness; "only they've been and turned us out of our beds to make room for Mr. Bloomin' French." "Oh, have they?" was the rejoinder. "Well, they had no business to. Go and turn in again. 'Mr. Bloomin' French' doesn't care where he sleeps." And, kicking off his boots and rolling a horse-rug round him, he stretched himself on the ground by the porch, where he remained until the morning. In South Africa he was popularly known as "the shirt-sleeved general."

AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT

The Herald says of Sir John French's despatches: "No one can read his reports to the British War Office without being struck with his weighty lucidity, his calm mastery of the important facts, the total absence of any attempt at 'effect,' and the remarkably suggestive bits of pertinent description.

"Rivers begin to mean something, towns to take on significance, movements to have an easily discernible object, even regiments to assume personality. Everywhere the reader feels that he is getting a grasp of facts, and of all the facts which it is prudent to make public. At every moment he feels that it takes a big man to speak so simply of tremendous things.

"There are few things more difficult than to make military activities clear to even the intelligent layman. That General Grant did this to a remarkable degree, writing of big things with a big simplicity, makes his *Memoirs* invaluable. That Sir John French can do it makes his despatches models of war-reporting."

However, our admiration must be tempered by the disquieting later report that Sir John French was quite innocent of any hand in their composition. *The Evening Post* (New York) has this to say about them:

"When the Duke of Wellington was once told that he would live longer in popular memory for the beautiful style of his despatches than for his victories in battle, he replied: 'Yes, I didn't think Gurwood had it in him.' Now another illusion is shattered in the announcement that the author of Sir John French's remarkable despatches from the seat of war is not Sir John himself, but a Colonel Swinton, probably Colonel Edward D. Swinton. This the War Office itself ad-

mits. Thus does history repeat itself. Lord Roberts's South-African despatches were also not his own, but the work of a gifted subordinate, Lieutenant-Colonel Cowen, of the Royal Horse Artillery, whose merits were not so obvious as to have prevented his remaining for seventeen years in the grade of major before Lord Roberts chose him as an aid. So remarkable and so thrilling was the first despatch from Sir John French, telling of the wonderful English retreat from Mons, that it was freely hailed as an imperishable contribution to the history of war and to literature itself, and it was thought that the British commander had added himself to those other great generals like Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, who have made their marks as writers as well as soldiers. But the honors this time are plainly not Sir John's, but Colonel Swinton's."

HIS LITERARY SIDE

"All his life Sir John French was accustomed to read. In the authors of his choice he was better read than most soldiers and many Englishmen. He loved Dickens and Thackeray. Full of human understanding himself, and blessed with a sound sense of humor, he reveled in the sheer humanity of the creator of Sam Weller, Mark Tapley, Mr. Pecksniff, and Wilkins Micawber. He often quoted Dickens with the happiest effect, even in the most serious dealings with his generals.

"But this reading was his recreation. Side by side with it, it was his custom all through his life to read seriously the classics of his profession. He was never tired of insisting on the necessity for the officer who would advance in his profession of thoroughly mastering military literature. Sir John once expressed himself on this subject with his customary vigor and lucidity.

"'I have never read authors, really,' he said, in reply to a question about his reading, 'as much as the histories of campaigns, such as Ropes's *History of the American Civil War* and the German General Staff's *History of the Franco-Prussian War*. I am a firm believer in the truth of Napoleon's wise counsel: "Read and reread the campaigns of the world's great generals." One must read them all, even to the writings of Julius Cæsar, for, however the history of wars may change, one may be able to draw from each one, when properly digested, the pearl of great price to be stored away in the treasury of the mind.

"'Military works from which I have derived great benefit are those of the German military writers like General Verdy du Vernois and Field-Marshal von der Goltz (*A Nation in Arms*), but also Hamley's *History of Military Operations*, which, although out of date in many respects, I still regard as the best military text-book ever written.

"'I am no believer in what people call omnivorous reading. I pin my faith to what Lord Wolseley was fond of telling me: "A soldier ought to read little and think much." So many soldiers follow the other plan and read much superficially and think not at all. Terrible, these military pedants are! Personally I have always striven to read books that give me new ideas which I can imbibe and test by my own experience of war, assimilating what is worth keeping and discarding the rest.'"

As Sir John French was one of the signatories to a memorandum to General Gough giving guarantees that army officers should not be called upon to fight the Ulster Unionists—which memorandum was repudiated by the Asquith government—he resigned in March, 1914, only to be called five months later to head the British Expeditionary Force that was being sent to France.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

"The commander-in-chief of the British Expeditionary Force came to Sir John French as the fruition of a long life well spent in constantly applying the lessons of incessant study and of active service in different parts of the world to the training of the British army. The South African War had been the turning-point of his career. It was his chance. He availed himself of it brilliantly. But the best, the most lasting, service he had rendered to the army was the silent, efficient spade-work he did at Aldershot, first as commander of the First Army Corps, afterward, from 1901 to 1907, as chief of the Aldershot Command, and subsequently as

inspector-general of the Forces and chief of the Imperial General Staff. Of his work during these years one cannot do better than quote the opinion of a distinguished military critic, penned when Sir John left Aldershot to become inspector-general of the Forces: '. . . In the last five years Sir John French's influence and example have spread from Aldershot to wherever British troops are found. He has regarded Aldershot first and always as a school—an advanced school—of war, and he has looked upon everything done there that was not exactly of the nature of direct preparation for war as time wasted. He has aimed at the creation of a compact fighting unit instead of a collection of more or less minor ones, and those who did not at first see eye to eye with him are now agreed that he has succeeded in realizing that perfection. He recently announced that when he became commander-in-chief at Aldershot he laid down a standard to which he expected the troops to attain before he surrendered them to another. This was that they should be able to meet with success an enemy in numbers half as strong again as themselves. . . .'

"Seven years after these words were written the British army, at Mons and at Ypres, showed under the eye of its professor and leader that it had attained the ideal strained after by Sir John French during those long years of endeavor at Aldershot. Von Kluck's legions, who found the 'contemptible little army' unbreakable in adversity, and the Prussian Guard, which vainly hurled itself against the British line at Ypres, realized to their cost what scientific training had done for this army: 'an army of non-commissioned officers,' as one of the German war correspondents called it."[1]

Sir John held the post of Commander-in-chief for a period of sixteen months, during which the retreat from Mons took place and the battles of the Marne, Ypres, and Neuve Chapelle were fought. When he resigned, Sir Douglas Haig succeeded him in the command and Sir John French was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in the United Kingdom, and for his services he was created a viscount in December, 1915. He became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1918.

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FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

Commander-in-chief of the British Forces—A Cavalry Leader—In the Sudan, South Africa, and Belgium

THE battle of Waterloo, it has been said, was won on the cricket-field of Eton. With equal truth one may say that the men composing those two heroic army corps, the famous first seven divisions that Lord French took to France in 1914, were the product of school athletics, imbued with the indomitable sporting spirit which jeered at terrible odds, grimly enduring physical distress that was almost past bearing.

The First Army Corps, which included much of the cavalry, was commanded by Sir Douglas Haig, who, after the failure at Neuve Chapelle and Loos and the retirement of Lord French, became Commander-in-chief of the British Forces in France and Belgium. What manner of man is he who issued that special order of the day addressed to "All Ranks of the British Army in France and Flanders," on April 13, 1918, when the British army was in retreat in the Armentières area? It is worth quoting in full: "Three weeks ago to-day the enemy began his terrific attacks against us on a fifty-mile front. His objects are to separate us from the French, to take the Channel ports, and

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Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig

Haig commanded the First Army Corps, including much of the cavalry. He is a Scot from Fife, and almost was excluded from the army for being color-blind. At the first battle of Ypres, when even the cooks were pressed into battle, the sight of Haig on horseback was enough to make the line hold. That Great Britain deserves the prime credit for winning the war is a cherished belief of Haig.

to destroy the British army. In spite of throwing already one hundred and six divisions into the battle and enduring the most reckless sacrifices of human life, he has yet made little progress toward his goals. We owe this to the determined fighting and self-sacrifice of our troops. Words fail me to express the admiration I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of the army under the most trying circumstances. Many among us are now tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out longest. The French army is moving rapidly and in great force to our support. There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at the critical moment."

EVERY INCH A SOLDIER

Haig is a Scot from Fife, silent but not "dour," markedly religious, a shy man, endowed with the rare gift of true modesty. It is said that he never reads a novel. Strangely enough, his physical appearance distinctly inclines to the romantic. He might pose as the *preux chevalier* of fair women's dreams. He has a fine figure, tall and well-knit, graceful and muscular; grizzled hair and mustache, a well-formed nose, and a powerful, determined chin; gray-blue eyes, quiet and calm. His complexion is deeply tanned by African and Indian suns. He impresses one as having great reserve power, as being enormously dependable, patient, and persevering. A handsome man and a soldier every inch of him!

And yet it was by the merest chance that he entered the army. The Medical Board declined to pass him, on the ground that he was color-blind. Their decision, however, was overruled by the Duke of Cambridge, then Commander-in-chief. The Duke may have been influenced by the fact that Haig was a younger son in a wealthy and aristocratic British family, or he may have foreseen the time approaching when uniforms would all assume the same dirty vagueness and color-blindness would cease to be a military handicap. Haig went to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he devoted much of his time to following the hounds. In fact, he spent all of his leisure moments in the saddle, evidently agreeing with the amiable Scotch physician who affirmed that "The outside of a horse is the best thing for the inside of a man." He was pre-eminently the future cavalry officer, "The Man on Horseback." It is interesting to note his intense admiration of the Confederate general, J. E. B. Stuart, whom Haig pronounced to be "the supreme cavalry genius of the nineteenth century." While in command at Aldershot, Haig impressed the details of Stuart's career upon his staff.

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR

Sir Douglas spent some time in Germany studying Prussian military methods, and prophesied then that the General Staff in Berlin would pay dearly for its neglect of the cavalry branch of the service. Another prophecy he made twenty years ago was the inevitableness of a conflict with Germany, and this he expressed in a long letter to Sir Evelyn Wood. But his warnings, like those of Lord Roberts, fell on deaf ears.

Haig first came to the front with the expedition into the Sudan under Kitchener, the purpose of which was to put an end to the Mahdi. He was present at the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. Kitchener took a great liking to his staff-officer and they became fast friends, although they differed upon many subjects. "K. of K." believed with Kipling that "a young man married is a young man marred." Haig was not so pessimistic, for he married the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, who had been maid of honor to Queen Alexandra. During the South African war his work with the cavalry brought him under the notice of General French. He led the famous ride to the relief of Kimberley, and went through the trying days at Colesburg. One day, after a brush with the Boers, a quartermaster asked him if he had lost anything. "Yes," answered Haig, solemnly, "my Bible."

Sir John French gives him frequent praise in his despatches from Belgium. In one of them he speaks of "the skilful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night." Again, in writing of the fighting on the Aisne on September 14, 1914, he says: "The action of the First Corps on this day under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig was of so skilful, bold, and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river." After the first battle of Ypres he wrote: "Throughout this trying period Sir Douglas Haig, aided by his divisional commanders and his brigade commanders, held the line with marvelous tenacity and undaunted courage. Words fail me to express the admiration I feel for their conduct, or my sense of the incalculable service they have rendered."

British obstinacy had clung to its faith in shrapnel long after it had become obvious that it was no match for the German high-explosive shell. The odds were terrible at the first battle of Ypres. The thin line of British khaki, and pitifully thin it was, that blocked the passage to the sea wavered, broke, reformed, clung in desperation to the shamble of the trenches. Orderlies, cooks, servants of every description, had been impressed into the battle. Already the Prussian Guard had broken through in one place. Suddenly a figure on horseback appeared, riding down the Menin road. Trim, well groomed, confident, and calm, Sir Douglas Haig, with his escort of Seventeenth Lancers, moved tranquilly along the path of death. The men saw him and cheered. It was an inspiration of victory radiating from their leader at the precise psychological moment. The line held.

At the time when Sir Douglas took over the command from Lord French little was generally known of him except that he could be relied upon to "make good," that he was a man of character and a man of decision, unimaginative, perhaps, but safe. Of all available material the choice might have been worse; it could scarcely have been better, for Sir Douglas Haig amply fulfilled the obligation and the trust confided to him by the British nation. He "made good."

GENERAL ROBERTSON

A Trooper Who Became Chief of Staff—Eleven Years for a Commission

BEFORE the war the British army was an institution ruled by caste where only the so-called well-born or those with powerful influence might aspire to the highest places. If a private displayed unusual qualities the best he could hope for was non-commissioned rank. The rise of Sir William Robertson from a trooper to a rank but one degree less than the highest in the army is unique in British military history. Born in 1859 in Welbourn, Lincolnshire, of a poor family, Robertson enlisted in the Sixteenth Lancers when he was little more than seventeen years of age and became an officer's servant. In those days there were many perquisites and privileges attached to this position which made it sought after by soldiers without ambition. But Robertson had aspirations and soon appreciated that the job of officer's servant led nowhere, so he requested to be returned to the ranks and studied hard, meanwhile, at the regimental school. It was not long before trooper Robertson passed for his second-class certificate, which qualified him for any non-commissioned rank up to that of warrant officer. He was eleven years in the army as private and non-commissioned officer before he won his first commission, and three years passed before he became a full-fledged lieutenant. This was in 1888.

There were many officers in this caste-bound service who owed their position to influence and family connections and were

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General Sir William R. Robertson

As a young soldier attached to an officer, he requested reduction to the ranks, so that he might rise to the top. "It is largely owing to his exertions that the hardships and sufferings of the troops—inseparable from such operations—were not much greater," wrote Sir John French of Robertson, who went to France as quartermaster-general and became chief of the General Staff in 1915.

disposed to look down on the young officer who had come up from the bottom. But Robertson went his way ignoring the hostility he encountered, and never sacrificed self-respect in attempts to curry favor with those in higher places. The experience hardened him, but did not warp his naturally sweet disposition. The veiled antagonism he encountered at times only served to stimulate his ambition. He studied incessantly and constantly added to the stock of his military knowledge. In turn he became signaling instructor and musketry master of his regiment, and was the best man in his troop with sword and lance. He soon became a crack shot. During the early years of his military career physical training in the British army was ridiculously inadequate as judged from the modern point of view. The men practised acrobatic movements that could have had little value in time of battle. Robertson devised a series of exercises for enlisted men which put them to the actual tasks for which their muscles were being strengthened. Success attended his efforts, and from that time there were fewer "break-downs" on the march and during military maneuvers. It was about this time that he uttered his famous saying, "It is better to have a little intelligence that you know how to use than to have a great head that you don't know what to do with."

Possessed of an iron constitution, a strong will, and "no nerves to speak of," determined to become a specialist in all the arts of war, barriers of caste and influence crumbled before him as he pushed forward.

PERILS AND HONORS IN INDIA

In 1891 he was serving on the northwest frontier of India, where he distinguished himself as transportation officer in connection with the Miranzai and Black Mountain expeditions. Until 1896 he was staff-officer and captain in the Intelligence Department in Simla, and during his service here he found time to learn half a dozen dialects. On the occasion of the serious outbreak at Chitral young Robertson had an opportunity to show his mettle. He was the intelligence officer to the force hurriedly despatched for the relief of the besieged British garrison in the dangerous mountain country on the borders of Kafiristan. In the discharge of his duties he was in constant peril, and only his knowledge of native character enabled him to outwit the enemy. From one encounter he narrowly escaped with his life. One evening, betrayed by his guide, he found himself surrounded by hostile natives. The guide turned suddenly and fired two shots at the British officer and then attacked him with a sword. Robertson, badly wounded, fought off his assailant and managed to make his escape in the dark. When the campaign was concluded, having been honorably mentioned in the despatches, he was awarded the D. S. C.

During the early part of the South African War, still in the Intelligence Department, he was present at Paardeburg, and took part in operations in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Honored in the despatches, he was promoted to the rank of brevet-lieutenant-colonel, after having been a major for only six months.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robertson between 1901 and 1907 was again at the old War Offices in London as Assistant Director of Military Operations. Gazetted brigadier-general in 1907, he was promoted to the rank of major-general three years later, and in 1913 became Director of Military Training at the War Office.

Sir William Robertson went to France in August, 1914, with the British Expeditionary Force as quartermaster-general. In Sir John French's famous despatch which dealt with the terrible retreat from Mons, he concluded his tribute to Robertson's extraordinary labors and efficiency by stating, "It is largely owing to his exertions that the hardships and sufferings of the troops—inseparable from such operations—were not much greater."

On January 25, 1915, Sir William Robertson was appointed chief of the General Staff of the Expeditionary Force. The importance of the part he played during the remainder of the war is little known, for he shunned advertising, but at the War Office his merits were appreciated and there he served until retired as chief of the General Staff in 1918.

SMUTS, BOER IMPERIALIST

From Cattle-kraal to Cambridge—The Afrikander—Iron Fist in Velvet Glove—The League of Nations

Wherefore, being bought by blood,
And by blood restorèd
To the arms that nearly lost,
She, because of all she cost,
Stands, a very woman, most
Perfect and adorèd!

On your feet and let them know
That is why we love her!
For she is South Africa,
She is Our South Africa,
Is Our Own South Africa,
Africa all over!

IN this fertile foreign country, on a farm in Cape Colony, Jan Christiaan Smuts was born in the spring of 1870. He came of solid Dutch stock, a Boer of the Boers, and on the grain-farm of Klipfontein he tended the geese, the pigs, the goats, the sheep; and finally became an embryo cattle-farmer, in charge of his father's cows and oxen. He was not fated to cling to the land, however. At the South African College at Stellanbosch he proved his serious interest in books, and won a scholarship that carried him across the seas to complete his studies at Cambridge. Here he won a number of prizes for his brilliant work during the three years he spent in England. But his homeland was South Africa, and it was at Cape Town that he began practising the law.

His friend and biographer, N. Levi, gives a clear picture of the solemn young man of those early days: "Imagine a pale-faced, tremendously serious-looking young man, who appeared much taller than he really was, owing to his thinness; given to holding converse with the pavement, always in thought, and seemingly taking no notice of what went on around him; with high cheek-bones and the hungry look that betokens the man whose mind is grappling with many problems, prominent among which, no doubt, was the question why his energy could not find adequate outlet. He did not plead in any of the several *causes célèbres* that ornamented—or otherwise—the records of the Transvaal courts in those days. His sterling capacity, however, soon gained him a reputation among lawyers, while his fame penetrated even into the world of politics."

How deeply that fame penetrated may be judged from the fact that so careful a man as President Kruger appointed young Smuts State Attorney of the South African Republic when he was only twenty-eight years old.

THE BOER WAR

Advocate Smuts was known widely as a keen lawyer and a profound student. In 1897 he had married Sibylla Margarethe Krige, the daughter of old, distinguished Dutch settlers, and herself a woman of no mean mental gifts. But if he loved his home, his horse, and his books, these affections did not interfere with a deep-rooted and fierce patriotism. In 1899 the trouble between England and the Transvaal came to a head. A writer in *The Nineteenth Century* for 1915 thus refers to that stirring period: "Smuts the lawyer quickly became Smuts the soldier. As State Attorney, the highest law officer of the Republic, he quite honorably could have enjoyed complete immunity from war service. He was the legal adviser of the government, and had plenty to do without going to the front. But Smuts the lawyer was also Smuts the stripling, young, vigorous, active, burning with zeal, and, above all, an Afrikander of the Afrikanders. Nothing would deter him. Within a fortnight of the declaration of war, one of the trains that conveyed from Pretoria the Long Toms [Creusot guns] which were to become celebrated outside Ladysmith, conveyed also State-Attorney Smuts, soon to undergo his baptism of fire. . . . Smuts . . . soon became a *com-*

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General Jan Christiaan Smuts

The Boer who was educated in England was a general in the Boer War against the English, then made the Boers brothers-in-arms with the English, and finally stepped into the supreme councils of the English and set forth the English-Smuts plan of a League of Nations.

mando leader of note. During the last year of the war he attained the rank of general. His lightning raids into the Cape Colony, and the dexterity and resources with which he handled his columns, often in circumstances of extreme stress and sometimes of privation, won for him the respect of his enemies and the confidence of his countrymen. This confidence was manifest at Vereeniging, where his prudent reasoning was acknowledged as an important factor in the framing of the covenant to which he and the other Boer leaders subsequently put their hands."

The Boers had lost. But it was characteristic of their leader that he should proceed to exercise all his energy to bring about a healthy reconciliation. In a speech made a few years later he expressed his feeling, simply and effectively enough, asking his audience to let "the union of Boer and Briton resemble that of England and Scotland—not that of England and Ireland. Let us co-operate in order to attain our old object—a United South Africa."

In the Transvaal Ministry of 1907, of which General Botha, Smuts's lifelong friend, was Premier, the Afrikander was Colonial Secretary. In 1908 he again went to England, this time not to study so much as to act, in connection with the South African Union, which became a fact the next autumn. In the first Union Parliament General Botha was Premier, and General Smuts Minister of the Interior. Two years later he became Minister of Finance and Defence.

THE MAN OF DEEDS

Subsequent events proved Smuts to be the soldier, the man of few words and swift action, more clearly than his previous career had done. He made some of his bitterest enemies by the stand which he took at the time of the miners' strike in 1913, when he called out the Defence Force against the striking miners and the Imperial troops fired on the crowd. He took full responsibility for the order, "Do not hesitate to shoot." His confirmation of the death sentence upon the Dutch rebel Fourie two years later was another fateful gesture.

There is a story of a meeting in the hot sun of Christiana, at which General Smuts was being heckled by a rural Afrikander, which throws a strong light on the general's short work with objectors:

"The Minister says we should not wash diamondiferous gravel, but rather till the soil. Does he know what is required in addition to land and water?"

"Seed," said Smuts.

"And when we have the seed?"

"A plow," retorted the general.

"And when the plow has been obtained?"

"A harrow."

"Aye, aye, but does not General Smuts know what is wanted over and above all these things?" (The man meant that the government should provide oxen to help in cultivating the land.)

The general's answer was brief and firm: "*Sweat!*"

THE GENERAL AT HOME

Yet this iron man is the proud father of six delightful children, the owner of a splendid farm, and a still richer library, where philosophy jostles economics and poetry leans against military tactics. So gentle a friend as the master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, said of Smuts, when he visited England during the war: "There was not a trace of care or weariness about him, though his days must of late have been full of serious consultations, social engagements, public speeches, hard official work. He did not look quite like an Englishman, but still less did he resemble my idea of a Boer. . . . I should have imagined that he might be a Scandinavian by race, while his wholly unembarrassed air, his responsive courtesy, the entire absence of any trace of self-consciousness under many curious and enthusiastic glances, would have made me think he was a prince of royal blood, traveling more for recreation than on business. . . ."

THE EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

The Great War brought the general not so much into prominence—he had long been a great figure in South Africa—but into

relation with the world. In 1914 he said that he could conceive of nothing more humiliating for the Dutch than "a policy of lip loyalty in fair weather, and a policy of neutrality and pro-German sentiment in days of storm and stress." In March, 1916, he succeeded General Smith-Dorrien in command of the East African Expedition. Within a year he had driven the German forces from British territory, reduced their numbers by two-thirds, and confined them in the southern and southwestern part of the former German colony. He himself speaks of this "side-show of the war" as "a striking instance of a tropical campaign in which within the space of ten months a vast territory was occupied in the face of a resolute and powerful enemy backed up by natural obstacles and climatic difficulties of the most formidable character."

SMUTS'S PLAN FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

It was in peace rather than war, however, that General Smuts most distinguished himself. His plan for the League of Nations is of world significance. In his foreword he said: " . . . I hope this brief account of the League will assist the public to realize how great an advance is possible to-day as a direct result of the immeasurable sacrifices of this war.

"If that advance is not made, this war will, from the most essential point of view, have been fought in vain. And greater calamities will follow." Strong words these. But stronger the arguments which the mind of the lawyer, backed by the strategy of the soldier and the vision of the statesman, put forward. His plan is notable for the careful detail with which he worked out a stupendous scheme for world peace; because in a great measure it became the skeleton on which the League Covenant was ultimately built; and because the fighting Boer based it upon "the lesser league already existing in the British Empire." Some of his chief contributions are "the principle of nationality involving the ideas of political freedom and equality; the principle of autonomy . . . ; the principle of political decentralization, which will prevent the powerful nationality from swallowing the weak autonomy . . . ; and finally an institution like the League of Nations," his sole compromise being the famous idea of the "mandatories." Beyond his elaborate schemes for representation in, and administration of, the League, he advocated "the abolition of conscription and of conscript armies; the limitation of armaments; and the nationalization of munitions production." He concludes: "A steadying, controlling, regulating influence will be required to give stability to progress, and to remove that wasteful friction which has dissipated so much social force in the past, and in this war more than ever before. These great functions could only be adequately fulfilled by the League of Nations. . . . It may well be destined to mark a new era in the government of man, and become the embodiment and living expression of the moral and spiritual unity of the human race." So spoke General "Jannie" Smuts, even as Kipling spoke when peace was signed between Boer and Briton in 1902:

Here, in a large and a sunlit land,
Where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbor's hand,
And together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach
And the black waste of it all,
Giving and taking counsel each
Over the cattle-kraal.

Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,
Our love shall redeem unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again
The waters of ancient strife.
From the far and fiercely guarded streams
And the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams
And the young corn our hate.

A CARTOONIST OF THE WAR

Among its interpreters, the war has had its writers, its poets, its painters, and its cartoonists. The work of Louis Ræmakers, the Dutch artist, is known throughout Europe as well as in the United States. With a firm, fierce, unrelenting hand he has depicted the tragedy of war. Ræmakers's cartoons, produced almost daily, would now fill a hall.

BOTHA, BOER AND BRITON

Youthful Bravery—General of the Boers—Worker for Peace and Union

ON September 27, 1862, in a farm-house in South Africa, was born a man who was destined to become one of the heroes of his country, a romantic and fascinating figure, first a fighter with the Boers against England, then a fighter with England and the Boers against Germany—Louis Botha.

"Mark my words," his father more than once said to his mother, "that son of ours is going to make a name for himself."[1]

A story is told of his youth—an encounter with a ruffian robber band from Zululand, who found him alone in camp and charged upon him. He had only one cartridge left, but, mounting the seat of his wagon, he laid his rifle conspicuously beside him. Then calmly he struck a match and lighted his pipe. His enemies stopped at a dead halt and, in a circle, stared at him. Unmoved, he stared back. Then the leader stepped forward and asked for food. Botha struck a bargain with him for one sheep and the marauders departed.

It was in a Boer expedition against the Zulus in 1884 that Botha had his first real fighting, and after the Boers had won complete control of Zululand it was in the formation of the "New Republic" to govern these newly conquered lands that Botha had his first experience in public duties and statesmanship. His political career started auspiciously, but it was soon clouded by the clash between the new Boer state and the British government. Botha worked for peace.

"If there is to be a war, I shall be the first to go," he said, "but we still hope to avoid war."[2]

And when, on October 9, 1899, the President of the New Republic sent his war ultimatum to the British, Botha voted against it, for peace.

In the Boer War he was the hero of many fights. At Colenso, at Spion Kop, he triumphed over his English enemies; and when the tide turned, and he was forced to give up Johannesburg and Pretoria, for two years he kept up a losing fight. His policy was to exhaust his enemy by pursuit, without giving him an opportunity for real battle. Traveling by night, scouting through the woods, wandering over the veldt, hiding away for days in the hills, where he passed the time playing whist, thus Botha lived for two years.

"He could always find a way round. . . . I don't know how he did it," said one of his soldiers. "Perhaps he did not know himself. His judgment was perfect."[1]

But he was not merely a leader of a rebel band. He was in touch with his scattered forces; he kept the government going, and when he surrendered on May 31, 1902, he was still a general of an army and of a government.

For surrender he had to. In the peace proposals the Boers tried pathetically to keep their independence, but England would hear of nothing short of annexation.

"Let us fight on to the bitter end," came the answering cry.

"Fight to the bitter end," repeated General De la Rey, one of Botha's comrades in arms. "But has the bitter end not come?"

Just as Botha had fought for his people in war, now he fought for peace, the only thing that could save the Boers. His wisdom conquered the opposition, and at Pretoria he signed the treaty of Veeriniging.

"WE ARE GOOD FRIENDS NOW"

Thus said Lord Kitchener after the signing and held out his hand to Botha. From that day Botha was a friend of England, working for the good of South Africa.

During the hard days that followed the surrender he urged loyalty to the new government; and he spent his time in the work of salvage. He it was who journeyed to

[1] *General Botha, the Career and the Man.* By Harold Spender.
[2] *Ibid.*

[1] *Ibid.*

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General Louis Botha

The Boer arch-rebel, leader of the Boers in their fight for independence against Great Britain; and then British patriot, the preacher of friendship, and the pivot of the whole South African campaign in the Great War.

London to plead the cause of the impoverished and suffering Boers, who interpreted his people to the British, and who helped his homeless soldiers to find shelter and work. It was partly through his efforts that Boer and Briton banded together in South Africa to demand what was promised in the treaty,"complete responsible self-government." In public life again, as Premier of the Transvaal, he worked untiringly for the elimination of discord. In 1908 the four colonies of South Africa united, and Botha, once a general in rebellion, was called upon by England to be Premier of South Africa. Until his death he kept on his way, high-principled and keen-eyed, tactful and smiling, "a smoother—one who throws oil on the troubled waters."[1]

He was a hero in South Africa; in 1911, when he visited England he was fêted everywhere—but it remained for 1914 to proclaim him a hero of the whole British Empire.

"The Empire is at war, consequently South Africa is at war with the common enemy," was his message at the opening of the war.[2]

It was not long before he was called on to do his part. First, with energy, he put down a rebellion in which some of his old Boer comrades were leaders—and it was characteristic of him that when it was over he urged the people of South Africa to forgive and forget—and then he undertook that extraordinary campaign in Southwest Africa which ended in the expulsion of the Germans.

THE WAR IN SOUTHWEST AFRICA

In this campaign he and his sturdy soldiers fought not only the Germans, but nature as well—miles of desert, burning sands, scorching heat, lack of water, and that terrible fatigue which follows upon all of these.

"When General Botha treks he treks at express speed," one of his so diers has said.[3]

For three months he led his men across the desert. "Mines, thirst, and sand"[4]—these were Botha's enemies. At last he captured Windhuk, the capital; and later, in a clever encircling movement, where again a section of his army "trekked at express speed" and accomplished another remarkable feat of marching, he caught the German army in a trap and forced it to surrender.

This victory increased Botha's popularity. His men adored him. Besides being an able general and strategist and a fierce fighter, he had a pleasant, cheery personality. He was very human. He did not hold himself aloof from his soldiers, but was always with them, of them, with a few words here and a smile there—that kindly, fascinating smile which has become famous.

The story is told of how he stopped to speak to some tired men who were making a bomb-proof shelter for ammunition: "Well, men, is the little bird-cage nearly finished?" And when they answered yes, "That's right," he said, "Keep on. You are doing good work."[1]

"The air of the veldt clings to him," so one of his soldiers described him. "His manner is slow and his ways are the ways of one who has spent much of his life far from the social whirl, doing the work of a man in silent places. His hair and beard are close cropped, his eyes are blue, clear, and candid, with something of the far-off look common in the inhabitant of a land of big spaces."[2]

Botha in turn appreciated the spirit of the soldiers who had endured the hardships of the Namib Desert. When he was lauded for his campaign in German Southwest Africa he replied that the praise was due not to him, but to his officers. "Words fail me to express my admiration and gratitude for the ability, loyalty, and willingness of the officers and men who served under me. . . . Their work will be the admiration of future generations, and they deserve the gratitude of the Empire."

In August, 1919, he died suddenly in the land that he had loved and served so well. Although his work before and during the war had been invaluable, greater work remained. His death was a sad loss to the British Empire, for he had been counted upon to act as a reconciling element in the Union of South Africa.

[1] *General Botha, the Career and the Man.* By Harold Spender.
[2] *A Great Soldier of the Empire.* By Keith Morris.
[3] *With General Botha in the Field.* By Moore Ritchie.
[4] *A Great Soldier of the Empire.* By Keith Morris.

[1] *A Great Soldier of the Empire.* By Keith Morris.
[2] *Ibid.*

THREE MODERN CRUSADERS

Townshend, Maude, Allenby—Fighting in the Garden of Eden—"The Man of Mesopotamia"—The Deliverer of Jerusalem

IT was an experienced general of the British army, a veteran of the Sudan Expedition, of South Africa, and of India, General Sir Charles Vere Ferres Townshend, who was destined to be present both at the disastrous beginning of the campaign in Mesopotamia and at the glorious end. He it was who with a force of fifteen thousand first fought his way up the Tigris through the "Cradle of the World," driving the Turk before him beyond Kut-el-Amara. His experience in Egypt and South Africa warned him that an army travels on its stomach and that he had better play a safe game, but he was ordered still farther forward by the General Staff and by the popular cry, "On to Bagdad!" When the goal was in sight and victory was almost his, he was suddenly faced by reinforcements, and with his small force he was pushed back upon Kut. There, surrounded and besieged, he held out gallantly for one hundred and forty-three days, living on meager supplies and beating off the attacks of the Turks. Up the river another British force was fighting its way to his rescue. Their aeroplanes dropped messages upon the city. More than once relief was in sight, just around the corner, and Townshend's hopes ran high, only to be battered down. Mud and water and numbers were on the side of the Turks.

"A precious Garden of Eden," said the "Tommy"—nothing but mud or sand. If he wasn't on a desert, he was up to his waist in a swamp.

So the rescue party was halted and Kut fell. With it were captured General Townshend and what was left of the first Mesopotamian army. When he was departing as a prisoner of war his men gave him a parting cheer as a sign of loyalty.

It was this same Townshend who two years later, after the defeat of the Turkish army, brought the white flag of surrender to the conqueror of the Turks, General Allenby.

TURNING DEFEAT INTO VICTORY

"Every inch a general! nothing gets by him!" [1] Thus the "Tommies" characterized General Sir Frederick Stanley Maude, who succeeded General Townshend in command of the Mesopotamian campaign.

And they were right. This time no mismanagement, no misunderstanding of the situation were to interfere with success. This time there was to be a large enough force to hold the Turks, and ample provision for water, food, ammunition, and care of the sick and wounded. The soldiers at Basra were busy building roads, railroads, and warehouses and were moving up supplies.

"The smallest part of a general's work is done at the time of battle," was General Maude's opinion. "That victory belongs to the men who go over the top. The test of the commander comes in laying the foundation of the campaign, in the planning for success and the providing against failure. . . . Only what an army can grapple with steel rails is safely theirs." [2]

Who was this Maude, this Man of Mesopotamia?

He came of a military family, and had entered the army in 1881, when he was just twenty years of age. Like Townshend, he had been in the Sudan Expedition and had fought in South Africa, in the advance on Kimberley, and in the Transvaal campaigns. And he had once belonged to the well-known Coldstream Guards, which won such fame during the World War.

"He was a very impressive figure of a man. He was six feet three inches tall, and any one would have known he was a soldier, whether he was in uniform or not. His innate kindliness expressed itself in a gleam of humor that was hardly ever absent from his eyes, and he was rather fascinating when

[1] *Fighters for Peace.* By Mary R. Parkman. [2] *Ibid.*

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General Sir Frederick Stanley Maude, K.C.B.

His successive captures of Kut and Bagdad have made his name a household word. "Better work than that has not been done by any belligerent in the whole course of the present war," said Hilaire Belloc, the military critic. Maude was over fifty, and six feet three inches tall.

he talked, because of a slow drawl in his speech and a vein of quick fun that was peculiarly his own." [1]

"The 'Tommies' adored him. They just worshiped him . . . and I dare say a legend is growing up around his name, exactly as one did around Kitchener's. When General Maude passes by, every 'Tommy' stands so stiff and salutes so earnestly that he quivers all over. They do it, I suppose, because they feel deeply about it, and that is the only way they can show him how they feel. He is a very silent man, with a wonderful face, clean cut and very strong.

"One day in Bagdad he came into the Y. M. C. A. to see what we were doing. I happened to be there alone, and he asked me to take him around. He wanted to see everything, the servants' quarters, the kitchens, the ice-cream freezers, the entertainment facilities—everything. He went over them all himself. He didn't say much except to ask questions. And he didn't offer any compliments. That is his way. If a thing is all right, well and good. You have done your duty. That is enough. But if it is not done right, he tells you so, and he tells it in a way you won't forget."

A hard worker was this Maude. "He worked literally all the time he was awake," says Eleanor Egan; getting up at five o'clock, with two hours of work before breakfast, and arriving at his headquarters at eight o'clock. To him time was the all-important element in war; to waste a moment was a grave offense. Thus he always traveled back and forth from the battle-lines by aeroplane.

ENGLAND'S NEW KITCHENER

That was what he was called. The name arose from the fact that his Bagdad campaign resembled Kitchener's Nile campaign. Maude was faced by the problem of advancing into a desert country along a river which must furnish his line of communication; he had to create transport, hospitals, housing, sanitation, and water-supply for his troops; he was obliged to rely for munitions and supplies upon bases far overseas; he had to contend with an alien climate, in which white troops could work only during the cool months of the year.

Maude's solution of his problems is history: how he gathered together from the Thames, the Ganges, and the Nile, river-boats for transportation; how he bombarded the Turkish strongholds; how he engineered the crossing of the Tigris at Kut under the machine-gun fire of the enemy; and how with his aeroplanes in the sky, his gunboats on the river, and his advancing "Tommies" he routed the Turks and captured Bagdad, the city of Nebuchadnezzar, the califs, and the *Arabian Nights*.

He did not rest upon his laurels. He pursued the enemy and made victory sure and complete, for the Turk is an obstinate fighter.

"If there's fighting to be done, give me Johnny Turk!" said "Tommy" in token of his admiration for his enemy. "He will stick it to the finish!" [1]

On November 18, 1917, General Maude suddenly died. His illness was generally attributed to cholera, but a whisper ran through the lines and still persists that he was treacherously poisoned. Thus, on the day of victory, he left his army.

"Tell them," he said simply, "that I can't come to the office to-day. They must just carry on!" [2]

PALESTINE, THE BATTLE-GROUND OF NATIONS

How many times have hostile forces surrounded the walls of Jerusalem; how many times has Palestine echoed to the tramp of the invader! Nebuchadnezzar, Ptolemy, Alexander the Great, Richard the Lion-hearted, Napoleon—all longed to conquer this little spot of earth hardly bigger than our state of Massachusetts. The Crusaders came hundreds of miles across the sea to capture the Holy City. Jew, Greek, Roman, Arab, Turk, each has called Jerusalem his own. And for two thousand years in this city, the home of one religion, the birthplace of another, and sacred to a third, religious liberty was unknown. It remained for that modern Crusader, General Sir Edmund H. H. Allenby to make the dream of the Crusaders come true.

[1] *The War in the Cradle of the World.* By Eleanor Egan.

[1] *Fighters for Peace.* By Mary R. Parkman. [2] *Ibid.*

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General Allenby

"There will come a prophet from the west who shall drive the Turk from Jerusalem," says the old Arab prophecy, whose seemingly impossible condition that the Nile must first flow into Palestine was fulfilled by the pipe-lines constructed by the British to bring the Nile's waters to the Holy Land. Allenby drove the Turk from Jerusalem, and thus realized the old dream of the Crusaders.

"When the River Nile flows into Palestine there will come a prophet from the west who shall drive the Turk from Jerusalem." Thus runs an old Arab prophecy.

"When the River Nile flows into Palestine," said the Arab, shaking his head. "That means never. The Turk will always be in Palestine."

But he was wrong. That prophecy has come true. Just as the British engineers laid a railway from Cairo to Jerusalem to carry supplies for the army, so they put down pipes to carry with them through the desert lands of Palestine the precious waters of the Nile.

And the prophet from the west, who was he?

"He who shall save Jerusalem and exalt her among the nations will enter the city on foot, and his name shall be God, the Prophet," ran another prophecy.

And any Arab can tell you that Allah is Lord and Nebi Prophet—Allah-Nebi—Allenby, the man from the west, the conqueror of the Turks, who on December 11, 1917, four hundred years after the Turks had captured the city, entered Jerusalem on foot.

Allenby's campaign in Palestine and his defeat of the Turks was one of the most interesting of the war. He was an experienced general. Born in 1861 and educated at Haileybury College, he entered the army at an early age as a dragoon officer, and saw active service when he was twenty-three years old. He fought in Zululand in 1888 and in the South African War. In 1914 he distinguished himself in the retreat of the British before the battle of the Marne, when the Germans were pouring into France. With his cavalry he harried the invaders and checked their progress. In June, 1917, he was transferred to the East; and in the fall, having made all preparations for roads, ammunition, supplies, and water, having gathered his tanks, his camel-trains, his artillery, his motor-lorries, his aeroplanes, he began the victorious campaign which ended in the surrender of Turkey.

The Turks faced him in a strong intrenched line; but the British drove them out. Gaza fell; Jaffa fell; and Allenby advanced through Judea upon Jerusalem. Here the German commander, General von Falkenhayn, marched down to rally his allies, but he quickly marched back again. Though the Turks defended Jerusalem vigorously, it fell on December 10th; but in its capture the British had used their cavalry and their bayonets; its buildings and its walls were untouched by shell-fire. It was through the help of the tribe of Arabs called the Hedjaz that Allenby was able, after the fall of Jerusalem, to drive a gap in the enemy's lines and, with his cavalry sweeping through, to encircle the whole Turkish army and thus eliminate Turkey from the war.

ALLAH-NEBI, SAVIOR OF JERUSALEM

A beautiful picture of General Allenby is given by Doctor Finley when he went to visit the Commander-in-chief at headquarters in Palestine, in an old farm-house near the Crusaders' Tower at Ramleh, and they sat together one whole evening over the Bible, reading of the lands the British had traversed and trying to identify the animals and the birds, "the pelican and the porcupine."

"When I first saw General Allenby I did not think of this man of the powerful shoulders, of high forehead, of the kindliest of eyes, of blunt, staccato speech, and of most genial manner, as a soldier. I was in the presence of a great human being." [1]

The entry into Jerusalem was picturesque. Through the Jaffa Gate, into the Holy City, that object of pilgrimages, that prize of kings and dream of the Crusaders, he came, on foot, and with him came the commanders of the French and Italian detachments, and the military attachés of America, Italy, and France. Very simple was the ceremony. At the gate he was greeted by guards from the nations that had taken part in the campaign, France, Italy, England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Australia, and New Zealand.

They proceeded to the Tower of David and there, on the steps, Allenby's proclamation was read in seven languages, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, English, French, Russian, and Italian:

[1] "General Allenby." By John H. Finley, in *Scribner's Magazine*, February, 1919.

"Lest any of you be alarmed by reason of your experience at the hands of the enemy who has retired, I hereby inform you that it is my desire that every person should pursue his lawful business without fear of interruption. Furthermore, since your city is regarded with affection by the adherents of three of the great religions of mankind, and its soil had been consecrated by the prayers and pilgrimages of devout people of these religions for many centuries, therefore I make it known to you that every sacred building, monument, holy spot, shrine, traditional site, endowment, pious bequest, or customary place of prayer of whatsoever form of the three religions will be maintained according to the existing customs and beliefs of those to whose faith they are sacred."

"We are in the hands of a just man," said an Arab. "Allah be praised!"[1]

[1] *Fighters for Peace.* By Mary R. Parkman.

PERSHING, C.-IN-C.

From Frontier Town to West Point—Indian-fighter—"Tacs" at West Point—The Philippine Head-hunters—Commander-in-chief in France

"THE theory that General Pershing's ancestors were natives of our old Alsace is not calculated to offend French sentimentalism," says M. Hervier, in his sketch of the general in *La Nouvelle Revue*. On the other hand, the man who went to the front to paint a portrait of Pershing, Joseph Cummings Chase, delights the American heart by declaring: "Some one has said that General Pershing looks like a Roman. Certain of our generals look like Englishmen—General Harts, for example; others look like Frenchmen; one or two of them even resemble Germans. But I cannot apply the word Englishman, Frenchman, German, or even Roman to General Pershing. His face and figure suggest only one nationality; he is simply, distinctively United States. In whatever part of the world you might find him, and in whatever garb, and in whatever company, you would say at once: 'That man is an American!' There is nothing about his personality that suggests the foreigner; he is redolent of the American soil. . . . He was seated at his desk; his electric light was burning brightly a few inches from his face, and just a little daylight was coming in from the windows behind. . . . As the general listened, or talked, his eyes were raised to the staff-officer standing opposite; his eyebrows also, which, by the way, are very pale, were raised; and the strong light from the desk-lamp accentuated the deep, vertical cuts in the general's cheeks. The nose is slightly aquiline and rather distinguished; the eyes are a light gray-blue with a little suggestion of brown—eyes which sometimes are called hazel. His brow is particularly full and round, with furrows that are well defined, and his ears are a bit pointed and differ a trifle in their angle from the head. . . . The cheek-bones are not prominent, the jaw is particularly strong, and the lips are sharply chiseled and rather thin. The general's neck is solid, and, particularly in the profile, is very wide and his head is set on his shoulders with a very unusual appearance of power. Indeed, I have never seen an arrangement of head, neck, and shoulders which has suggested greater strength and force. The general's uniforms always fit smoothly; he seldom wears many decorations, although he has enough entirely to cover his chest. Most people do not realize how tall General Pershing is; he is so well built that he appears to advantage when grouped with the generals of the Allied armies."

"JOHNNY" AS A FARMER

His history is characteristically American—the story of the son of a railroad section boss in the neighborhood of a frontier boom

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General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Force

He is simply, distinctively of the United States. The son of a railroad section boss, he rose to be leader of the American forces in the most terrible of all wars. His story is characteristically American.

town, who rose to the position of Commander-in-chief of the American forces in the most terrible of all wars. It is the story of determination and grit, of thrilling adventures with the Apaches and the Sioux, of persistence that has become a byword, of exciting struggles and persevering labor.

His father was a section boss on the Hannibal & St. Joseph, living in a shanty between the two settlements of Laclede and Bottsville (now Meadville) when his first son was born on September 13, 1860. The year after the Civil War the elder Pershing became sutler to the Eighteenth Missouri Volunteer Infantry, then quartered in Laclede, and about 1864 he was earning his living as a general storekeeper. These were prosperous years for the Pershings, but they did not last long. "Johnny's" father was caught in the tide of land speculation, and in the panic of '73 his little fortune was all but wiped out. He saved the equities in his home and two farms.

John was now thirteen years old, and helping his father to manage these farms. His biographer, George MacAdam, who has been writing Pershing's life for *The World's Work*, says: "It is a testimonial to the father that he didn't take his son out of school, and it is a testimonial to the son that he was a hard worker in the fields after school-hours and during the long days of vacation." Later on John helped eke out the family earnings by teaching the school for negro children at Laclede, and in 1879 he was riding nine miles to Prairie Mound to teach in the one-room school there. Three years later he was in Kirkville where he was teaching in the Normal School. It was then that he picked up a newspaper carrying the announcement that a competitive examination was to be held at Trenton for the appointment to the United States Military Academy, at the disposal of Congressman Burroughs. For weeks he studied nightly, his sister coaching him. When the examination marks were added up Pershing was just one mark ahead of the next man. He got the appointment. But it was necessary to pass further examinations held under the direction of the Military Academy authorities at West Point. Young Pershing's parents were ambitious for their son and proud of his record. His father sent him, accordingly, to the Braden School near West Point to prepare for these grilling "exams."

Having passed them, he made a record that any West-Pointer might envy. Mr. MacAdam says: "Judged by the army officers at the Academy—that inexorable disciplinarian, Gen. Wesley Merritt, was superintendent at the time—Pershing was given the highest rank in the Cadet Battalion that it was possible for him to have in each of the three years that he could be either an officer or a non-commissioned officer.

"Judged by his classmates, Pershing, after he had been in the Academy only a few months, was unanimously chosen class president. No other cadet was even put in nomination. Before graduation, another election was held to effect a permanent class organization. Pershing was continued in office, an honor he holds to this day."

HAPPY DAYS AT WEST POINT

The clearest picture of those days is given by Pershing himself in a letter written to his class on its meeting in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of graduation :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF
MINDANAO,
ZAMBOANGA, P. I.
March 15, 1911.

To the Class of 1886,
U. S. Military Academy,
West Point, N. Y.

DEAR CLASSMATES:

The announcement in the circular sent out by your committee, saying that I would write a letter of greeting to be read at the class reunion, imposes upon me a very pleasant obligation. It gives me an opportunity as class president to write you collectively, and to say many things that I would like to say if I were writing to each individual. . . . I shall try to imagine myself among you around the banquet-table, or perhaps again in the old tower room, first floor, first division, or familiarly even in the "usual place.". . .

The proudest days of my life, with one exception, have come to me in connection with West Point—days that stand out clear and distinct from all others. The first of these was the day I won my appointment at Trenton, Missouri, in a competitive examination with seventeen competitors. An old friend of the family happened

to be in Trenton that day, and, passing on the opposite side of the street, called to me and said, "John, I hear you passed with flying colors." In all seriousness, feeling the great importance of my success, I naïvely replied, in a loud voice, "Yes, I did," feeling assured that no one had ever quite passed such a fine examination as I had. The next red-letter day was when I was elected president of the Class of '86. . . . The climax of days came when the makes were read out on graduation-day in June, 1885. Little Eddy Gayle smiled when I reported five minutes later with a pair of captain's chevrons pinned on my sleeves. No honor can ever come to equal that. I look upon it in the very same light to-day as I did then. Some way these days stand out and the recollection of them has always been to me a great spur and stimulus. . . .

This brings us up to a period of West Point life whose vivid impressions will be the last to fade. Marching into camp; piling bedding; policing company streets of logs of wood carelessly dropped by upper classmen; pillow fights at tattoo; with Marcus Miller, saber drawn, marching up and down, superintending the plebe class policing up feathers from the general parade; light-artillery drills; double-timing around old Fort Clinton at morning squad drill; Wiley Bean and the sad fate of his seersucker coat; midnight dragging; and the whole summer full of events—can only be mentioned in passing. No one can ever forget his first guard tour with all its preparation and perspiration. I got along all right during the day, but at night on the color-line my troubles began. Of course I was scared beyond the point of properly applying any of my orders. A few minutes after taps, ghosts of all sorts began to appear from all directions. I selected a particularly bold one and challenged, according to orders: "Halt! Who comes there?" At that the ghost stood still in his tracks. I then said: "Halt! Who stands there?" whereupon the ghost, who was carrying a chair, sat down, when I promptly said: "Halt! Who sits there?". . .

The career of '86 at West Point was in many respects remarkable. There were no cliques, no dissensions; and personal prejudices or selfishness, if any existed, never came to the surface. From the very day we entered, the class as a unit has always stood for the very best traditions of West Point. The spirit of old West Point existed to a higher degree in the Class of '86 than in any class since the war. The West Point under Merritt, Michie, and Hasbrouck was still the West Point of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield, and Howard. The deep impression these great men made during their visits to West Point in our day went far to inspire us with the soldier's spirit of self-sacrifice, duty, and honor. These characteristics were carried with us into the army and have marked the splendid career of the class during the past twenty-five years. The class of '86 has always been known in the army and is known to-day as a class of all-around solid men—men capable of ably performing any duty and of loyally fulfilling any trust. The individual character of each man has made itself felt upon his fellows in the army from the start. In civil life, as professional men or as men of affairs, wherever placed, the Class of '86 has always made good. Well may we congratulate ourselves, upon reaching this quarter-century mile-stone, on the achievements of the class.

If I thought you would listen longer, I should continue, but the evening will be full of song and reminiscence. Those of us out here will assemble in Manila and wish we were with you at West Point. It may be that age and experience will prevent a repetition of the lurid scenes enacted at the class dinner in New York in '86. Yet when you feel time turn backward and the hot blood of those days again courses through your veins, there is no telling what may happen. Still, all will be for the glory of the class and will be condoned. Then, here's to the Class of '86, wives and sweethearts, children and grandchildren, your health and your success.

Always affectionately,
J. J. P.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER

Upon graduation from West Point, Second Lieutenant Pershing was assigned to Troop L, Sixth U. S. Cavalry, then stationed at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. He served with it for almost five years. "Physically, the country in which Pershing got his first schooling as a regular army officer," says Mr. MacAdam, "is identical with the country in which, thirty years later, he led that great man-hunt [for Villa]—the same baffling network of mountains, the same maze of seamed and rock-strewn cañons, the same blistering stretches of alkali sands, the same broiling sun by day and nipping air by night, the same cruel scarcity of water, the same elusive trails." So well did the lieutenant do his work of hunting Indians in the Bad Lands, however, that Colonel Carr, the commander under whom he had served to the close of the Sioux campaign, reported of him: "Professional ability,

most excellent. Capacity for command, excellent. Is bright, active, and energetic."

How the young lieutenant handled his problems among the Indians is made clear in the following anecdote: Trouble was brewing on the Zuñi Reservation. The Indians had caught some cowboys red-handed stealing their horses, and in the struggle that followed three Zuñis had been shot. The cowboys had escaped to a cabin, where they were besieged by the whole Zuñi tribe. Colonel Carr turned to Lieutenant Pershing:

"They don't deserve help," he said. "But it's a case of putting out a fire instead of arguing about it."

Pershing accordingly went out with a dozen men, to find one hundred and fifty angry Zuñis drawn up around the cabin. He addressed their chief.

"Will you trust me to bring out the men and take them away to be tried? I promise you justice. But you must promise me that your braves will not attack."

The chief looked Pershing in the eye, measured his man, and grunted assent. The lieutenant forced open the cabin door on three disturbed and terrified men who immediately covered him with their rifles.

"You will give up your arms and come with me quietly," said he, firmly. "I guarantee that the Indians won't touch you."

Defiance flared up—and out. They went with Pershing. And the Indians stood by and grimly watched them going out to their own bar of justice.

PERSHING AS A TEACHER

In 1891 Pershing was appointed military instructor at the University of Nebraska. James H. Canfield, chancellor of the university, wrote four years later: "He [Pershing] found a few men, the interest in the battalion weak, the discipline next to nothing, and the instincts of the faculty and the precedent of the university against the corps." Less than three months after he had come into this discouraging field one of the student publications stated: ". . . The military department is in a flourishing condition. There are one hundred and ninety-two cadets registered. . . . Lieutenant Pershing is bound to put, and to keep, the military department on a systematic basis." In the end Pershing created a prize company which was continued as a separate cadet unit. "Admission to it meant special military ability. Every boy in the battalion became ambitious to be a member. At first it was known as the 'Varsity Rifles.' But there was one of those gradual, popular rechristenings: the 'Pershing Rifles' it became, and the 'Pershing Rifles' it remains to this day."[1]

A small incident of his class-room work shows a gentler aspect of the severe disciplinarian. Pershing's biographer says: "I was going through some old records in the library of the university, at Lincoln, when one of the women assistants said :

"'If you are going to write anything about Pershing, I wish you would use this. My brother came to the university when he was quite young. He was a very shy boy, and because of this shyness he often failed in recitations that had to be made at the blackboard. When he was called to the blackboard in Lieutenant Pershing's class he lost his head, as usual, and, though he knew the problem, he could not demonstrate it. When the class was dismissed Lieutenant Pershing told my brother to stay.

"'"All that kept you from working out that problem," said he, "was your nervousness. I have marked you as though you had succeeded." Then he gave him a talk. I don't know just what he said, but I do know that he braced my brother up and put him on the road to self-confidence. Of course Pershing has forgotten the incident long ago, but my brother has not forgotten it.'"

Besides his other duties, Pershing entered the law-school in 1892 and was given advanced standing because of his legal studies at West Point. In 1893 he was admitted to the Nebraska Bar. Two years later he was ordered to join his regiment, the Tenth Cavalry, at Fort Assiniboine, on the Montana plains. He was with his regiment only a year, but in that short time he was mentioned by General Miles in the despatches for having led his men with coolness and intelligence, through wild country, covering one hundred and forty miles in forty-six

[1] *The World's Work*, March, 1919.

hours, and bringing back all his troopers and their mounts in good condition.

It was in the summer of 1896 that Pershing received the long-coveted position of Assistant Instructor of Tactics at the United States Military Academy. It was here that he acquired his nickname of "Black Jack" Pershing. For the first time in his history he seems to have been actively disliked. When one remembers that the duty of "Tacs" is to uphold discipline and that Pershing had himself been trained under General Merritt, the sternest of disciplinarians, this is perhaps easily understood. With his usual steady progress, however, after his first term at West Point, Pershing was appointed captain of the First Cavalry.

THE SPANISH WAR

Then came the Spanish War. A mere skirmish, it seems, in the face of the Great War, yet the man whose title was then Major Pershing received from Lieutenant-Colonel Baldwin, commander of the Tenth Cavalry, an unusual tribute when he declared: "I have been through many fights, and through the Civil War, but on my word you were the coolest man I ever saw under fire in my life, and carried out your orders to the letter no matter where they called you." An official report of the San Juan Creek battle mentions Pershing as "cool as a bowl of cracked ice."

It was rather a disappointment to this lover of active service to be asked to report for duty in the office of the Assistant Secretary of War. In 1899 he was placed in charge of the new "Division of Customs and Insular Affairs," and when war began in the Philippines he rejoiced to leave his desk for the arduous campaign in the interior of a tropical isle.

FAME IN THE PHILIPPINES

Pershing had to deal, in Mindanao, with the Moros, part Arab, part Malay, a barbaric but not primitive tribe. The Spaniards had tried vainly for over a century to gain the friendship of the Moros, and Pershing's administration did not at once convert this stubbon little people to non-resistance.

Mary R. Parkman in her *Fighters for Peace* gives a lively picture of the finish of the wild campaign: "A band of Moros, intrenched in the crater of an extinct volcano on the island of Jolo, were defying every attempt to put an end to their forays. The people of the surrounding country were always in danger of an eruption of these fire-eating fanatics, who descended upon them without warning, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, for to them the plundering of infidels was always a 'holy war.'

"'Here is a new version of Mohammed and the mountain,' said Captain Pershing. 'Because it does too much coming to us we must go to it and after it. We must put that volcano out of business.'

"Accordingly, he set out through the jungles, fighting ambushed Moros every step of the way, until he came with his picked regulars to the foot of the mountain. Here they formed a cordon and, cleverly fortified against attack from above, waited for the besieged Malays to come out. Again and again some daring ones, who tried to rush through the relentless cordon to the shelter of the jungle, ran to their death. Then, on Christmas Day, 1911, four hundred of the fierce little brown fighters marched in a tragic procession down the mountain-side and surrendered.

"The final and decisive triumph came in June, 1913, at the battle of Bagsag, where the fanatics were gathered for a last stand, in the name of their prophet, against the Christian usurpers from far-away America. After that their subjugation was complete, for Pershing's peaceful victories were as remarkable as his successes in the field."

He was eventually able to write, in a letter to his mother, in so fine a strain as this: "The Sultan of Bryan asked me the other day to be a father—adopted father—to his wife. I said I would. She is an Oato woman, and her father, *Dato* Ami Ban Kurang, is very rich for a Moro. I have already three adopted children. One is . . . heir to the Sultanate. . . . I have many very strong personal friends among the Moros. Some of them will do anything for me. If I should say, 'Go and kill this man' or that, the next day they would appear in camp with his head."

In fact, the Moros consecrated him as a *dato*, or sultan.

ROMANCE AND THE ORIENT

After three and a half years of hard service in the Philippines, at the end of which he was honored by Taft and Root, as well as by the friendly Moros, Pershing returned to the United States. While he was in Washington he met Senator Warren's daughter, Helen Frances Warren. The story goes that the morning after Pershing's first dance with Miss Warren he waked his friend, Charles E. Magoon, at two o'clock to say:

"Charlie, I've met the girl I'm going to marry."

His siege of her affections was not altogether simple, but her final complete surrender was precipitated, strangely enough, by the Russo-Japanese War. Pershing had been chosen, as one of two, to go to Tokio as military attaché, with the prospect of crossing to Manchuria to see some of the fighting. Miss Warren consented to marry him at once and sail with him for Japan. While rejoicing in this happy prospect, Pershing was sent for and told that he was wanted to go immediately and that he had been selected in preference to the other officer because he was *unmarried*. Pershing's father-in-law-elect suggested that the matter be laid before Secretary-of-War Taft.

"You are not married yet, are you?" asked Mr. Taft.

"No."

"Then why can't you accept the appointment?" There was a slight pause, and then Mr. Taft said, with a twinkle, "I know of no army regulation which forbids an officer to marry."

On January 25, 1905, in the Church of the Epiphany, the marriage took place, with President and Mrs. Roosevelt among the noted guests. The day after the ceremony the bride and groom sailed for Japan. A year later Captain Pershing's first child, Helen Elizabeth, was born and in the same momentous month President Roosevelt made him a brigadier-general!

Only ten years after his marriage, a period during which his wife and children traveled about with him from West to East and back again, from the United States to Europe, and home, a period of the happiest adventures in the life of a military man, Pershing met with domestic tragedy. He was about to start for Mexico in pursuit of Villa when he learned that his wife and his three daughters had been burned to death in the fire in the Presidio, at San Francisco, the headquarters of the Military Department of the Pacific. Only Warren, his five-year-old son, was saved. The brigadier-general bore the horrible blow with military stoicism. He went forward, to take up his command.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE A. E. F.

Pershing's progress was remarkable mainly for its steadiness. In January, 1916, he was assigned to the command of the Eighth Brigade of the regular army, with headquarters at El Paso, Texas. On the death of Major-General Funston, Pershing succeeded him in rank and command. He remained on the border until the thrilling day when he was summoned to Washington to take command of the first American troops ordered across the ocean to battle in Europe.

Every one knows the story that has been told of Pershing before the tomb of Lafayette, when he stepped forward to lay a wreath upon the stone, and in that moment of deep emotion said, simply, "Lafayette, we are here!"

What this huge task meant to General Pershing we can see only in glimpses. The most detailed picture is given by Lieutenant-Colonel Palmer in his book *America in France*. The chapter is called "Busy Days for the C.-in-C.," and it is so thorough that we can do no better than quote from it:

". . . Other Allied commanders," says Lieutenant-Colonel Palmer, "directed old and fully trained integral armies operating on familiar ground. They were in as immediate touch with their governments as General Pershing would be if his headquarters were only a few hours distant from Washington by automobile. His isolation from home made his position unique in its manifold requirements. He had to iron out many wrinkles of controversy. Conferences with premiers as well as with generals called for his counsel; for it would be ridiculous to

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Pershing at the Border

Pershing was just about to start for Mexico in pursuit of Villa when he learned that his wife and three daughters had been burned to death in San Francisco. Under the crushing blow he proceeded to his command, and two years after went to France with a tragic recollection hardly known to the thousands who read his name in the head-lines.

conceal the fact that when several great nations are in alliance, differences of conception in policy, if not innate difference in national interests, require negotiations in effecting understandings and harmony of action on many subjects.

"Our general must see his troops, too, the newly arrived divisions as well as the divisions which were fighting. His insistence upon going under fire was a part with his desire for a close view of the work of his commanders and their troops. Officers who knew that there was something wrong with an organization and yet hesitated to impart their view to him were amazed to find how soon he diagnosed the situation after a few minutes of personal observation. . . .

"The amount of traveling and the amount of work he was able to do were amazing. The drive that he gave the A. E. F. was largely due to his own example of industry. From seven in the morning until after midnight, with the exception of his meal-times, he was unceasing in his application. Yet he never seemed to be hurried, he never showed the signs of war fatigue which brought down many strong men. . . .

"That is, he was never hurried, unless after a hard day in the office, he was away to the troops, when the eagerness for departure possessed him in a fashion that made him as young in spirit as when he was a lieutenant of cavalry. The soldiers knew that he was their general. He looked as a commander-in-chief ought to look, to their way of thinking; and this means a great deal to the men who bear the burden of pack and rifle and the brunt of battle. . . .

PERSHING'S HECTIC DAYS

"Wherever the C.-in-C. went he always carried his book of graphics, which kept him informed up to date of the exact number and stations of all our troops and the state of shipping and supplies, although his memory seemed to have these facts in call. Couriers overtook him at the day's end, wherever he was, with papers which required his decision; the telephone could reach him if something vital required immediate attention.

"'The C.-in-C.'s here,' the word was passed around when he returned to headquarters from one of his trips. Well-known signs attested his presence. The only car with four stars on the windshield was in front of the main entrance to headquarters; an orderly was at the little table in the hall beside the door which bore the name 'General Pershing,' and there were waiting major-generals and brigadier-generals in the anteroom.

"But we also knew of the C.-in-C.'s presence by something electric that ran through all the offices; the vitalizing impulse of the commander. 'Another hectic day,' as the chief of staff would say in the evening after the general's return. The general went about France distributing hectic days.

" . . . Aside from the letters and orders dictated to his big, silent stenographer, who had been with him in Mexico, he wrote many by hand. When he had something of vital importance affecting policy he would often write that out by hand, too, and correct it and have it copied and correct it again, until it satisfied him. A cablegram to Washington . . . was that of a man who knew what he wanted to say and said it very surely and distinctly. Subordinate chiefs found, too, that he was not afraid to recognize his own mistakes, which possibly was one of the reasons why he kept growing with the growth of his task.

" . . . The thing which held their loyalty with stronger bonds than those of his interest in men was that spontaneous human quality, lighted by the smile of interest in every man and breaking out in a laughing sally when something caught his sense of humor. The French spoke of the 'Pershing mentality,' which meant, coming direct to the essentials of the subject in hand."

AN ARTIST'S VIEW OF PERSHING

Mr. Chase, who was sent to France to paint the portraits of the war-leaders for *The World's Work*, gives an artist's view of General Pershing after the Argonne offensive which compares interestingly with that given by the military: " . . . The room in which I painted General Pershing was, like everything else in the American head-

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Pershing and Joffre

"Lafayette, we are here!" said Pershing, when he arrived at the tomb of Lafayette. This picture of the American general alongside the fatherly Joffre is another incarnation of the living fact of the union of the two sister-republics.

quarters, orderly, plain, and business-like. As I entered this room, I saw the general at the opposite side, sitting at his table-top desk, his back to the windows; the desk was characteristically in good order, and the walls were bare, except for several large maps, which showed the disposition of the American divisions. The general was hard at work, going through a pile of important reports, preparatory to leaving town that evening. As I stepped in he looked up alertly and greeted me with a cordiality which was dignified, but not at all effusive. He had a strong grip and a way of shaking hands and getting through with it promptly. The Pershing whom I met that afternoon was a very serious man. Every line of his face, and I have seldom seen a face more deeply furrowed, showed the tremendous strain through which he had passed. The Argonne offensive had ended in a glorious triumph for the American arms, but the man who had directed that operation showed, in his deep-set, harassed eyes, and in his sharply drawn face, the suffering and the anxiety which it had caused him. Do not think that Pershing is a soldier of flint-like soul, who stolidly would throw his thousands of American boys at German machine-guns; the man whom I painted that afternoon was a man who had sounded the depths. . . .

" . . . His photographs had always given me the impression of a man comparatively young, but his hair is now very gray, and in part it is almost white. His intimates told me that the general's hair is largely the result of his year and a half in France. But it is always scrupulously brushed, for in this, as in everything else, General Pershing shows his predominant tendency to neatness and order. . . . My own impression . . . was one of stern, unremitting attention to business; yet the fact is that he often smiles, and his friends feel that his photographs in general convey an idea as to severity of expression which is overdone. Yet there is no doubt that General Pershing can be severe, though his intimates say that, when it is necessary for him to use the knife, it falls upon his friends of long acquaintance as well as upon those officers who have not been so close to him. The words which I most constantly heard about the general were, 'he plays no favorites.' That afternoon he had the appearance of one difficult to approach, and certainly one with whom a casual visitor would take no liberties. His figure has been described as that of a perfect soldier, and I agree with this description. He is a 'stickler' for regulation in dress. He keenly scrutinizes any one with whom he is conversing; you feel that he knows whether you need a hair-cut, and whether your leather has been properly attended to that day. Your hand instinctively follows up the edge of your coat to make sure every button is buttoned, and you are hoping that your orderly has brushed you properly."

A FRENCH VIEW OF PERSHING

A Frenchwoman with whom the general was quartered said of him: "He look like ze statue carve out of stone. But he speak to me like ze good neighbor who live next door."

We may conclude with a French view of General Pershing, that of M. Hervier, one that American admirers may well enjoy for its simple humanity and friendly praise: "An indefatigable worker, as his whole life proves, a man of few words, but very human, very accessible to compassion; if he asks much of those under him, he demands still more from himself. He leads a life of truly Spartan frugality; he is often content with two boiled eggs, sometimes with only one, for breakfast. He drinks little; the best brands of wine do not appeal to him, and he considers that the best drink for a soldier who would remain strong physically and morally is mineral water or tea. . . .

"Life in the open air, activity, and sobriety have preserved, for all his fifty-eight years, a suppleness and strength which enable him to surmount the mental tension and the fatigue of the important position he holds.

"Every one knows the progress achieved by the American army. Its rapid development justified the greatest hopes. The American soldiers will have known suffering, they will attain glory in due time; but nothing could move us so deeply as the

action of General Pershing, at the moment of the first German offensive in March, 1918, in placing his troops absolutely at the disposal of the generalissimo of the Allied armies, followed by the gallantry and self-sacrifice of those troops in the terrible battles during the German onrush toward Paris."

In September, 1919, his grateful countrymen welcomed General Pershing on his return home, with joyful ovations.

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MARCH, THE PROFESSOR'S SON

A Descendant of Washington—In the Philippines—War Honors

THAT the son of a professor, rising through varied military experiences, should become Chief of Staff of the United States army is a rare occurrence. Least of all did Peyton Conway March dream of this fate. When the Democratic Congressman came to a Republican family to make his appointment for West Point, that was an unusual event in itself; but when Peyton, of the six brothers, was chosen by his father to accept the coveted honor, that was a happy decision. March's father was Dr. Francis A. March, of Lafayette College. He himself was born in Easton, Pennsylvania, and is over fifty years of age. His surroundings and education were of that quiet, intellectual sort which made two of his brothers professors, and another an editor. With a long line of distinguished ancestors, March's life is in part the story of development under such influences. He can trace two relationships to George Washington, and is a member of the Signers' Society, composed of the descendants of those who signed the Declaration of Independence.

Evidently the Congressman was right in choosing one of the March family for enrolment in the military college. The young man had not been long graduated before he conclusively proved how wise his father's choice had been.

"General March," said one brigadier, "always had the makings of a Chief of General Staff in him because he could see the army as a whole. He was and is a great artilleryman. The artillery is his special branch of the service, but he always has had interest and love to spare for the infantry and cavalry and engineers. He is both a scientific specialist and an all-round soldier.

"This was sufficiently recognized ten years ago for March to be chosen as chief umpire of the great maneuvers at Riley. It was shown by the work he did during his tour at the War College. They are still talking at the college of good things that were put into the military plans and policy of the army at the suggestion of March. It was shown by the results he accomplished when in charge of the recruiting under Adjutant-General McCain. There is a wide range of abilities and great qualities between the understanding of the science of artillery and the intimate knowledge of the psychology of men that is essential to success in getting recruits into the army. March has the whole range. Furthermore, General March is now abroad as chief of artillery of the American force in France. He will bring back to Washington a big addition to his personal equipment for the high command of the army."

FOOTBALL AND FIRE

But let it not be thought that the future Chief of Staff devoted his school-days only to technical studies. Both he and his brothers were athletes. While he was at Lafayette he was one of its greatest pitchers and a star full-back. He earned his letter in football, baseball, and track sports. He played on the first football team the Military Academy at West Point ever had, and from the first clearly proved himself a

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General Peyton C. March

Chief of Staff of the United States Army. "I do not like Americans, but as for March, he is the nicest, kindest man I have ever met," was a compliment once paid him. During the war he was the youngest major-general in the Army.

person of aggressiveness, initiative, organizing power, and a passion for getting things done.

Just as the college athlete in the Great War showed himself in the thick of it when the great need had come, March proved his heroism in the Spanish-American War. When General McArthur saw that the fire from a blockhouse on a hill just outside the American lines at Manila was becoming so threatening that it would have to be stopped at once, he called for an officer who would volunteer to take the enemy's position.

"I will," shouted a captain, and as he spoke he leaped over the embankment with half a hundred men at his back. They were artillerymen and had no arms except revolvers, but they took the blockhouse. The captain who led them was Peyton Conway March. This was the man who was to fight in the "Battle of the Clouds," in putting down later insurrections in Cuba.

CURT AND COURTEOUS

Officers at the War Department, in summing up their opinions of General March, were almost unanimous in the sentiment: "He is a very strict disciplinarian. Strict, almost curt, in the way he wishes his orders to be interpreted, one might be almost tempted to call him a 'martinet.'" But how mistaken such an epithet is can be measured by the rejoinder it brings from those who know General March.

"Peyton March a martinet? By no means. Look at his eyes for the answer to that. All the pictures of him that I have seen since he was appointed Chief of Staff are bad because they show him with his eyes half closed. He always has them wide open and they are full of fun and sympathy. A martinet is a fellow who is strict when it is not necessary to be, with a strictness that is a sort of camouflage to hide inefficiency. March has no inefficiency to hide."

That General March is courteous to the core is shown by the famous story of his capture of the wife of Aguinaldo, the Philippine rebel who refused to accept the new government that the Americans set up after the Spanish-American War. Richard Harding Davis, in his acccount of the episode, told of the luxurious equipment, laces, fans, perfumes, and dainty wearing-apparel found when she was captured.

"Finally they came to a box holding dozens of cakes of fine soap," Davis wrote. "Its fragrant, clean aroma rose to the men's faces and they suddenly stopped. Major March stopped, too, and looked with eager, tempted eyes. The men looked at their officer, the officer looked at the soap—then—well, it was Madame Aguinaldo's soap, not theirs. Major March ordered them not to touch it and he looked away while they wrapped it up and put it back. Surely the brilliant young West-Pointer deserved the tribute which Madame Aguinaldo paid him while in Manila. 'I do not like Americans,' she said, 'but as for Major March, he is the nicest, kindest man I have ever met.'"

MARCH IN THE WAR

Those who knew March expected great things of him, if he ever had the chance to prove his ability. The opportunity came in 1917.

When the war started March was only a colonel. Before it was over he was the youngest major-general in the United States army. When Pershing went across, March went with him as chief of artillery and he must be given a large part of the credit for the winning of the war. But March's task was by no means over with duties in France. He finally was called back to the United States to hold the much-sought-for position of chief of staff. Thus March had by no means stopped "fighting" when the armistice was signed. The responsibility he had in demobilization and the duties he had to perform in that huge task were unusually heavy, and he fulfilled them with characteristic thoroughness.

No one was shocked when the cable brought the news that King George had conferred upon him the Knight's Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. March is also Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. America has made him a general. But in the hills of Pennsylvania where he was born it is the professor's son who is remembered, and simply as "Bob" March.

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Major-General Douglas MacArthur

One of the "Three Fighting Mac's," and Chief of Staff of the famous "Rainbow" Division. He is here photographed on the deck of the *Aquitania*, just before reaching home, where a warm welcome awaited him for the great exploits by which he achieved glory and fame for himself and his country.

"THE THREE FIGHTING MAC'S"

MacArthur of "Rainbow Division" Fame—McAndrew of the First—McAlexander, the Idol of the Thirty-eighth

"THE Three Fighting Mac's," the men on the other side have called them—Major-General James W. McAndrew, Brigadier-General Douglas MacArthur, and Brigadier-General Ulysses Grant McAlexander. And although all Mac's are supposed to be good fighters, these three Mac's seem to have stood above them all, if we are to believe what some of the "doughboys" had to say.

MACARTHUR, BORN FIGHTER

At West Point, when hazing was still in good standing, there was a young cadet who, rather than awaken the officers by his cries of pain suffered at the hands of the hazing upper-classmen, begged them to stuff his mouth with cotton so that they might be able to go on with their ceremonial unmolested by higher authority. The cadet who thus established himself as a rival of the Spartan boy who, rather than disclose the fox beneath his cloak, allowed it to gnaw his vitals was Douglas MacArthur. It was at West Point, too, that he had to review a turtle crawling down the company street.

Son of Major-General Arthur MacArthur, one of the commanders of the American occupation forces in the Philippines, Douglas MacArthur was brought up in the military tradition. At West Point he was known as an all-around man. Put him in the ballroom and he served the ladies manfully. Put him in command of a company of men and he commanded them manfully. Put him in the class-room and he obeyed manfully. When he was graduated he received the highest honors in the class.

He had reached his captaincy in 1911 and when the Mexican War began he was attached to the General Staff—the goal of every ambitious soldier in all lands. He was picked to take charge of the censorship, and did it with such tact that the newspaper correspondents themselves joined in thanking him.

When the United States entered the European War he was elevated to the rank of colonel and made Chief of Staff of the "Rainbow Division." He filled the place well during the formative stages of the division, and then, when the command went to the trenches, he dashed to the front and assumed a leadership that won the admiration of the French, if not of the Germans. That he was not afraid to go straight at the enemy is shown by his being taken prisoner on one occasion by his own troops, who could not believe that anybody could be ahead of them. His personal efforts won for him mention in the orders of the day and the bestowal of the French War Cross. He is said to have commanded larger bodies of troops in battle than almost any other American commander in the field. He is remembered as having gone "over the top" with our boys in Lorraine, and he was largely responsible for the difficult penetration movement in the St.-Mihiel salient. For his brilliant capture of the celebrated Côte-de-Châtillon and the group of three stern hills which together formed the bastion of the Kriemhilde position in the Argonne, he received a bronze oak leaf for his previously won Distinguished Service Cross and was recommended for promotion to major-general.

Uncle Sam could not afford not to take advantage of the experience and qualities of such a man when the armistice was signed. General MacArthur was appointed superintendent of West Point Military Academy, the youngest man ever to hold that position—and so one Fighting Mac is going to train many other fighters for the United States army. If example counts as much as precept, his chivalry, his fortitude, his tact, and his courage must prove an inspiration to all who come under his guidance.

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Major-General James W. McAndrew

Another of the "Three Fighting Mac's." The Army made sure not to let the abilitiesof a man who so distinguished himself in fighting go to waste, and with the close of the war he was transferred to the General Staff Corps, Army War College.

McANDREW, CHIEF OF STAFF

Any one who has been in New York City on West Sixteenth Street and Sixth Avenue will remember an old building, in the heart of the city's "down-town" district, upon which may be distinguished the name "St. Francis Xavier High School." A young boy who was making his way there not so many years ago was to become major-general in the United States army, and General McAndrew has said that it is his greatest boast to be one of the five hundred alumni of that school who were in the service of the United States.

General McAndrew was born in Pennsylvania in 1862. His first assignment, after graduating from West Point, was to the Twenty-first Infantry with the rank of second-lieutenant. McAndrew the Fighter took part in the Sioux Indian campaign in 1891, and during the Spanish-American War was in the Santiago campaign in the battle of El Caney and at the investment of Santiago. He graduated with honors from the Army School of the line in 1910, and from the Army War College three years later. When he joined the American Expeditionary Force it was with the rank of brigadier-general. He went to France in June, 1917, with the First Division, which was the first combat unit to be sent overseas. In 1918 he was made chief of staff of the American Expeditionary Force, and he is credited with having planned the St.-Mihiel and Argonne-Meuse drives.

HONORS CROWDED THICK UPON HIM

When he was made chief of staff his brother officers well said, "McAndrew has been especially trained for the big job that he now assumes." He had long been recognized as one of the most brilliant infantry officers in the regular army. He returned wearing the Distinguished Service Medal, the Croix de Guerre with two palms, the decorations of the Grand Commander of the Legion of Honor, the Grand Commander of the Order of Leopold, and the Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. When he returned home he was welcomed on all sides and was immediately made head of the new General Staff College. With two "Fighting Mac's" in charge of our army schools, we need hardly worry about the kind of fighters that are going to be turned out in the future.

McALEXANDER OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH

The third "Fighting Mac" is Ulysses Grant McAlexander, who was promoted to brigadier-general almost on the spot of a most brilliant exploit in France. The Third Division, of which the Thirty-eighth was a part, was holding the bank of the Marne opposite Château-Thierry. The enemy, who had gained a footing, was pressing on either flank, but the Thirty-eighth Infantry prevented the crossing of the river at certain points on its front by their brave fighting. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter-attacks, threw back two entire German divisions in absolute confusion, and gathered in a host of war prisoners.

The man who commanded the Thirty-eighth was U. G. McAlexander, and General Pershing declared that his regiment "wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals." Major-General McAlexander was born in Minnesota in 1864. His was a rapid rise. Captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general—he achieved all these ranks in one form of service or another. He served at Fort Missoula, Montana, and was professor of military science and tactics. But the teacher could fight as well. He was in the field in the Santiago campaign, and was recommended for promotion for gallantry under fire in the battle before Santiago de Cuba. A volunteer in the Spanish-American War, he was released from volunteer service at the end, but every one knew where his later life was to be spent, for he was a soldier in every fibre.

General McAlexander was decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal on German soil. Perhaps his greatest tribute is this eulogy from General March, "He did splendidly, living up to his name." General March may or may not have been thinking of the Mac in that name, as well as of the name of the great General Grant.

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Brigadier-General Ulysses G. McAlexander

The third "Fighting Mac," who commanded the Thirty-eighth at Château-Thierry where, General Pershing declared, it "wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals."

FIVE ARMY CORPS COMMANDERS

"Liggett Luck"—Bullard, the Critic—"Rocky" Wright Fails at West Point—Read, the Methodical—Bundy and the Moros

SOME call it "Liggett luck"; but that only means that Liggett did so well in the war that the luckiest man in the world could not have done better. It was Liggett who commanded the First American Army Corps. It was Liggett who got the Distinguished Service Medal. It was the same Liggett who long ago was fighting the Indians, who was in Cuba and the Philippines, at the border, and at West Point. It was Liggett who came so rapidly to the front in the Army that the other officers were amazed. Twenty years ago he was but a tall, lanky captain; to-day he holds the coveted position of lieutenant-general.

He was born in Pennsylvania in 1857. At eighteen he was at the Military Academy. After graduating he was assigned to the 5th Infantry, and for a few years he was policing the Sioux Indians. He went to Cuba as captain in 1899, but was invalided by contracting typhoid fever. But there still remained the Philippines—and "Liggett luck." One stormy day at sea an American boat spied an ancient tub, the *Immaneuse*, which had been chartered to take the Third Battalion over the water. She rolled along with the angry waves as if a part of the sea itself. At great risk a small boat was despatched to her to find how serious her condition really was. There were soldiers, working waist-deep in the hold, pumping and bailing for dear life; the ship was half-full of water; but right in the midst of the gang, giving grim, determined aid and direction, stood a tall, powerful man with a set jaw and a disposition as little given to hurry as a snail. That man was Hunter Liggett. In the Philippines he remained for a few years under the nose of a nervous volcano and in the face of hostile Moros only too anxious to start trouble with him.

Soon Liggett was back in the United States as adjutant-general to General Carter; then lieutenant-colonel; and finally colonel. The year 1909 found him at the War College. Playing the war game within its walls for five years led him to the presidency of that institution. Then came trouble with Mexico at Vera Cruz. Who should be sent to the border but Hunter Liggett, already a brigadier-general! After that he was placed in command of the Department of the West, was instrumental in keeping down I. W. W. disorders, and finally, as Major-General Liggett, joined Pershing in France. He left, a lieutenant-general, with his "Liggett luck" tied up in a smile. It is said that General Liggett used against the Germans some of the old Indian strategy that our army had learned from close warfare at home.

ROBERT L. BULLARD—DEFIER OF ORDERS

The "fightin'est man in the whole service," they call Lieutenant-General Robert L. Bullard admiringly in the army; and they tell a story to prove it, which, although not officially confirmed, characterizes the man truly. The Germans had just crossed the Marne in July, 1918. American pride was hurt, but the French superior officer said that it was no disgrace for the Americans to be driven back, and, as they had fought stubbornly, they should not counter-attack. The answer of the American general, Robert L. Bullard, was as follows: "We regret being unable on this occasion to follow the counsel of our masters, the French; but the American flag has been forced to retire. This is unendurable, and none of our soldiers would understand their not being asked to do whatever is necessary to re-establish a situation which is humiliating to us and unacceptable to our country's honor. *We*

General Hunter Liggett, U.S.A.

"Liggett luck" and Liggett ability have carried him successfully through campaigns against the Indians, in Cuba, in the Philippines, and on the Mexican border. He used in the Great War some of the old Indian strategy that he had learned in the West.

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Major-General Robert Lee Bullard

It was "the fightin'est man in the whole service" who, in the counter-attack on the Marne in July, 1918, helped to crush the Crown Prince's army. On the Meuse River front, after his men had advanced, he said: "You are there! Stay there!"

are going to counter-attack." They did counter-attack, succeeded, and earned the honor of being employed in the most vital spots in crushing the Crown Prince's army—all due to the officer who risked court-martial, and promotion, too, for disobeying orders.

Bullard comes of sturdy Southern warrior stock. He was born in Alabama in 1861, grew up in the midst of the Civil War, and entered the Military Academy when he was twenty. After graduating he was assigned to the 10th Infantry, and actually rose from first lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel in eight years, creating a sensation at the time. Later he was with the provisional government in Cuba. His most famous exploit was probably in the Philippines. It was he who captured the famous Filipino pay train, and a pay train is certainly an important part of an army. There were just three of them, Bullard and two others, and they rode after a fleeing regiment of natives. The Filipinos could have made away with them in a moment, had they known, but "Shout and shoot, and make a hell of a racket," cried Bullard. The Filipinos soon thought a whole company was after them; they ran away in their fright, actually giving themselves up as prisoners to the three Americans, and left behind six big boxes of silver dollars, their army's pay. They themselves, to the number of twenty-five prisoners, had to drag the "pay-train" to the American lines. Bullard engaged in twenty-five battles in the Philippines, and got more fighting experience on the Mexican border.

Bullard has been an outspoken critic. We claim to be unaggressive, peace-loving, he once said, but what have we done!

"Robbed the Indian of his country, deprived the Filipino of his independence, taken half of Mexico, gone to war hoping to get Canada; declared the Monroe Doctrine and stretched it; beaten Colombia somehow on the Panama Canal, driven out Castro, and squelched Zelaya.

"This does not mean that this nation has not done great and glorious things," he went on to say, however. The general was merely angry and in one of those veins when he could scathingly criticize the Military Academy for not including the "study of men," as well as of technic, in its curriculum.

Bullard led the victorious Americans at Catigny. Soon the man who, like Liggett, became a lieutenant-general, was put in charge of the Second Army Corps. "He is a combination of General Mangin and General Gouraud," was the French way of putting it. "You are there, stay there," was Bullard's famous message to a cited American unit, and it is a motto he has adopted for himself. He wears the Distinguished Service Medal.

WILLIAM M. WRIGHT—A "FAILURE"

One of the greatest desires of the American boy is to go to West Point, to live through that institution of dreams and realities, and to graduate from it into a military career that will make its walls only more sacred to those following him. But suppose he should get the coveted appointment—and then fail. Suppose that, instead of finally finding himself in that favored group of graduates after four years, he should remain less than a year. An utter failure, this would seem. Yet William M. Wright, major-general in the United States Army, commander of the Third Army Corps, wearer of the Distinguished Service Medal, was just such an "utter" failure. He has never graduated from West Point.

The great physical energy of the man was notable even in his limited West Point days. He distinguished himself as a baseball-player while at the Academy, continued at the American national sport even after leaving the Academy, and finally had an offer to join the old Detroit team.

Wright was born in New Jersey in 1863, and was a lad of nineteen when at West Point. It was only two years after leaving, however, that he obtained his second-lieutenancy, and, not many years later, he graduated from the Infantry and Cavalry School. He then became first-lieutenant, engaged in the Santiago campaign of '98, was appointed captain, and finally took an important part in subduing the Philippine insurrection.

Nine years later he was Major Wright, and then colonel, but still no one suspected the great honors that were lying in store for

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Major-General William M. Wright

Commander of the Third American Army Corps. A man of varied military experience. Despite the fact that he never finished his course at West Point, where he was known for his great physical energy and his skill as a ball-player, he had the distinction of jumping from colonel to brigadier-general in 1917.

the man, at a more distant date. For some years he was assigned chiefly to the adjutant-general's office, where he established a reputation for able, conscientious service. But when Funston started south during the Vera Cruz trouble of 1914, Wright was one of the officers who went with him.

Nineteen hundred and fourteen marked the beginning of the Great War; it was also momentous for William M. Wright, for 1914 led to 1917, and 1917 led to the entrance into the war of our own United States. On May 15, 1917, twenty-one new generals were nominated. One name in particular caught every one's eye. It was that of a mere colonel who had made the entire jump to brigadier-general, William M. Wright. Two or three months later he had become a major-general. No wonder his friends call him "Rocky."

Wright was in charge of the division which trained at Camp Doniphan; he was quickly chosen as a corps commander, and not even the Distinguished Service Medal was missing from the chest of the man who did not get through West Point.

GEORGE W. READ—"SLOW BUT SURE"

There are some men who seem to come to the top by their very sparkle, like the froth of the wine, who bubble over all else in sheer spontaneity. There are others, however, who rise slowly, like an incoming tide, steadily, gradually, noiselessly, until finally their height is reached and they can recede modestly and just as noiselessly from the wonder excited. Among those of the latter class is Major-General George W. Read, commander of the Fourth Army Corps. He is a man of poise and conservatism, "slow but sure."

Major-General Read was born in Iowa in 1860. At twenty-three he had graduated from the Military Academy, and was made second-lieutenant in the 16th Infantry. He did frontier duty in Wyoming, Kansas, and the old Indian Territory. In 1889 he won the Gold Medal of the Military Service Institution, and then, for four years, was professor of military science and tactics at the University of Iowa. Those were the years when his methodical mind had leisure to acquire the great technical knowledge that was to be put to such good use later on, while at the same time he had the opportunity to inculcate into the student-soldiers of the United States some of his own spirit. Read was in Texas in the '90s. He went through the whole Spanish-American War without promotion. He was on the Evacuation Committee in Cuba, when the United States was engaged in the glorious task of returning its independence to that little country. He was in the Philippines at the beginning of the century, and held many other administrative posts.

Captain in '99, he was major ten years later, then lieutenant-colonel, and colonel in the European War. In 1917, with America herself at war, Read's chance came. He was placed in command of the 152nd Depot Brigade, at Camp Upton, New York, where he was additionally conspicuous as a soldier Liberty Loan campaigner, and athletic adviser, and was later assigned to a cavalry division. In fact, while on duty in Washington, shortly before assignment to overseas service, he was in charge of recruiting, and built a workable and efficient system.

Then he took a division over the sea. His good work won recognition. He was made brigadier-general and then major-general; then the news spread that "Sap" Read—no one knows why he was called that name—had become commander of the Fourth Army Corps. He had received the Distinguished Service Medal. Great Britain honored him by making him Knight of the Order of the Bath.

OMAR BUNDY—PERSHING'S FRIEND

When General Bundy, not many years ago, was capturing a Philippine volcano in which nestled a host of fierce Moros attacking the American force, he may not have known that he was preparing for the capture of a far bigger and even more active volcano, the irrupting German army. It was at the battle of Bud-Dago. One thousand Moros had intrenched themselves in the crater of the neighboring volcano. Their fanatical priests had raised them to a pitch of religious fervor that promised heaven as a reward for the fight against the new-comers. Bundy's

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Major-General George W. Read

American Army Corps Commander. He is the general who had charge of all operations of American troops when they smashed the Hindenburg line. "Sap" Read, he was called by his friends. He went through the whole Spanish-American War without rising in rank, but went straight to the top in the Great War.

men marched to the foot of the crater. Three whole days they spent in coming up to their opponents. Then an awful slaughter began. One Moro after another fell, and, unfortunately, as was later found out, sometimes their wives and children whom they had insisted upon taking along with them. Americans died, too, but the fight was won.

General Bundy was born in Indiana in 1861. Indiana then was little like the Indiana of to-day; little Omar breathed in a free and open atmosphere; and the Bundy homestead, in which he spent so many years, remained standing until a very short time ago, when a tornado swept across the country in which it lay. Growing up in the midst of the Civil War, with the tales of battle sounding in his very ears, it is not to be wondered that the boy made up his mind to enter an army career and obtained the appointment to West Point in 1879. He got the regular army "outdoor" course in fighting the Sioux Indians ten years later, and was rewarded with his first-lieutenancy. He showed great administrative ability while attached in Minnesota. With the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he was promoted to captain in April, 1898, took an active part in the battle of El Caney, and participated in the siege of Santiago. After the war he was sent to the Philippines and remained there three years. His army "silver wedding," if we may so term the conclusion of twenty-five years of army service, saw him a major. He was again sent to the Philippines, and finally became lieutenant-colonel. His work in guarding the Mexican border in 1913 led to his promotion to colonel.

A part of the story of Bundy's life is his friendship with General Pershing. In 1914 good old General Funston appointed Bundy as his adjutant-general. Funston died on the threshold of the war, but Pershing, who took his post, was glad to keep Bundy in his old place. Some of his friends wanted to see Bundy appointed brigadier-general, but it was perhaps fortunate that he continued to remain with Pershing, who was the big man to be picked when a fighting general was needed in France. Bundy went with him as brigadier-general, and soon was major-general, the highest rank at the time. That he should have become commander of the Fifth American Army Corps was no surprise, judged from his previous record. He had previously commanded the Second Division, including the Marines, and, as divisional commander, directed the operations of the first American troops engaged in the fighting near Château-Thierry. Bundy and Belleau Wood are two names that cannot be kept apart.

General Bundy is not a large man, being only five feet five, but, on account of his military bearing, he appears much taller than his actual height.

CADORNA, ITALY'S LEADER

Success at Monte Nero and Gorizia—A Foe to Heroics

"THE art of war is simply a matter of common sense." Thus spake Cadorna, Italy's war leader, and these words fitly express the man himself. The early training, the rigorous discipline he received at a military college in Milan laid the foundation for those qualities which later proved of such importance to Italy in the Great War. Cadorna belongs to Piedmont, and no Piedmontese can be altogether lacking in imagination and vision—invaluable gifts, especially when there is sound common sense to back them up.

General Cadorna was born at Pallanza, September 4, 1850. His father, Gen. Count Raffaele Cadorna, of the old Piedmontese nobility, a great soldier in his time, was a stern martinet, and young Luigi early came under the strictest of military discipline. In fact, it might be said that he was teethed on a saber. When the old general was in command of the army division at Florence and about to set out to take Rome from the Pope, Luigi was attached to the staff of his father, who, fearing that the presence of his son might be considered

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General Omar Bundy (Left)

Commander of the Fifth Army Corps. Previous to the Great War he saw a great deal of fighting of various kinds. Bundy had a part in the action of Belleau Wood in the summer of 1917, when the Americans earned the laurels of victory. To his fighting qualities he joins marked administrative ability.

favoritism, promptly removed him. When Italy entered the war, history repeated itself, for General Cadorna sent his son, who was then his ordnance officer, back to rejoin his regiment, which was the old regiment his grandfather had commanded.

Meeting Cadorna to-day, you would find a man square-built, with a pale face incredibly lined and seamed, white hair, young eyes in which a gleam of latent fun might be detected, a strong, deep voice, and a charming manner. He is at once sophisticated and simple, a great leader and deeply religious, studying his Bible every night before he goes to bed. He is fond of good music and of children—both good and bad. He married in 1881 and has a son and three daughters who have inherited the striking beauty of their mother, in her day a brilliant social figure. One daughter entered a convent under the name of Maria di San Giovanni.

Cadorna obtained his captaincy in 1875, being finally attached to the staff of General Pianelli. After some important maneuvers at Verona, the general sent for Cadorna and said: "My dear colonel, I have read all the reports written by the generals who were under my command on the subject of the great maneuvers. Please accept my sincere compliments. You ought to write a manual teaching generals how to get the services of an exceptional staff-officer."

It may be said that Cadorna's career, like a happy marriage, has no history. His earlier years were just a preparation for the time when Italy should again meet her old enemy and reconquer her lost territories. To this end he made a most remarkable study of Italy's frontier conditions and the mountain passes separating her from Austria. His knowledge of this region would certainly enable him to earn his livelihood as a tourists' guide. His work on tactics, which laid especial emphasis on mobility, is a model of style and lucidity—and was translated into German several years ago by order of the Berlin General Staff.

> "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just,
> But four times he who gets his blow in fust."

In 1914 General Cadorna was appointed Chief of Staff, succeeding the late General Pollio. He immediately set to work to pull the army together and revive its flagging energy, the while Sonnino was arguing with Vienna. In fact, these negotiations may have been purposely lengthened out to enable Cadorna to complete his work. A great admirer of Frederick the Great, Cadorna believed in dealing sudden strokes, in sudden swift rushes. When Italy came into the war he did not wait for the enemy to come down from the Trentino, and, although equipped with inferior artillery and munitions, he went after him to the very walls of his stronghold. Within several months he had to his credit the taking of Monte Nero and the successful advance on Gorizia, the "Austrian Verdun." The taking of the latter was due to his effective strategy in concealing the objective of his attack.

Cadorna had the faculty for getting the utmost out of his troops. His great personal magnetism and unsparing energy inspired them with real devotion and made them willingly accept his rigid rule of discipline. Upon this subject he became almost eloquent: "Discipline is the spiritual flame of victory. It is the best-disciplined troops which win. Before it is materialized in fact Victory must glow into absolute certainty in the hearts of the officers and thence irradiate irresistibly with palpitations of joy throughout the ranks. An iron discipline is indispensable to follow up that Victory which the country confidently expects and which the army must give it."

"ET SURTOUT, POINT DE ZELE"

His method in the choice of officers might be followed in other countries with advantage. Whenever it is a question of the army he will stand no nonsense. A story is told of a non-commissioned officer who had won three medals for valor and who had been highly commended in despatches.

"Why is he not given a commission?" asked Cadorna.

"Impossible, sir. He cannot write."

"But who wants him to write?" retorted the general. "I want him to take trenches."

An ambassador once remarked, "I suppose you choose the most brilliant men

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General Cadorna

The Italian Commander-in-chief. When everybody was in doubt about the 1916 campaign, it was he who boldly announced, "I shall make the big offensive on the lower Isonzo." The words closed a historic conversation with General Pecori-Giraldi.

for the higher commands?" "No, no," replied Cadorna, "we don't want brilliant officers. In our land of sunshine brilliancy is already too common. We are all brilliant, though some of us are imitation gems. What we want is quiet, serious, studious folk, who don't move in too great a hurry—none of your legendary heroes."

Among the first to suffer from this attitude was Peppino Garibaldi, who had become a French colonel before Italy went to war. Cadorna was loath to make him even a captain.

"He is one of the bravest men on earth," pleaded a well-meaning friend.

"That is bad," said Cadorna. Then referring to a report at hand: "Let me see," he continued; "'Under the hail of bullets he laughs and sings.' Very bad. 'At the mere sight of him the soldiers rush to their destruction as though possessed by sacred fire.' Very bad indeed."

"Yes, but courage—"

"No, no, you must teach him not to get himself killed, and not to get his men killed. Romantic heroism is a defect, not a virtue. A leader must not fear death, but neither must he despise life. What is wanted in a commander is coldness, seriousness, method. Our friend Peppino seems to me too ardent to command a battalion. Let him begin by learning to obey. We will make him a lieutenant or a captain." It would seem that General Cadorna is familiar with Shaw's *Arms and the Man.* But perhaps it is just a more lengthy translation of Napoleon's dictum, "*Et surtout, point de zèle.*"

Enemy propaganda grew bolder in 1917. In the later days agents in the Vatican threw out the bait of a Papal restoration of temporal power. Parish priests preached sermons advocating a Germanic peace. Pope Benedict came out openly for one. Anti-clerical agents preached revolutionary socialism, and finally traitors disseminated among the troops above the Isonzo their gospel of terror, the invincibility and ruthlessness of the enemy. Finally, when the time was ripe, General von Below struck on October 24th. Part of the Italian left wing, holding a strong position opposite the bridgehead at Santa Lucia, gave way and fled. The territory that had been won in thirty months was lost in thirty hours. General Cadorna met the situation with the utmost calmness, and his retreat from time to time under fearful losses ranks with the exploit of General Joffre after the Lorraine disaster.

THE GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS

Russia's Military Leader—A Dashing Cavalry Officer—Decorated in the Turkish War—His Services in the Great War

WHEN the Czar recalled the Grand-Duke Nicholas from the leadership of the Russian armies in 1915 and sent him to command the Army of the Caucasus, it created consternation among the Allied nations. For though the Russian troops had met with serious reverses, there was still the opinion in Europe among friends and foes that the Grand Duke was the strongest man in the Russian military organization. As soon as he took command of the Army of the Caucasus he was able to render invaluable service to the Allied cause, developing a brilliant campaign against the Turks which resulted in the capture of Erzerum and the advance of the Russians in Asiatic Turkey.

The Grand Duke is a Russian to the bone, and many of his people loved him before the revolution, though his political convictions were too conservative to please the masses. They knew that he was fair to subordinates, irrespective of rank, and that he could never be a traitor to Holy Russia.

The Grand Duke, born in 1856, inherited his fighting blood, his power of commanding large forces of men. He began his military career under his father, also a Grand-Duke

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Grand-Duke Nicholas Nicolaevitch

A soldier by vocation and avocation. A man of harsh justice, accredited with the responsibility for instituting the anti-drink order in the Russian Army. He was instrumental in the proclamation of Polish autonomy, on the part of Russia, in the Great War. Serious disagreement with the Czar was intimated when the Grand Duke was removed from the leadership of the Russian armies in 1915.

Nicholas, who commanded the Russian Army of the Danube in the Turkish War of 1877-78. As a junior officer of a hussar regiment on the staff of General Radetzky, the present Grand Duke was decorated for gallantry in action at the Shipka Pass and at Plevna. At this time he was in his twenty-second year and had already won a reputation as a hard rider, a laborious student of military matters, and a man of fearless courage. The cavalry was always dear to his heart, and though his figure in the saddle, on account of his length of limb, is not such as a painter would choose, yet he was a first-rate cavalryman and a dashing leader.

During the Japanese War in which none of the imperial family held high command, the Grand-Duke Nicholas remained quietly in St. Petersburg. But if he took no part in the war, he learned many things from it which he was later to turn to practical account. He rose to be president of the Council of Defence in 1905, and in the following year commanded the military district of St. Petersburg, the most important in all Russia, as it included what was then a great garrison at the capital and also the forces in Finland and in the great sweep of territory northeastward to Archangel.

ORGANIZER AND MILITARY LEADER

With the exception of the G and-Duke Serge, who became an artillery expert, Nicholas was the only member of the imperial family to adopt as his chief purpose in life the military profession, and he was always a soldier, though in Russia a grand duke enjoys the authority of an Oriental potentate and unbounded social and personal powers. The Grand-Duke Nicholas inherited great wealth and large estates and is a keen sportsman, but his holidays have been few. He is always to be seen in uniform.

He became more widely known outside of military circles during the dark days of the winter of 1905 in St. Petersburg, when he took command of the district. Liberally endowed with personal magnetism and charm, dining frequently at mess with his officers, a true friend of the soldier, the Duke displayed, when necessary, an iron will that crushed all opposition. He never hesitated to proffer advice to his cousin, the late Czar, though such counsel was seldom acted upon by that weak and wavering monarch. Count Witte received all the credit in 1905 for persuading the Czar to grant the people a constitution which was consented to under extreme pressure, but there is evidence to show that it was the Grand Duke who forced it through. He urged the Czar to have drinking in the army stopped, and it was owing largely to his influence that the sale of spirits was prohibited during the Great War by imperial ukase. Officers found drinking in cafés he deprived of rank and sent to the trenches. His iron discipline never affected the soldiers' liking for him.

It was owing to his skill as an organizer and strategist that Russia won some notable victories at the beginning of the war. It was he who engineered the drive in the Carpathians which failed of complete success largely because of lack of ammunition. The capture of Przemysl and the defeat and rout of the Germans in their first advance on Warsaw are among his outstanding achievements on the eastern battle-front. He was instrumental in persuading the Czar to proc aim the autonomy of Poland on August 14, 1914, which failed, however, to bring the expected results, since a large number of Poles suspected Russian promises and fought with the Germans.

The Grand Duke's romance came late in life. He was fifty-one years old when he married the Princess Anastasia of Montenegro, a sister of the Queen of Italy. At the beginning of the war the Grand Duke was fifty-eight, a splendid figure of a man, six feet four or five inches in height, lean but graceful, displaying ease and power in every movement.

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY ON RUSSIA

But there is one thing Russia will never do; she will never yield to monarchical dominion again. She will work out her own particular form of republican government—slowly, slowly—but surely, for the Russian people are very clever; and in time you will have orderly conditions and a great civilization in the place of chaos.

BRUSILOFF, RUSSIA'S MAINSTAY

The Centaur of the Caucasus—His Wonderful Forty-mile Dash

AFTER the collapse of the Russian offensive into Austria in April, 1916, a gentleman wearing the uniform of a cavalry officer of indefinite grade, and of apparently little importance, presented his safe-conduct in which appeared the name of A. A. Brusiloff. He seemed to be without record, achievements, or friends. In fact, he was almost an object of suspicion until his staff arrived a fortnight later and it transpired that he was the successor appointed to General Ivanoff, commander-in-chief of the Southern Russian armies. M. Breshko-Breshkovsky, the correspondent of *The Petrograd Bourse Gazette*, however, claimed to have penetrated his disguise, and was not surprised when he received the order to decamp and the information that no one in Petrograd, especially not the correspondents, should know what A. A. Brusiloff was doing until he had done it. He had no intention of allowing the news of his moves to get prematurely to Petrograd and thence to Berlin "over the Petrograd switchboard." M. Breshko-Breshkovsky says that he dined with Brusiloff once in a little room which the latter had arranged in a side-tracked railway carriage. He describes him as "an unusually complete and harmonious person with no half-tones or ambiguities. Though he is below medium height, his erect, lean figure looks as if it were sculptured out of bronze. He has that nervousness which means accessibility to impressions, but it is always well under control. Through all his actions and words there runs like a red thread a sound intelligence, matured by the best education and interesting itself in everything." He adds that when Brusiloff hears officers talking of modern Napoleons or Wellingtons or Suvoroffs, he laughs and exclaims: "Technic, technic, and still technic. Forty years have passed since the Russo-Turkish War, and what a readjustment of values! Then splendid bravado had its object and meaning—it was an inspiration for the troops. Now everything is buried underground."

BRUSILOFF'S OFFENSIVE

General Brusiloff's forty-mile dash along two hundred and fifty miles of the Volhynia-Galicia-Bukowina front was a big achievement. In less than a month Brusiloff routed General Pflanger's Austrian army in the Bukowina and hurled back the Austro-German forces from the region around the cities of Dubno and Lutsk, taking over 40,000 prisoners and killing or wounding many more.

Charles Johnston, who had exceptional opportunities for studying Brusiloff at close range, described his impression of the great general in *The Atlantic Monthly* in September, 1916.

"Alexei Alexeievitch Brusiloff comes from the great traditional school of Russian military prowess and skill, the Caucasus, where, among mountains far overtopping the Alps, the armies of Russia have fought for generations against the valorous savage tribesmen of whom the Cherkess in the north, and the Kurds, farther south, are outstanding types. His father, a former General Alexei Brusiloff, won renown in the Caucasian wars; he was serving with the Russian armies in the Caucasus when the present war hero was born there, some sixty years ago. . . . The tradition of military service and high martial achievement had long been the inspiration of his family.

"It was natural, therefore, that Alexei Brusiloff and his two younger brothers should all three enter the profession of war, two becoming soldiers and the third entering the Russian Navy. It was equally natural that, with their old Cossack blood, the two soldier brothers should, when they had completed the courses in the Russian military

General Alexei Brusiloff

The soldier of the Caucasus. His forty-mile dash along two hundred and fifty miles of the Volhynia-Galicia-Bukowina front won great admiration. He became commander-in-chief of the Southern Russian armies after the collapse of 1916, and became Commander-in-chief of the Russian armies after the revolution.

schools, find their way into the Tver Dragoons, a regiment which, although taking its name from the northern city between Moscow and Petrograd, had become almost permanently fixed in the Caucasus Mountains. In everything that had to do with horsemanship, Alexei Brusiloff was supreme. Slender and light, with the figure almost of a jockey, he is to-day one of the best cross-country riders in Russia, a land where skilful horsemen are not lacking. In the training and management of horses also he excels; as between the rough method and the gentle, he strongly advocates the latter, and has always enjoined it on his regiments. . . .

"As a result of his excellent work at the Cavalry School, where he had set and maintained a high ideal of discipline and efficiency, Alexei Brusiloff was transferred from the Tver Dragoons, which is a line regiment, to one of the mounted regiments of the Imperial Guards, with the same rank—a rare and exceptional honor, and one which gave him an opportunity to prove his quality as a soldier. . . .

A SCIENTIFIC SOLDIER

"He began to carry out the theory, which had long lain in his mind, that the training for war should be almost as rigorous as war itself; that the conditions of actual warfare should be the goal of all maneuvers. In his own practice, this took the form of long and arduous cross-country gallops, in which he himself always took the lead, seeking rather than avoiding darkness and rain and foul weather. But this was not at all acceptable to some of the spoiled gentlemen of the Guard, and protests, backed by high social influence, found their way to 'the Highest Personages.' It is credibly recorded that to such a protest General Brusiloff made answer: 'If Your Majesty will guarantee that the enemy will only attack on fine days, I will countermand the night-riding!' But the guaranty was not forthcoming, and the night-riding went on. During the winter, when General Brusiloff's troops, often up to the shoulders in snow, were attacking in the Carpathian passes, one remembered that wise reply.

"Alexei Brusiloff rose steadily to the command of his regiment, of a brigade, of a division, and then of an army corps, the Fourteenth, stationed at Lublin. Several years earlier, he had married a cousin from Courland; their son, who is also an Alexei Brusiloff and a daring cavalry officer, was decorated for valor in the war.

"General Brusiloff, like most men of his class in Russia, speaks French admirably. More than that, he knows France and the French Army well; on several occasions he had the honor to be chosen to accompany the Grand-Duke Nicholas to France, to take part in the great annual maneuvers held, for the most part, on the ground of the recent battlefields. . . .

"General Brusiloff knows Germany also, has watched the great Prussian maneuvers, and has learned all that can be learned of the military science of the enemy. On one occasion Kaiser Wilhelm asked his opinion of a certain cavalry maneuver. General Brusiloff, who does not speak English, replied, 'Your Majesty, I understand German, but—I am not a master of "*Der, die, das!*" If your Majesty does not mind about "*Der, die, das,*" I shall try to answer in German.' The Kaiser professed himself callous to the sufferings of '*Der, die, das*' and the criticism was made. Following out his method of learning from the enemy, he constantly read the military journals of Germany, as well as those of France. He is a thoroughly scientific soldier.

"General Brusiloff was a widower when he was made commander of the Fourteenth Corps at Lublin. Shortly after he had taken his new post he married the second daughter of the late Madame Jelihovskaya, whom he had known as a child in the Caucasus, and, later, in Petrograd. . . .

A GENTLE "IRON GENERAL"

"The impression made by his personality is distinction—personal distinction in a high degree. But one may associate the idea of distinction with a certain kind of weakness, of over-refinement. In General Brusiloff, on the contrary, distinction is as the fine edge on a sword-blade of highly tempered steel. Distinction, with great personal charm, which expressed itself at once in the perfec-

tion of his hospitality, and in a delightful gift for teasing, a ceaseless flow of delicate banter that bubbled up like a spring of crystal water, creating an atmosphere in which anything like gloom or despondency was unthinkable.

"One felt, too, that General Brusiloff was every inch a commander of men. . . . To every one he spoke intimately, gently, cordially, for gentleness is an outstanding quality of the 'iron general.' If we entered a restaurant, every officer there rose to salute the corps commander, and with every one he spoke, were it only for a moment or two. . . . 'Yes,' he said, 'I know them all personally. But that is not the point. The point is that they should know me; so that not one of them shall hesitate an instant, in time of war, in recognizing his commander!'

"'In time of war'; it was his ceaseless preoccupation. For even then, three years almost before the outbreak, he saw that war was inevitable, and with Russia's present foe. . . . The work of regenerating and renewing the Russian Army went on tirelessly; and there was no finer embodiment of its life than General Brusiloff."

After the fall of the House of Romanoff in the revolution of 1917, Brusiloff's main preoccupation was to maintain discipline in the Army and to prosecute the war with increasing energy. The ensuing political chaos and military insubordination were strongly against him. He tendered his resignation in May, 1917, which Kerensky refused to accept. In June, 1917, he succeeded General Alexeieff as Commander-in-chief of the Russian armies.

THE MARTINET

A writer in *The Post-Dispatch* (St. Louis) says: "When necessity arises Brusiloff can be the martinet, and a severe one, but it is said of him that he is stricter with himself than with any one else. For eighteen months he never left the Army and never saw his family for a day. At last his wife came to visit him, and after two weeks passed Brusiloff told her that it was time for her to return to Moscow. But those around him, who had been charmed by the society of Madame Brusiloff, hinted that it would be well if she could remain a day or two longer.

"'Not another day, not in any case,' the general replied. 'When once there is an order that wives can visit their husbands for a fortnight, this rule must be binding for all. And as it is binding for ensigns and second lieutenants, then I, as commander of the armies, must show an example to the younger officers.'

"Madame Brusiloff departed that same day for Moscow."

GENERAL LAURUS KORNILOFF

The Cossack—The Korniloff Rebellion—A Comedy of Errors

THE man who broke Mackensen's great offensive, who won Halicz and Kalush, who hacked his way out of the Dukla pass, remained until the last a skeptic with regard to the dependability of the Russian Army. He knew the real condition of his troops. On receiving congratulations upon his success, he is said to have replied, "With another army it would be possible to march in triumph to Lvoff, but with this one, when the shock battalions have all been in action and depleted, I am at the mercy of any counter-attack the enemy may make." Again, upon another occasion, he said, "An army in which each company calls a meeting to settle whether it shall or shall not take the offensive is no longer an army." And thus Korniloff, the soldier, to whom discipline is the first law of nature, summed up the surprising collapse of Russia.

PATRIOT OR TRAITOR?

What forces were behind Korniloff's revolt? Was he actuated by high and patriotic motives, or did he wish to see a limited

monarchy instead of a republic established in Russia? His unexpected demand for a dictatorship caused his downfall. *The Literary Digest* had the following to say about Korniloff's rebellion: "In the *Petrograd Birzheviya Vedemosti* Mr. Savinkoff, former Assistant Minister of War—Kerensky himself being the actual minister—tells us the inside story and makes it entirely clear that, whatever else General Korniloff may have had in mind, the restoration of the Czar never entered his thoughts, but that he was 'dissatisfied with the overweak policy of the government,' and that he was anxious to 're-establish discipline and restore the fighting efficiency of the Army, but always provided that such measures had the support of Mr. Kerensky and the authority of his men.' Savinkoff was the link between Kerensky and Korniloff and managed to persuade the Premier to accede to the general's program—'the re-establishment of the death penalty behind the lines, the militarization of the railroads and the war industries, and, in the event of Maximalist disorders, the proclamation of martial law in Petrograd and Moscow.' Savinkoff relates how he visited the general's headquarters and arranged for the close co-operation of the Premier and the general. On his way back the comedy of errors on both sides burst forth into full flower. He relates:

"'Mr. Lvoff left main headquarters the same day, and on the following day called on Mr. Kerensky at the Winter Palace, and informed him that he had been instructed by General Korniloff to demand that the whole civil and military power should be handed over to the Commander-in-chief, who would then form a new Cabinet. In confirmation, Mr. Lvoff handed Mr. Kerensky a document . . . of the nature of an ultimatum.

"'Mr. Kerensky, surprised at this unexpected act, especially as I had assured him of the loyalty of General Korniloff, got into telephonic communication with General Korniloff. Mr. Kerensky asked General Korniloff, "Do you subscribe to the words which Mr. Lvoff has addressed to me on your behalf?"

"'General Korniloff replied in the affirmative.

"'Mr. Philonenko (Kerensky's commissioner at headquarters), to whom General Korniloff related his conversation with Mr. Kerensky, expressed his astonishment that the Commander-in-chief should have thoughtlessly confirmed on the telephone a statement which had never even been read over to him. But it was too late. A fatal misunderstanding had already been created. Mr. Kerensky relieved General Korniloff of his command, summoning him to Petrograd.

"'General Korniloff replied (and here it is that the misunderstanding ends and the rebellion begins) that he did not consider himself relieved of his command, which he would continue to hold. He then ordered the arrest of Mr. Philonenko, and at the same time gave instructions to the "Savage Division" to march on Petrograd, under the command of General Krymoff.

"'At my own request I was authorized to converse with General Korniloff, . . . trying to point out the inadmissibility of his acts. I explained that there had been a misunderstanding, and I urged him to agree to stop the march of his troops and come himself to Petrograd in order to clear up the incident; but General Korniloff answered that he no longer recognized the government.'"

THE KORNILOFF REBELLION

The following proclamation was issued by Korniloff to his troops when he led them toward the capital on September 9th, in a counter-revolution: ". . . I, General Korniloff, son of a peasant and Cossack, declare to all that I require nothing personally, nothing except the salvation of mighty Russia, and I swear to lead the nation by the road of victory over the foe to a Constituent Assembly, through which the nation will decide its own fate and choose the organization of its own political life. . . .

"Russian people! In your own hands rests the fate of your country."

His troops, however, as they approached Petrograd, began going over in masses to the Provisional government, and on September 13th General Korniloff agreed to an unconditional surrender.

To Alexander Trachtenberg his revolt was "the last stand of capitalism" in Russia.

This observer, who was formerly a Russian officer, said in a *Sun* (New York) interview: "A monarchist counter-revolution has long been a dead issue. The monarchists are thoroughly discredited and could not raise a corporal's guard to fight their battles. In the revolution of General Korniloff capitalism is making its last stand in Russia, because, although the revolution that deposed the Czar was not a social one, it has moved thus far in direct opposition to the interests of the *bourgeoisie*. Failing to stem the tide by political action, the interests have resorted to the sword. But with Premier Kerensky rapidly realizing his errors and the certainty that all socialists will flock to the standards of the Provisional government, and with the Army overwhelmingly in favor of peace, the revolution will weather the storm."

THE GOATHERD ON THE STEPPES

M. Breshko-Breshkovsky can speak of Korniloff from personal observation. In *Le Matin* he says: "General Korniloff's career is one long list of incredibly brave deeds and untiring energy. Of all the officers in the Russian army, he had the fewest friends to 'push' him. The son of a poor Siberian Cossack, Korniloff at thirteen years of age was keeping goats on the steppes and had not learned to read. Yet at sixteen, after solitary and unaided study, he passed brilliantly into the cadet school. Thence he passed out first on the list into the staff college. His knowledge is remarkable. He speaks fifteen languages and has made a special study of Oriental tongues.

"Everything about the man abounds with energy. He has the build of an athlete, and neither his severe wounds nor the fearful privations of prison camps have left any mark upon him. Every one knows how he escaped from Austria, but people forget the amazing thoroughness with which he carried it out. Finding it impossible to get away from the building where he was confined, he had the will-power to abstain from food for fifteen days, and when, almost a skeleton, he was removed to the hospital as a dying man, he allowed himself only three days to rest before making his escape."

NINE GERMAN PRINCES ON THE CASUALTY LIST

It is recorded that nine German princes of ruling families fell fighting during the World War:

Prince Maximilian of Hesse, the twenty-year-old son of the Kaiser's sister Margarete, who was killed in France.

Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Lippe, who received his death-wound on August 6, 1914, when, with banner in hand, he was encouraging his men before Liège.

Prince Friedrich of Saxe-Meiningen, who was related by marriage to the House of Lippe. At Charleroi he was observing the artillery fire of his men, and as he stepped outside the house he was instantly killed.

Shortly after his death his son Ernst was wounded severely while on patrol duty near Maubeuge. Made prisoner, he died in a French hospital.

Prince Ernst of Lippe was the fourth of his family to fall. An ammunition-wagon exploded near him and killed him instantly.

Prince Otto of Schönburg-Waldenburg was transferred to France from the Eastern front, and, ten days later, he was shot down while reconnoitering.

Prince Wilhelm zu Schönaich-Carolath was a lieutenant in a regiment of Uhlans. With a few men he rode ahead of his regiment to the village of Meysse and there was surrounded by French and English troops. Wounded, he was taken prisoner. One of his men, Jacob, crept into the village and ascertained that his prince was being well cared for. The Prince gave Jacob his pistol as a farewell gift. Later he died in a Brussels hospital.

Prince Wolrad Friedrich zu Waldeck fought in the Vosges, in the battle of the Marne, on the Meuse. He fell near Lille, when trying to help a wounded dragoon.

Prince Henry XLVI of Reuss was only nineteen years old when he was killed.

GENERAL ALEXEIEFF

Fighting the Turks and Japanese—His Masterly Polish Retreat

"THE soldiers have had so many new ideas suddenly jammed into their heads that their brains can't boil." This was all that Michael Vassilivitch Alexeieff could say two months after the first Russian revolution. He had held a high military post under the old Russian government, he had fallen in with the revolution that had overthrown the Czar, and, finally resigning as Commander-in-chief of the Republican armies, he had made one of the most pathetic speeches in Russian history. He seemed to foresee the impending crash. He analyzed the condition of the Russian front as a grave illness; he drew contrasts between the Army of the old régime, bolstered up with the spirit of war and fighting, and that of the new, enfeebled by what he considered ill-interpreted and ill-applied doctrines. That speech will go down in history as the voice of old Russia, willing to change its course a bit, willing to bow to democracy, but afraid, fearfully afraid of an entirely new Russia and helpless before the gathering clouds of disintegration that spelled "Red" and meant Bolshevism.

Alexeieff himself had not been reared in luxurious surroundings. His father was a member of the Caucasian petty nobility, his mother an Armenian of rather humble origin. He was born about 1848 at Tver, gained entrance to the Imperial Military Academy at Moscow, was attached to a Kazan regiment, obtained his captaincy, received three wounds in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, and later became professor of military science at the Staff Academy. During the war with Japan he was in command of the Third Army of Manchuria, was reckoned their most formidable opponent by the Japanese, and, on the restoration of peace, received a diamond-studded saber from Emperor Nicholas in appreciation of his services. From 1908 to April, 1917, he was chief of staff of the Kiev military district.

A QUIET MASTER OF RETREAT

It was in the summer of 1915, when Russian ammunition was giving out and the Germans were winning victory after victory, that Alexeieff, little known before the war, took the place of Grand-Duke Nicholas as real Commander-in-chief. It was he who conducted the masterly retreat through Poland, making the Germans pay in blood for land whose strategic value could not atone to them for their losses. At one time it looked as if the Germans had bagged a whole Russian army. Alexeieff immediately turned over the work he had in hand to his subordinates, and locked himself up in his office. By field telegraph and wireless he directed the movements of the endangered army; he even supervised the movements of divisions and brigades, going over the heads of the generals in direct command. More than once it has been said that the greatness of a general is shown in retreat. Alexeieff proved this truth again.

General Michael Alexeieff was one of the most quiet and unassuming of men. When he was summoned to take charge of the whole Russian Western front, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, he was so disturbed by the prospect of having to lunch and dine daily with the Czar and the great personages in his company that he succeeded in being excused from the imperial table on the plea that he was not accustomed to society, did not enjoy it, and needed all his time for thinking and working. He displayed a calmness and simplicity in the most trying ordeals that won for him the admiration of those around him.

REVOLUTION AND MODERATION

After the revolution that overthrew the Czar in March, 1917, Alexeieff was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Repub-

lican armies in Russia. In June, 1917, he resigned and became Military Adviser to the Provisional Government. He was also Commander-in-chief under Kerensky. The world was later startled by a letter, supposedly written by Alexeieff, stating that Kerensky had engineered the Korniloff uprising against himself in order to frighten the people to his own ends. When Alexeieff resigned as commander-in-chief he was already beginning to fear that Russia was drifting, just before madly plunging to her ruin. It was then that he made his famous speech. The year 1918 had not ended before the death of the old general was reported.

KOLCHAK, ANTI-BOLSHEVIK

Reckless Career in Japanese War—Dictator of Omsk Government—Lover of "Holy" Russia—His Bluntness

"REMEMBER that if I catch one of you in a breach of discipline I will punish you then and there. If I waited a day I should be angry. If I waited two days I should be furious. If I waited three days I should kill you on the spot." The man who spoke thus was Alexander Vassilievitch Kolchak, dictator of the Omsk Government in Russia that was set up to overthrow the Bolsheviki. Bolshevism to him was the object of supreme and deadly hatred. At its very name his eyes flashed, his arms flew out, his face turned one color after another. It was said that if any one made mention of Lunacharsky, Tchicherin, Trotzky, or Lenin his language became unprintable. His whole being took fire, his countenance twitched with terrifying significance. "It is possible to reach an accord with the various provisional governments, but with brigands never," was his famous reply to an invitation to parley with the Bolsheviki. Bolshevism means nothing but mutiny to Kolchak.

A TATAR IN ORIGIN AND SPIRIT

It was the Tatar in the man that was aroused by the Bolsheviki. His friends were proud to refer to his Tatar origin. They pointed out how, in the traits and temper of Kolchak, one saw again all the qualities of the legendary heroes of Mongolia; and, indeed, Kolchak has the somewhat small stature of the Tatar, with all the Tatar litheness, the nervous walk, the dark skin. The most prominent feature of his face is his nose; it is long, hawklike, and well-developed; its wide nostrils denote temper. In repose his face is described as being both sad and severe, but the streak of sadness is changed to consuming fire when he unloosens his indignation.

One day in November, 1918, the people of Siberia were surprised to see posted on the railway stations this notice:

"This day I have taken Chief Command of All the Power of the Land and Sea of Russia."—ADMIRAL KOLCHAK.

It was the famous *coup d'état*—a tremendous effort to put an end to Bolshevism's high-handed innovations. This was the beginning of the Omsk Government. Its actual supporting forces were, first, the Cossack forces of the Ural and Orenburg; secondly, the population of the Northern Ural; and, thirdly, the Siberian Army at the front. The name of its general in the south, Denikin, came to be inseparable from that of Kolchak, especially when he voluntarily put himself under the supreme direction of Kolchak, unlike the more unruly Semenoff.

Many were the factions that supported Kolchak and his new government. There were loyal Democrats, and also Monarchists, who felt that the destiny of Russia was linked to the more moderate government. But Kolchak seemed too busy in trying to

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Admiral Alexander Vassilievitch Kolchak

The dictator of the Omsk Government which was set up in Russia to oppose the Bolsheviki. The government included most of the old monarchists and other moderates, but committed itself to the calling of a national Assembly to decide upon the eventual form of government. Kolchak won bitter enemies among Radicals and Liberals throughout the world.

do his part in reorganizing Russia to commit himself openly to any political group. "Whether the future of Russia is a monarchy or the most radical republic does not concern the present government," he said in the beginning of 1919. Russia to him had been a supreme religion. "Do you forget that Russia is holy?" he would cry. In discussing democracy he said: "Russia was democratic even under the monarchy. Aristocracy never ruled Russia. The Ministers of the Czar's régime came from all walks of life." Nor did Kolchak forget the old Russian Church. He himself was found in the sacred place of prayer devoutly praying for the souls of the many Russians lost in the war. It must have been a triumphal time for this indomitable fighter when the news began to filter through that the Council of Four at the Peace Conference was ready to give him supplies and ultimate recognition in return for the promise of convening a Constituent Assembly as soon as he should take Moscow.

BORN TO COMMAND

It was at the great Russian Naval School that Kolchak began to absorb his ideas of war and fighting. He distinguished himself at the Academy for his mathematics and his aptitude for the science of navigation. But even on his first voyage, as a midshipman on the old Russian cruiser *Rurik*, he showed that he was a man who refused to be disobeyed. He eagerly played his part in the Russo-Japanese War. He took risks at Port Arthur that positively shocked his superior officers, who looked upon his daring as nervous recklessness, and kept him from promotion. His intrinsic ability was recognized; otherwise he would have been taken off his ship forthwith for rank disobedience. He quelled a bursting mutiny single-handed by rigging up a man of straw to represent himself, and suddenly appearing with a pair of revolvers and a defiant shout that inspired terror. "Get them drunk," was another of his expedients to put down mutiny among the sailors.

There is a softer side to the man, who, by the way, knows many curious and rare plants by name. With the revolution in Russia there came the great mutiny in the Black Sea Squadron, under Kolchak's command at the time. Finally the mutineers sent one of their leaders to demand his sword. He came out of his cabin, with the sword of St. George in his hand, and, clicking his teeth in his terrible way, he cried: "This sword I won at Port Arthur. You are not worthy to lay a finger upon it." Then he hurled his precious weapon overboard, turned about, and walked back to his cabin. No one dared follow the bold leader, although a guard was posted at his door. Many of the sailors are said to have wept. Such was Kolchak.

One quality that enemies, as well as friends, have ascribed to Kolchak is bluntness and an uncommon degree of frankness. He did not conceal his actions behind high-sounding phrases. He did not make far-fetched promises, subscribing to unattainable ideals, merely to catch the people's ear. He was not a modern diplomat. He was rugged, primitive, passionate in his spontaneous desire to crush the Bolsheviki, whom he loathed as rank mutineers. Nor was he ever afraid to give credit to his subordinates, and often praised General Denikin, who had been faithful to the new government, to the very skies. He was the consistent representative of an era that is dead.

FROM "THE VOICE OF THE GUNS"

By Gilbert Frankau

We are the guns, and your masters! Saw ye our flashes?
Heard ye the screams of our shells in the night, and the shuddering crashes?
Saw ye our work by the roadside, the shrouded things lying,
Moaning to God that He made them—the maimed and the dying?
Husbands or sons,
Fathers or lovers, we break them! We are the guns![1]

[1] *A Song of the Guns.* By Gilbert Frankau, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

HINDENBURG, THE MAN OF IRON

Germany's Popular Idol—The Battle of Tannenberg—The Masurian Lakes—Commander-in-chief—Hindenburg's Humor

LIKE Byron, Hindenburg awoke one morning and found himself famous. On August 22, 1914, he was still a retired general, living in genteel monotony in Hanover. By August 29th he had become the popular hero of Germany, and before the year was over he had achieved the most spectacular military successes of the war. His story is surely the most dramatic example of a sudden change in fortune that the war has known. Furthermore, "old Hindenburg" did not lose any of his popularity among his own countrymen nor the respect that his military achievements gained for him among the Allies. In a war of bitterness and hatred, it has been rare to achieve popularity with both friend and foe; but General von Hindenburg and General von Mackensen, among the Germans, retained the admiration of their own country, and of England and France as well.

It was the battle of Tannenberg that transformed Hindenburg from a reliable old general, favorably known in military circles, to a popular idol. On Saturday, August 29, 1914, the great General Staff in Berlin issued the following bulletin:

"Our troops in East Prussia, under command of Colonel-General von Hindenburg, have met the Russian Narew army, consisting of five army corps and three cavalry divisions, in the neighborhood of Gilgenburg and Ortelsburg. After a battle of three days' duration they have defeated it and are now pursuing it over the frontier."

Thus, with soldierly brevity, was announced a victory that, from the military point of view, is considered the classic triumph of the war. Tannenberg stopped the Russian invasion of East Prussia and changed the whole state of affairs in the east. The Russian "steam-roller" ceased to roll toward Berlin, and no Russian army again set foot on German soil.

THE BATTLE OF TANNENBERG

Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope in *Inside the German Empire* says: "There have been bigger battles and longer battles, and there have been battles of more significance in the history of the war, but there has been no other battle in which the result has been so overwhelming and complete a victory for either side.

"Just what happened at Tannenberg and in the Masurian Swamps is still a secret. There have been stories that 100,000 men were drowned in the swamps. . . . All that is known certainly is that a Russian army disappeared."

The Russian army was that of General Samsonoff, who died in this battle in which five army corps were annihilated and more than 90,000 prisoners were taken. Then Hindenburg turned upon the second Russian army, led by General Rennenkampf, and two weeks later not a Russian remained in Germany—except 140,000 prisoners of war. Tannenberg was one of the greatest disasters in history and the horrors connected with it have rarely been equaled. The cries of thousands of men and horses, sucked into the deadly swamps, were so blood-curdling that many of the Germans who heard them are said to have gone insane. It was a famous victory—and in it Paul von Hindenburg proved himself a bold and original military mind.

The return of von Hindenburg to military life and the beginning of his overwhelming success were due, strangely enough, to his Masurian Lake maneuvers, which had gained for him in the past the nicknames of "the Old Man of the Swamps," "the Old Man of the Lakes," or "the Old Man of Masuria." His plan, which had been considered the dream of a crank, became the salvation of the Eastern front for Germany.

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Field-Marshal von Hindenburg

The famous German general who spent his lifetime studying the Masurian marshes, jeered by his brother officers as "the Old Man of the Lakes." Then suddenly, when the Great War came, he remembered so much about those marshes as literally to drown a Russian army in what was worse than a watery grave.

Between Russia and East Prussia there lies a network of almost impenetrable swamps and lakes called the Masurian Lakes. Plans had been made by the Reichstag to have them drained and put under cultivation; and only Hindenburg's insistence that they constituted a natural protection to the frontier had prevented the execution of this plan.

THE MASURIAN LAKES MANEUVERS

A whole library of legends has grown up about the maneuvers conducted by von Hindenburg among the chain of lakes and morasses of which he knew every path and road. All his brother officers had suffered from his apparently mad enthusiasm for the Masurian swamps. He knew every inch of the territory from Königsberg to Tannenberg and fought innumerable battles on paper and at maneuvers before fate permitted him to fight his great fight there. It is even said that once his activity had been to his disadvantage.

"There came a day when von Hindenburg was appointed umpire of a big maneuver in East Prussia. The Army of the Red—so the story runs—was commanded by the German Emperor; opposing him was the Army of the Blue. The sham battle ended rather indecisively. The Emperor and all the lesser generals met in the center of the field at the *Grosse Kritik* to hear the criticisms of umpire von Hindenburg. Hindenburg tore the reputation of the general of the Army of the Blue to tatters. He demonstrated that this officer had made the grossest blunders.

"It occurred to the Emperor that von Hindenburg had said nothing whatever about the Army of the Red, which the Kaiser himself commanded. The Kaiser asked von Hindenburg about this, adding that, for the benefit of all the officers, the Army of the Red should also be criticized. Von Hindenburg continued to say nothing about it. Again the Emperor asked him.

"'Your Majesty,' von Hindenburg said, bluntly, 'I deliberately refrained from criticizing your army. That is why I took the leader of the Blues so severely to task. For if I had been he, with his opportunities, I would have driven your Majesty's troops into the Baltic Sea.'" [1]

So Hindenburg went on forever with his study of the region, and every year at maneuvers punctually drove the enemy into the swamps. "To-day we shall have a bath," was the habitual saying of the soldiers when "old Hindenburg" was against them.

"They knew that everything they could do was unavailing," said one German military student. "If they attacked from the left, or from the right, if they made a frontal attack, or if they chased the enemy from the rear, if they were few or many, the end was always the same—Hindenburg entangled them hopelessly among the Masurian Lakes. When the signal to break off maneuvers was heard, the Red army was invariably standing up to its neck in water."

HINDENBURG SAVES EAST PRUSSIA

Von Hindenburg was in retirement at Hanover and almost forgotten when the war began. He at once offered his services, but the offer was ignored while the Russians invaded East Prussia and destroyed the flourishing countryside. Then something happened. Some stories report that it was Ludendorff who told the Kaiser that they needed von Hindenburg's experience here; others give the credit for this momentous piece of advice to von Moltke, then Chief of Staff. At any rate, the advice was followed, and this modern Cincinnatus was summoned to save his country.

"Suddenly," to quote his own words, "there came a telegram informing me that the Emperor commissioned me to command the Eastern Army. I really only had time to buy some woolen underclothing and to make my old uniform presentable again. Then came sleeping-cars, saloon-cars, locomotives—and so I journeyed to East Prussia like a prince. And so far everything has gone very well."

Von Hindenburg had asked to have Ludendorff, the great German expert in tactical investiture, as his co-operator, and the two men, the one from his retirement at Hanover, the other fresh from the bloody

[1] E. L. Fox.

victories of Liège and Namur on the Western front, met on the train that was to speed them to East Prussia. All night they pored over maps and plans—and worked out that famous plan by which the Masurian Lakes maneuvers, from being a joke, became a grim reality.

THE POLISH CAMPAIGN

After the East Prussian victories came Hindenburg's Polish campaign. Mr. William C. Dreher in his article on "Hindenburg, General and Man," in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1915, says:

"In the series of battles fought during the Polish campaign, he captured 130,000 prisoners and in the so-called 'Winter's battle'—the name given to the nine days' fighting in February in East Prussia and across the frontier—he eclipsed his own achievement at Tannenberg by taking 104,000 prisoners. Within half a year after he assumed command of the Eastern Army, he had taken about 500,000 prisoners, and the killed and wounded certainly exceeded that number."

In military history Hindenburg's campaign in Poland will doubtless rank as a remarkable experiment in strategy. His feints, his apparent retreats, and his sudden descents on new points were of a bold, imaginative, and heroic character; and while he had to fall back before Russian armies four times his own in numbers and while the Polish campaign ended in a deadlock, he resumed his plan in 1915. After Warsaw fell on August 4, 1915, he was halted only at Riga, after having conquered Russian Poland, Courland, Kovno, Vilna, and Grodno, in a single brilliant campaign of three months' duration.

The summer of 1916 was a period of bitter disappointment for the Germans. The tremendous effort at Verdun had not succeeded; the Austrians had been driven out of Gorizia; the Eastern front had been battered by the Russians; and in August Rumania's entrance into the war completed the "ring of steel" and added nine hundred miles to the front that had to be defended. The darkest outlook since 1914 faced Germany. Then it was that Field-Marshal von Hindenburg was appointed by the Kaiser to succeed von Falkenhayn as chief of the General Staff, with Ludendorff as his right-hand man. The "Man of Iron" became intrusted with Germany's military destiny amid a chorus of gratitude from the whole German nation. Von Hindenburg was master in the east and in the west, with the strands of all the armies centering in his hands. The military critic of *The Times* (London) wrote at the time:

"In her deadly peril Germany is unlikely to have chosen the new chief merely to placate public feeling. We shall do well to take von Hindenburg seriously and to recognize that, though conditions are against him, he is no weakling. The glimpses we have had of him suggest a man with big and simple ideas, which often make for success in war. . . .

"The position points to the probable shortening of the front in France and Flanders, and he is to-day the only man in Germany who could order the ruthless shortening of the Western front without the collapse of public faith."

Mr. H. L. Mencken said of the event:

"To the populace Hindenburg remains the national hero. . . . His rescue of East Prussia from the Cossacks and his prodigies in Poland and Lithuania have given him a half-fabulous character; a great body of legends grows up about him; he will go down in German history alongside Moltke, Blücher, and the great Frederick. . . . His popularity, indeed, it would be impossible to exaggerate. . . . His promotion from Commander-in-chief in the east to supreme command on all fronts was made, almost literally, by acclamation." [1]

HINDENBURG IN SUPREME COMMAND

Von Hindenburg at once reorganized the command of the armies on the Western front; on the Russian front the operations were directed by trusted German staff-officers; and the decision to undertake a great offensive against Rumania was made. This was one of the most brilliant campaigns of the war and it won for Marshal von Hindenburg the enthusiastic praise of

[1] "Ludendorff," in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1917.

the German nation and a personal letter from the Kaiser. Von Hindenburg not only planned campaigns, but, with Ludendorff at his side, he intervened in the U-boat discussions and until the last opposed the extremists in favor of a ruthless submarine war. He indorsed the plan of "industrial conscription"—*Zivildienstpflicht*—probably conceived by his silent collaborator. Indeed, in the last years of the war the popularity of Hindenburg was used to make more palatable every bitter dose that the long-suffering German people had to swallow. The fifth German loan came with his promotion to the supreme command of all the armies, and Hindenburg's name was worth billions of marks in subscriptions. "The Hindenburg Line," to which the weakening German armies had to retreat in the west, became a symbol of the spirit of "holding out" when the hope of victory had been given up.

HIS MILITARY LIFE

The general's full name is Paul Ludwig Hans Anton von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg. He is thus doubly a member of the nobility. The Beneckendorff is an ancient family name going back to the twelfth century. The von Hindenburg was first assumed by his great-grandfather in 1789 in order to comply with the wishes of a great-uncle who bequeathed his estates to him; but the latter became the better known name.

Von Hindenburg's family is a family of soldiers and he himself devoted his whole life to his profession. Born in Posen on October 2, 1847, his military education began in the cradle, for it happened that his nurse had been a daughter of the regiment, a professional *vivandière*. When the baby cried, she commanded in stentorian tones, "Silence in the company!" until the mother put an end to this régime. Hindenburg's love of peaceful domesticity became evident early, for it is related that when his younger brother was born, the two-year-old Paul complained bitterly of "this everlasting baby-crying"! At school he was a good student, but was "weak in arithmetic"—an unusual defect for a future strategist. He attended various schools for cadets and military academies until the war against Austria broke out in 1866. Then he said, "It's time for the Hindenburgs to smell powder again," and at the age of eighteen he received a lieutenant's commission. He won distinction both in the Austrian and in the Franco-Prussian war, as is related in the following account:

"At the battle of Königgrätz, with only about forty men under his command he took an Austrian battery without other assistance. He led the charge on this battery, and when three of the guns had been captured he fell, stunned by a bullet in the head. Young Hindenburg lay on the ground for several minutes, and his soldiers supposed him dead. Gradually they began to retreat, but when the advance-guard reached the spot where he lay he sprang up. It seemed as though he had suddenly become conscious that the victory he had won was in jeopardy. The bullet had only grazed his head, tearing open the scalp, but not even marking the skull. With fiercer enthusiasm than before he sprang to the head of his men and ordered another charge. This time they took the three remaining guns of the Austrian battery. When that was done young Hindenburg fainted.

"A few days later the Emperor conferred on him the Order of the Red Eagle with Crossed Swords. This is an order that is ordinarily conferred only on majors or officers of higher rank. For a subaltern to get it was most unusual.

"In the Franco-Prussian War Hindenburg was a captain, and he took part in the storming of St.-Privat, near Metz, one of the bloodiest engagements of the war, in which the German loss was 40 per cent. of those engaged. That was on August 18th. Twelve days later he was in the battle of Sedan, where he led his company in a charge. At the close of the battle of Sedan, Captain Hindenburg was decorated by the Emperor with the Order of the Iron Cross.

"The other day, after the battle of East Prussia, Hindenburg received his third decoration direct from the hands of the Emperor. This was also an Iron Cross,

but different from the one given him forty-four years ago. That was made of the metal of captured French cannon and bore the figures '70. This has been made of captured Russian cannon and bears the figures '14." [1]

It was difficult to go back to school and studies after two wars, but Germans believe in being thorough, and so, at his family's request, young Hindenburg attended the War Academy at Berlin, where officers are fitted for higher military careers. In the forty-three years that followed the Franco-Prussian War, Hindenburg rose from one post to another and went from one part of the Empire to another, getting the widest sort of military experience. In addition to his practical experience he had a varied technical experience during these years as a member of the General Staff and as a professor in the War Academy, where he helped to train younger officers, administer the affairs of the army, and work out theoretical problems. In 1903 he was a commanding general. In 1911, at the age of sixty-four, he resigned because "he had always believed that a commanding general should lay down his commission in good time, so as to make room for the younger men." The rest of his career is world history.

HINDENBURG THE SOLDIER

Like all German strategists—indeed, every great general in this war has confessed the same faith—Hindenburg believes that attack is the best defence, and that one must push an advantage unrelentingly. His East Prussian and Rumanian campaigns were the best examples of these beliefs put into practice. He was quoted as saying that the war would be won by the side with the steadier nerves.

Mr. Dreher said of him as a fighter: "Hindenburg makes enormous demands upon his troops. Probably no other general ever required from his men harder marching and fighting at critical junctures. It is related of one regiment at Tannenberg that it marched one hundred and twenty-two miles in five days, and then went immediately into the fighting-line; and Hindenburg himself has said that some of his troops marched ninety miles in four days during the battle of the Masurian Lakes. But his soldiers have unlimited confidence in him and are willing to endure hardship for the sake of the victory that they always confidently expect. . . . The feeling in the ranks was well hit off by a wounded soldier in the following words: 'We had to march and march, and we swore and thundered; but when we reached our goal and everything passed off well, we thanked God and Hindenburg.'"

Hindenburg and Ludendorff were inseparable during the war, and, according to one anecdote, the Berliners called Hindenburg "*Marschall-Was-Sagst-Du?*" from his habit of always turning to the great strategist and asking, "Ludendorff, what do you say?" But whatever may have been Ludendorff's share in the strategy of the Great War, no one has ever denied Hindenburg's military ability.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner characterizes Hindenburg as "a man of bold, original powers, . . . belonging to that type which in normal times is dismissed by conventional official minds as a man ridden by his ideas and in time of stress is found to be a genius."

HINDENBURG THE MAN

Hindenburg is almost gigantic in size—six feet high and broad in proportion. His whole personality expresses strength. He has never been ill and looked much younger than his sixty-seven years when the war began. His hair and mustache are of a pepper-and-salt color, his face and forehead furrowed, his nose and chin aggressive. The most striking feature is his steel-blue eyes, too small for his face, and often sleepy-looking, but of intense penetrating power when the man is aroused.

Mr. Edward Lyell Fox, an American correspondent, wrote in 1915 that the impression produced by the general was one of bigness, both mental and physical. "Simply dressed in field gray, wearing only the Order *Pour le Mérite*, bestowed upon him by the Emperor for his marvelous skill in the Russian drive, Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg has the directness and

[1] *The Literary Digest* for October 17, 1914.

simplicity of men of real greatness. He is wholly without ostentation, and easier to engage in conversation than many a younger officer who only sports the second class of the Iron Cross.

"He eats simply and he works hard. Dinner at von Hindenburg's headquarters consists of soup and one course, around an undecorated table with ten officers. He

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"Sticking Pins" in Him

They are driving nails into Hindenburg's wooden statue, not that, like the old witches with their wax dolls, they may hurt him, but that they may help rebuild East Prussia by the contributions made for the privilege of doing the nailing.

likes a good wine; when he is drinking a toast he takes his glass of champagne at one gulp, to the despair of some of his younger officers. The dinner-hour showed him to be very lively. He likes stories where the wit is keen; also he is not a puritan. He avoids talking military matters and seems at dinner to have thrown off all responsibilities. Indeed, it is with difficulty that von Hindenburg can be induced to say anything about the war." [1]

Another writer says: "He seems to have been an indifferent courtier, for he never figured brilliantly at court in his youth, while his middle age was spent in garrison towns. Before his retirement he lived in Magdeburg, where his wife and two daughters played a prominent part in the society of the place. He had the good luck, as some think, or the bad luck, as others infer, to miss very long service on the General Staff. The great General Staff in Berlin plays in the administration of the German army a part more important than is allotted to the general staff in any other military force. All the higher officers have passed the crucial phases of their careers with it. . . . Hindenburg alone has not confined himself to staff-work with such exclusiveness. Nevertheless, he has served in its several departments with credit and for a time acted as chief." [2]

A writer in the *Tribuna* (Rome) who knew Hindenburg personally describes him as hot-headed and impetuous. Because the gifts of conciliation and persuasion have been denied him, his personality has often been misunderstood. "He is a cultivated and educated gentleman of very good family, well read, fond of literature and the arts, . . . disposed in his latter years to experiments in horticulture, and eager for social life. For some years he has been a resident of Hanover, living on his pension and a small fortune coming to him through his wife. Few figures were more familiar here than his, for he went everywhere freely, in a simple sack suit, chewing a straw meditatively, and carrying a cane. He denies that he has gout and is sensitive, says the *Figaro* (Paris) to allusions on the score of his age. . . . His visits to the capital were many and Americans would call him a good mixer. He pounded his stein on the beer-garden table with whatever journalists, actors, and Bohemians happened to be of the company, and he roared the choruses with the rest. Yet his li-

[1] *The Literary Digest* for June 19, 1915.
[2] *Current Opinion*, April, 1915.

brary in Hanover is well stocked with the classics."[1]

THE HINDENBURG CULT

Hindenburg's popularity in Germany became so great, as a result of his almost unvarying success, that it resembled a great national movement. Volumes have been written about him and a whole literature of Hindenburg biographies, Hindenburg military histories, Hindenburg anecdotes has been written. Fifty Hindenburg marches have been composed, one hundred and fifty cigars named after him. The most extraordinary form taken to express the popular hero-worship was when a huge wooden statue was erected in Berlin, opposite the Reichstag, to celebrate his sixty-eighth birthday on October 2, 1915. Into this his admirers could drive gold, silver, or iron nails, at a fixed charge, and the fund went toward restoring East Prussia.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner has said in this connection in *The War Lords*: "There is no parallel to the frantic enthusiasm that his name has evoked. . . Towns and villages have been renamed after him; the Hindenburgstrasse would seem to have become as common as the Friedrichstrasse; the universities have showered their dignities upon him; . . . honors and gifts, telegrams and decorations, have inundated him beyond any precedent."

HINDENBURG'S HUMOR

While Hindenburg enjoyed his popularity to the full, he never lost his head, for he has a pronounced sense of humor. Amateur military experts amused him greatly. "Somebody," he said, "recently wrote to tell me that I should keep marching along the bank of a certain river—straight on to Petersburg. It isn't a bad idea, and if the Russians would promise to keep on the other bank, perhaps I should do it." He gleefully received all the military advice, dignities, cigars, and slippers that were showered upon him, but he balked at remedies for gall-stones. "Those gall-stones are the plague of my life," he said. "Not a day passes without my getting sovereign remedies for them sent to me, whereas I never suffered from them in my life."

His great popularity, indeed, had its penalties, but he consoled himself philosophically when bales of presents and letters arrived with the reminder, "It won't last forever." Yet he was never ungrateful, and he once said to a sympathetic friend:

"It is touching to realize how kind people are to me. Many of their gifts have been welcome, many, however, not very appropriate. For instance, pictures have been sent to me, great framed pictures. What am I to do with them in war-time? Then I have received three sleeping-bags. I never sleep in a sleeping-bag. How, then, am I to use three? And above all, the wristlets! I should have to possess forty pair of hands if I were to wear all the wristlets that have been sent me. For heaven's sake, let them stop sending me wristlets!"

After the establishment of the German Republic, in the dark days that must have been doubly tragic to one of his class and profession, General von Hindenburg put aside his personal prejudices with the straightforward sincerity characteristic of the man. He continued to labor for his fatherland, directing the armies of the Republic on the Eastern frontier, until the signing of the Peace Treaty by his country.

Simple, old-fashioned, deeply religious, devoted to his country, "old Hindenburg" fought a good fight to the best of his ability. He is now threescore and twelve years of age, one of the oldest survivors among the soldiers of the former German Empire. He bore his good fortune with philosophy and doubtless has faced the destruction of the military caste with fortitude, for Hindenburg was always a man.

[1] From the *Tribuna* (Rome), quoted in *Current Opinion*, April, 1915.

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LUDENDORFF, THE ENIGMA

An Unknown Quantity—A Brilliant War Record—"Ludendorff, You're a Genius"—Strategist, Administrator, Organizer

"WHO is Ludendorff?" Until the last year of the war, when he practically became dictator of Germany, this question was asked many times in the countries of the Allies. All the world knew Hindenburg, the victor of East Prussia, Poland, and Russia; but the silent, hard-working strategist who made plans and worked out orders by day and night, and who deserved at least half the glory, was little known outside his own country.

Even in his own country Ludendorff was comparatively unknown, except in military circles, when the war began. In 1914 the name of Ludendorff was not even mentioned in *Wer Ist's*, the German *Who's Who;* in 1918 this name was on every tongue and he was ruling Germany and her conquered territories with more absolute authority than the Kaiser. In four brief years he had risen from being a simple colonel on the General Staff to the practical dictatorship of the German Empire. Credited with possessing the military talents of Moltke and the administrative powers of Bismarck, Ludendorff the inscrutable, unquestionably a man of extraordinary mental ability, range, and power, was by the Germans esteemed a military and administrative genius of the first rank.

ALL-KNOWING AND ALL-POWERFUL

Germany was unfortunate in her geniuses in the Great War. Von Tirpitz, and later Ludendorff, by their support of the unrestricted U-boat warfare brought about the ruin of that Empire which they were trying to save—according to their lights. Yet Ludendorff is a man of imagination, of capacious mind, of astute thought. Mr. H. L. Mencken in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1917, describes vividly the powerful effect of this curious personality on the more intelligent and sophisticated classes of Germans. He says: "The farther one gets from the people and the nearer one approaches the inner circle of German opinion, the less one hears of Hindenburg and the more one hears of Ludendorff. Two years ago Hindenburg was given all the credit for the astounding feat of arms at Tannenberg—the most astounding victory, surely, of this war. . . . But now one hears that Ludendorff, too, had a hand in it. One hears, again, that it was Ludendorff who planned the Battle in the Snow. . . . One hears, yet again, that it was Ludendorff who devised the advance upon Lodz; . . . who prepared the Homeric blow at Gorlice, which freed Galicia and exposed Poland; . . . who chose the moment for the devastating advance into Lithuania and Courland which gave the Germans a territory in Russia almost half as large as the German Empire itself. Finally, one hears that it was Ludendorff . . . who planned the Rumanian campaign, an operation so swift and so appallingly successful that the tale of it seems almost fantastic. . . . He is, as it were, the esoteric Ulysses of the war.

"But this is not the whole story, by any means. . . . He has reached out for the wires of civil administration. . . . It was in Poland and Galicia . . . that he first showed his talent in this department. . . .

"Curious tales are told of his omnipresence, his omniscience. He devised and promulgated, it is said, the Polish customs tariff. He fixed railroad rates, routes, and even schedules. . . . He made regulations for newspaper correspondents, prison-camp workers, refugees. . . . He established a news service for the army. He promulgated ordinances for the government of cities and towns. . . . He proclaimed compulsory education. . . . In brief, he reor-

ganized the whole government, from top to bottom, of a territory of more than 100,000 square miles, with a population of at least 15,000,000."

All this was in 1915. In 1916, with Hindenburg's promotion to the supreme command, the power of Ludendorff, who was now First Quartermaster-General and Chief of Staff, grew amazingly. He had ruled only in conquered territory. Now his power began to make itself felt in Germany itself. He speeded up the manufacture of munitions; he evolved the theory of *Zivildienstpflicht*, or compulsory civil duty, according to which every German, rich or poor, old or young, was conscripted for the service of the state; and at the last he attempted to regulate the food-supply for the starving Empire.

LUDENDORFF THE COMMONER

Ludendorff, like Mackensen, Kluck, Tirpitz, and many other leaders in the German army and navy, began as a commoner and owed his advance to his own individual powers. His grandfather and father were merchants in Stettin, but through his grandparents he had the advantage of being of mixed race, with Swedish, Finnish, and Polish blood in his veins. There were burgomasters, distinguished mathematicians, and writers among Ludendorff's ancestors, but none before him attained military distinction. He is *sui generis*.

His father became a gentleman farmer in Posen on retiring from business, and there Erich, the second son, was born in 1865. The catalogue of his years is simple. After going to a military school and entering the army, at the age of twenty-two he was transferred to the Marine Corps and visited Scandinavia and the British Isles. At twenty-five he entered the War College in Berlin, with Russian as his chief subject during the three years' course. In 1894 he executed military observations in Russia so well that he was made captain and put on the General Staff. His rise in rank from company commander in 1898 to major in 1902, lieutenant-colonel in 1908, colonel in 1911, and major-general on April 22, 1914, was entirely due to his ability, and not to any outside influences or advantages. The war itself proved his most brilliant record.

HIS BRILLIANT WAR RECORD

Ludendorff's military talents, unlike those of most of the other prominent leaders in Germany, had not been tested in war when the Great War broke out. A mere colonel on the General Staff detailed to work out

Brown Brothers

General Ludendorff

Credited with possessing the military talents of Moltke and the administrative powers of Bismarck, Ludendorff, during the last year of the war, was perhaps the most powerful person in the German Empire. He is a great soldier because he has imagination and ideas, fortified by energy, a tenacious will, and a strong spirit.

routes of march for the army in case of war, he was little known when he became Chief of Staff to General von Emmich on August 2, 1914. He was one of the first to cross the Belgian border and at Liège his true career began. In command of a brigade, he led his forces into the city and

took possession of most of Liège until the "Big Berthas" came to his help and demolished the forts. Then came the advance into Belgium—and then fate intervened and swept Ludendorff from the west to the Eastern front, where he was to achieve success and glory and power—and ultimate failure. A telegram notified him that he had been made Chief of Staff to General von Hindenburg, who had just been chosen to save East Prussia from the on-sweeping Russian avalanche.

All night he and Hindenburg worked over plans and maps while the train raced to East Prussia. Five days later, after a battle of three days' duration, on August 28th, the Germans had won the battle of Tannenberg, the greatest single military achievement of the war; and in the next two weeks Hindenburg and Ludendorff, with only 200,000 men had defeated two armies of 300,000 men each, taken 140,000 prisoners, killed or wounded another 140,000, cleared East Prussia of the invaders, and begun the invasion of Russia.

The whole campaign was so swift and so overwhelming in its results that its strategy and its conduct are more or less a mystery still, even as Ludendorff's part in it is still a mystery. Many military men hold that Ludendorff, the astute military genius, planned this greatest *coup de guerre*, though the popular view clings to the theory that Hindenburg planned the Battle of the Swamps.

"LUDENDORFF, YOU'RE A GENIUS!"

"Ludendorff plans and Hindenburg decides," "Ludendorff is Hindenburg's brain," "*Ludendorff ist dafür*" ("Ludendorff is for it")—these phrases indicate unmistakably the position that this man of mystery held in the mind of the German people toward the end of the war. *The Literary Digest* for April 20, 1918, says in this connection:

"'*Ludendorff ist dafür.*'

"No military question in Germany could have stronger support in any war argument, for the expression in plain, every-day English runs, 'Ludendorff is for it.'

"And Ludendorff's opinion, like Hindenburg's 'yes' or 'no,' is final with the German people. Hindenburg is gruff, impatient; Ludendorff polite, cool, suave. Together they make a perfect Teutonic machine. Ludendorff thinks. Hindenburg acts.

"But with all his coolness and courtesy Ludendorff can be as positive as the Field-Marshal. A story comes from a Swiss who was in Berlin just before the beginning of the great German offensive, and who tells of violent quarrels between the leaders at General Headquarters—for neither Hindenburg nor Ludendorff is a courtier of the fawning sort—when Ludendorff spoke so violently and with such an air of authority that the Kaiser is said to have risen from his chair and demanded:

"'General, are you, or am I, Emperor of Germany?'

"Ludendorff is said to have replied that he was only a soldier, but more than anything else desired peace."

A writer in *The Post-Dispatch* (St. Louis) in 1918 gave this account of Ludendorff and Hindenburg:

"Some years before the Great War there sat in a corner at the Café des Tilleuls, in Hanover, a solitary old man poring over the newspapers, dry in aspect and disagreeable in manner. . . .

"In time a well-dressed, carefully groomed, and distinguished-appearing military man came into the café. The solitary old man saw him from a distance and his face broke into a smile. He greeted the new-comer with signs of pleasure and affection.

"The two sat at the table for hours, playing chess and cards and pausing between games to discuss the latest emanations from the Board of Strategy at Berlin and to curse them roundly. The two men were Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

"'You're a genius,' said Hindenburg, as he rose from the table.

"'Only you know it,' responded Ludendorff, with a laugh.

"'The world will know it some day,' said Hindenburg.

"The chess-player of the Hanover game is to-day the brain of Germany. Hindenburg carries out Ludendorff's ideas because he knows they are good and he wants to carry them out; the others do it because

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General Ludendorff and His Wife

He has been called the "brains" of Hindenburg, and has been accredited with many of the German victories at first ascribed to other men. He is no believer in fate, but in the power of the individual to create his destiny. Yet, before the war he was hardly known in Germany.

they have to. True, Ludendorff holds only the title of Quartermaster-General, while Hindenburg is in supreme command of all the armies of Austria, Germany, Turkey, and Bulgaria, but Hindenburg knows that his friend Ludendorff—his friend of more than thirty years' standing—can think faster and with more clarity than he can, and therefore is willing to work along the lines suggested by his subordinate.

HIS FAMILY LIFE

"Like most of the great men in world's crises, Ludendorff is of the people. . . . He was not remarkable as a student; in fact, he was rather backward. An aunt says of him:

"'His most striking characteristic was his reserve with other children. While the two brothers nearest him in age were glad to play with the other children in the village, Erich held himself aloof. Obviously this was not due to pride—there was no hint of pride in him—but rather to an inborn fineness which made him aware of every contact with rough manners and uncleanliness as something uncomfortable, contrary to his nature. He always kept himself faultlessly clean.'"

In 1909 Ludendorff married Margarethe Pernet, a wealthy widow. Her sons by her first marriage are all officers in the aviation corps. One of them was killed in the Battle of the Somme.

LUDENDORFF AND HINDENBURG

Of the two men, Ludendorff is said to have the stronger personality. His imagination is fresher, but they form a wonderful combination.

One correspondent wrote during the war:

"Hindenburg cannot create as well as Ludendorff, but he can judge better. He is the cool umpire, the calculator of eventualities. He is not carried off his feet. Ludendorff is the younger man, and now as Quartermaster-General at the Kaiser's headquarters he is gradually working his way to a position of political indispensability.

"Neither man is a court general in any sense of the word. Both are confirmed monarchists of spotless fidelity to the dynasty, but they do not fawn. They hold their positions, not through court favor, but by the strength of their success.

"Outside of Germany all the fame has been Hindenburg's. At home his is the name that stirs enthusiasm. But among those who know it is always 'Hindenburg and Ludendorff'; never the one without the other.

"When Hindenburg succeeded von Falkenhayn as chief of the General Staff he at once had Ludendorff made Quartermaster-General. Since that time the two have been at imperial headquarters, always together. They are inseparable both as friends and as comrades-in-arms.

"Hindenburg was once surprised to find Ludendorff entertaining the members of his staff with a reading of the '*Lorelei*.' Heine is one of the favorites of the Quartermaster-General.

"'Poetry,' gasped Hindenburg, snatching the volume from the hands of Ludendorff. 'I am amazed. I have not read a line of poetry for forty years. That is why I am no milksop. General, the next time you read aloud try Clausewitz' [a German military writer].

"Another talent of Ludendorff that Hindenburg didn't relish was the former's proficiency at the dance. Shortly before the war Ludendorff had fallen into disfavor because he had criticized the judgment of the General Staff.

"'Ludendorff is right,' said Hindenburg, 'but they will not listen to him because he's fond of Strauss.' This was a sarcasm at the expense of the Kaiser, who is no admirer of the composer, Richard Strauss."

Another jest of Hindenburg at Ludendorff's expense is recorded about the maneuvers in the Masurian Lakes region before the war. Ludendorff is said to have sent for further orders after he had been for some hours up to his waist in water.

"Tell him to read Heine," said the Old Man of the Lakes, jovially.

An incident of the battle of Tannenberg was reported in the Berlin papers at the time. Ludendorff had been very active rescuing

whole Russian regiments from drowning in the Masurian Lakes.

"Why didn't you let them drown?" demanded Hindenburg.

"Oh," retorted Ludendorff, "we needed their boots."

UNMOVED AND IMMOVABLE

Honors without number have been thrust upon the silent Ludendorff since the winter victories of 1914–15. The German Emperor decorated him with the Order *Pour le Mérite*, the Kings of Saxony and Bavaria and the Emperors of Austria and Germany bestowed medals upon him. The universities of Breslau and Königsberg conferred degrees upon him. East Prussian towns conferred honorary citizenship upon him, and at Königsberg, the East Prussian capital, the citizens, in gratitude for being saved from the Russian invaders, erected a full-sized marble statue of Ludendorff in the Grand Hall. Probably the great strategist appreciates these honors, but his poise has never been shaken by the smiles nor the frowns of Fortune.

A coolness never ruffled, a courtesy as unfailing as it is becoming—these are the personal impressions of the *Tribuna* (Rome) in its keen analysis of General Ludendorff. *The Manchester Guardian* adds that "he is reticent, discreet, yet 'a man of the world.' He has been associated with Hindenburg from the first, although the two men are of different natures. Ludendorff is suave, deferential, a good listener, albeit obstinate. Hindenburg will resent a suggestion, yet adopt it if it be good. Ludendorff will show an intelligent curiosity, manifest affability, seem convinced, but cling to his own idea. The pair are opposites in temperament. That is, perhaps, why they have been brethren in arms for years."

LUDENDORFF THE SOLDIER

"Physically one's first impression of Ludendorff is that of a vast forehead, very rounded, well denuded of hair, above eyes of the profoundest blue, that search keenly. A blond mustache is traced definitely, above the thin lips, disdainfully curved. The chin inclines to the double formation. The head as a whole seems to reflect lively intelligence, an obvious mentality contrasting with trooper Hindenburg's heavy mass and ponderous look. Ludendorff's corpulence is great enough, considering his medium height, yet he conveys an impression of the energetic man, sure of himself, in full physical and intellectual vigor. This portrait is sketched in *L'Illustration* (Paris) by Commandant Henri Carré, who knows Ludendorff and who has written perhaps one of the best of the many sketches in the French press. Is he a genius? . . . Commandant Carré reaches the conclusion that Ludendorff . . . is a man brilliant as regards intelligence, indefatigable by nature, endowed with a most supple mind. He is rich in the expedients devised on the spur of the moment—a quality precious to von Moltke—and he has liveliness of imagination. The brain is, in a word, rich in ideas. Ludendorff is, accordingly, a great soldier because he reveals imagination and ideas. All his qualities are reinforced, fortified, accentuated by cool energy, a tenacious will, and a strong soul. . . .

"The collaboration of Hindenburg and Ludendorff has all this time been most intimate. In this association, one acts as the brain and the other as the right hand. One represents the young and active element, the fecund brain with the 'ideas,' while the other is the mass which brings the weight to bear. The decisions seem to be taken in common, but they are for the most part inspired by Ludendorff. In the enormous machine called 'German war,' one is the motor and the other is the power. Ludendorff is the true directing mind. Force is affirmed by our French authority to be eminently the characteristic of the man."[1]

As a strategist Ludendorff's motto always was, "Annihilate the enemy!" As a soldier he knew not only how to command, but to obey.

"Ludendorff is a commander who seeks less a strategical surprise than a tactical one. An organizer of experience and ability, he excels in preparation. His plans are not only large, but definite. He concentrates. He effects a complete candor with the

[1] *Current Opinion*, August, 1918.

enemy, advertising an offensive that remains in detail a secret, announced with menaces and shrouded in devices that bewilder, distract, terrify the inexperienced." [1]

This mastery of preparation was triumphantly displayed in the Rumanian campaign of 1916 and on the Italian front in 1917.

LUDENDORFF THE ORGANIZER

To Ludendorff's mind the much-abused adjective intriguing might properly be applied. He seemed to enjoy planning, plotting, working things out; to sit behind the scenes and direct the vast tragedy of war, with an observant eye to every detail. During the war his doctrine was simply that "the whole energy of the German people must be concentrated on the war." All other enterprises and ambitions must be put out of mind. All business not necessary to the one end must be abandoned. On October 26, 1916, he sent a message to Deputy Schiffer to be read to the Reichstag: "We shall accomplish our immense task if we feel behind us the German people united and full of confidence, and if it will cease destroying itself by vain discussions." He opposed Bethmann-Hollweg because of his lack of vigor and the moderation of his aims. He directed, at the last, not only the military policy, but the naval, the foreign, and diplomatic departments of the Empire.

LUDENDORFF'S APHORISMS

One of Ludendorff's maxims is that "The art of war cannot exist without complete freedom." He is said to have demanded this freedom repeatedly, against the Kaiser's interference. Other aphorisms attributed to him are:

"There is no blind fate. A firm will commands fate."

"He who accuses fate would better accuse himself. A strong will creates its own destiny."

"As always in war, it is necessary to be strong and resolute. Numerical superiority and danger exist only for the weak."

"A strong man does not speak of danger, but at most of the means of avoiding it."

As chief of the General Staff, he issued an order early in September, 1917, in which he betrayed the necessity for economizing munitions and economizing men. On October 4, 1917, he summed up the losses in heavy guns. His expressions on both occasions are coldly objective. He says, for example: "Economy in men is even more important than economy in munitions. It is necessary to try and obtain an improvement on these two points." But no human sympathy, no sentiment are wasted —it is a purely military problem stated with the ruthless clearness of the expert.

LUDENDORFF THE MAN

"As for Ludendorff the man, it is impossible to say much about him. The simple truth is that no one knows him. He is chilly, reserved, remote. . . . He seems devoid of any social instinct. . . . He is credited with no apothegms, no theories, no remarks whatever. He remains, after nearly three years of war, a man of mystery." So said Mr. Mencken in 1917. Yet Ludendorff, who would not see newspaper men during the war, at last broke his rule when his country's old government had been overthrown and expressed himself in characteristically self-contained fashion.

In an interview given on May 24, 1919, to *The World* (New York) Ludendorff spoke with his usual detachment of the peace terms as at first given to his country. He held that the United States had lost her power and influence over her allies and that, therefore, President Wilson had been unable to put through his Fourteen Points. He declared that these terms could not be carried out, and that an economic reconstruction of Germany would be impossible if West and East Prussia, Upper Silesia, and the Saar Valley, with their agricultural and mineral products, were taken away. He showed that industrial revolution in Germany would continue if she were throttled economically, and urged the need of financial and economic support.

Ludendorff's own words, his very manner of expressing himself, were clearly indicative

[1] Henri Carré, quoted in *Current Opinion* for August, 1918.

of the unbending strength of the man and of his unemotional, philosophical intelligence:

"I am not so soft as to beg for anything that cannot be paid back with interest, nor am I so *naïf* as to suppose that any country would give us help without sound security. . . .

"Under all circumstances one must have the courage to look the facts in the face, to accept them as they are, to bear the consequences of one's actions, and to make the best of hard reality. . . .

"War is a rough occupation. In the same Versailles where a peace is to be dictated to us . . . which even Premier Lloyd George has termed severe, General Sheridan, as the guest of Bismarck, said that the most humane warfare was one knowing no mercy and which left the civilian population in conquered territory nothing but its eyes to weep over its misfortunes and its tears to plead with its government for a quick termination by peace. He said it was the most humane warfare because thereby the horrors of war were shortened. We did not make war in this manner, however. . . . I do not demand to-day, while the anger of battle is still hot, that one should do justice to the work we performed in many an occupied territory."

Of his own responsibility, Ludendorff said, laconically: "Personally, I am prepared to appear before an unprejudiced tribunal of nations. . . . If I am abused here and there, that does not affect me. With the great Bismarck I may say: 'My honor before God and mankind is my possession. I give myself as much of it as I believe I have earned. I waive all claims to more.'"

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VON MACKENSEN, TACTICIAN

A Son of the People—Up from the Ranks in 1870—A Cavalry Expert—Unfailing Success in the Great War—"Marshal Forwards"

AS Spenser is the poets' poet, so Field-Marshal von Mackensen seems to be the professional soldiers' soldier. Every country fighting in the Great War had her own favorite general, but among military men and military critics of all countries who judge with technical understanding, August von Mackensen is esteemed an undeniable genius as a tactician, perhaps the most brilliant the war has produced. A dashing cavalry leader as well as a recognized authority in military science before the war, he became by his amazing achievements in Russia, Poland, Serbia, and Rumania one of the trio acclaimed by Germany—von Hindenburg, von Mackensen, and Ludendorff—and a recognized tactician of the first rank the world over.

"If Marshal von Mackensen had not been in love, if on the death of his first wife, whom he worshiped, he had shown any desire to mingle with the officers who frequented the court of Potsdam, he would most certainly have been the uncontested chief of German militarism; but when his wife, Doris von Horn, died, von Mackensen, already an exceedingly reserved man, became melancholy and almost a hypochondriac. He avoided society, and enjoyed the life he wished to lead.

"The marshal is a silent man who dislikes saying two words when only one is necessary, and who counts among the minor calamities of life importunate questioners and journalists. . . . There have been no interviews with Mackensen. . . . He receives orders

and he obeys; he commands and he wishes to be obeyed. . . . He is taciturn and he admits it."

"MARSHAL FORWARDS"

So wrote Paul-Louis Hervier, a French writer of insight and intelligence, of the leader whom the German soldiers fondly call "Marshal Forwards," in recognition of his dashing attacks so like those of the idolized von Blücher a hundred years ago. After

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Field-Marshal von Mackensen

The fierce skull and bones disguise a melancholy man, yet a soldier who, in the eyes of the Germans, has ranked next to Hindenburg.

Hindenburg, Mackensen was, and is, the most popular military figure in Germany. A true descendant of the ancient Saxons and Frisians, of pure Teutonic stock, his appearance does not belie his race. Tall, slender, with blond hair that has now turned gray, and gray mustache, with blue eyes that flash fire and are as keen as a falcon's, Marshal von Mackensen is a gallant figure. Yet this soldier *par excellence* sprang from peaceful stock. His family had lived in the provinces as small landowners for centuries. Now and again a philosopher or a poet stood out as an exception in this line of country gentlemen, but there were no soldiers among them. August Mackensen, a commoner, fought his way up, unaided, in his profession, and, depending on himself alone, achieved a brilliant military career. He is one of the few great German chiefs who have risen from the ranks.

August Anton Ludwig Mackensen, scion of a middle-class family like Ludendorff and Kluck, was the son of Ludwig Mackensen and Marie Rink. Born on December 6, 1849, at Hans Leipnitz in the Kingdom of Saxony, he seemed destined to the peaceful life of a modest country gentleman like his father. He was a delicate child, and at the village school he achieved leadership among the sturdier peasants only by his intelligence. He was so devoted to his home that when the time came for him to attend a high school some distance away, the little fellow begged his father to build another story on the village school so that it might become a "high school" and he need not go away. Later he attended the gymnasium and university at Halle. While he early showed an interest in military games and studies at school—as, indeed, most normal boys do—he also dramatized and adapted plays for children, and developed so strong a love for music that he became a proficient pianist. To this day the conqueror of Galicia occasionally plays dances for his guests.

A SON OF THE PEOPLE

Mackensen once said, "I am proud of being a son of the people, and not of the so-called upper ten thousand!" After his year of military service in 1869, this son of the people rapidly proved his mettle in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71. M. Hervier says: "The outbreak of hostilities found him a *Wachtmeister*, something like a corporal in the French army. But he quickly gave proofs of remarkable ability, of a courage to be relied on, and, above all of an intelligence full of resources and always grasping what was necessary to do. The strategist revealed himself already in the young man."

Stories are told of his courage and resourcefulness at Wörth, where he climbed over the supports of a bridge, when the bridge had been destroyed, and escaped amid the sustained fire of a body of Zouaves. At Toury, during a reconnaissance, he was almost seized—first by a patrol of French cavalry and later by a band of peasants; but he hid his Prussian helmet under a handkerchief, cleverly murmured a few French phrases, and so escaped. Immediately after he met a French soldier. Mackensen was young and reckless and, in his joy at having triumphed over so many dangers, he defiantly shouted, "Long live Prussia!" with all the force of his lungs. A crowd of French soldiers rushed up, but, though all fired, Mackensen again escaped without a scratch.

At Dannemois Mackensen was with a group of Hussars who charged the French position in order to avenge the death of their lieutenant, von Horn. A desperate fight ensued, but again Mackensen escaped without an injury. "This fight had a happy sequel," says M. Hervier. "A few years later, young Mackensen fell in love with the sister of Lieutenant von Horn, whose death he had wished to avenge, and they were married."

But before this happy romance was consummated in 1879, there were years of struggle and hardship. After the war Mackensen returned to the university at Halle, intending to devote himself to a civilian career. He seems to have played a social rôle of sorts, and was a hero at cotillions for a time. "Dancing and riding make life gay," is one of General von Mackensen's beliefs to this day, and in his youth he lived up to his faith. His versatility showed itself in literary and artistic productions that are marked by a strong sense of humor. A club journal that he edited is headed, "Irresponsible Editor, Mackensen," and he even wrote the words for some humorous songs.

But war had spoiled him for civilian life. To be a soldier was his passion, and after much persuasion his parents agreed to his entering the army as a lieutenant of Hussars in 1873. He was so poor at the time that he never bet on the races nor gambled, two favorite sports of young officers. When his mother asked him whether his comrades did not tease him for this, he answered, "Yes, they tease me, but they respect me for it."

A FRIEND OF HORSES AND HUSSARS

In 1876 he became adjutant in a cavalry brigade; in 1878, first lieutenant. From the first he was devoted to horses, and "it is an old complaint of his that Germany thinks too much of her big guns and not enough of her cavalry. He would like all the glory to go to the Hussars, whose uniform, decorated with the Iron Cross won in 1870, he has always worn."

In 1880 Mackensen joined the General Staff, and soon after was made a captain of the General Staff, without ever having attended the War College. In rapid succession he became major, colonel, the Kaiser's adjutant, brigadier-general, and on January 27, 1899, as a birthday honor, the Kaiser conferred nobility upon him. In 1905 General von Mackensen lost his wife, with whom he had lived happily twenty-six years. Of their four children, the three sons enlisted in the Great War. The year 1908 was a notable one in the general's life, for, on January 27th, he was made commander of the Seventeenth Army Corps at Danzig, the old, historic city over which Poland and Germany have since come to blows; and here he lived quietly and happily with his second wife, whom, as Leonie von Osten, he married in this same year. Their home became a centre of hospitality where officers and civilians mingled freely, for two of the general's sons were professional men.

He had been Emperor William's military instructor when that monarch was heir to the throne, and now the Emperor's son became his pupil. When the Crown Prince was suddenly recalled from his regiment at Danzig on January 1, 1914, the press intimated that relations between the Prince and his superior officer had been strained. The Crown Prince, however, declared emphatically that this was not the case, and stated, "I am on terms of intimate friendship with His Excellency von Mackensen; I have been a guest in his house frequently and gladly, and between us there is the most cordial relation."

HIS SUCCESS IN THE GREAT WAR

Exactly forty-four years after his baptism of fire at Wörth, Mackensen's active career began again. He was in command of the Seventeenth Army Corps on the Eastern front when war was declared, and he took part in the battle of Tannenberg that made Hindenburg famous. After Samsonoff's defeat, Mackensen pursued Rennenkampf until, on September 13th, East Prussia was cleared of Russians. After he had saved the muddling Austrians by his swift Galician drive against Brusiloff, the old Emperor Francis Joseph decorated him and the Kaiser bestowed the Order *Pour le Mérite* on him.

In 1915 Mackensen was transferred to the Russian-Carpathian front, where the fall of Lemberg was the crowning achievement of his great drive. In an inconceivably brief space of time the Russians had been driven out of the Carpathians in headlong rout and all but expelled from Galicia. Then von Mackensen's battering-ram drove northward into Russian Poland. In recognition of this success he was made field-marshal. Serbia next felt his swift onslaughts, and when Rumania entered the war in 1916 he again lived up to his unofficial title. In an almost incredibly brief period he had struck at the Rumanian line, brought up his big guns, and entered Constanza eight weeks after Rumania had begun her ill-fated attack. The Rumanian campaign, according to military critics one of the most brilliant of the war, culminated on December 6th, when on his birthday von Mackensen entered Bucharest, the Rumanian capital, his path strewn with flowers by Teutonic sympathizers. In a three weeks' campaign von Mackensen and von Falkenhayn together had routed an army, taken 80,000 prisoners, and conquered most of Wallachia. At the close of the year, by von Mackensen's extraordinary achievement, Rumania's intervention had resulted favorably to the Central Powers. It was a spectacular success that almost atoned to Germany for losses at Verdun, on the Somme, and on the Isonzo. The economic results of Mackensen's drive in supplying his country with the products of the Rumanian wheat-fields and the Rumanian oil-fields were as important as his strategy was brilliant.

When the armistice was declared on November 11, 1918, Mackensen was still in Rumania, whence he tried to lead his army through Hungary to Germany. Yielding to the demands of the Hungarian Republic, he submitted to internment at the Château of Foth, near Budapest. To the French he seemed so dangerous, even in the state of internment, that they sent the head of the French military mission at Budapest with four squadrons of colonial cavalry to seize him. Although the field-marshal declared: "I protest against this arrest. I am a prisoner of the Hungarian government and acknowledge no other authority here," he was removed to the Château of Count Chotek, brother of Sophie, wife of that Archduke of Austria whose murder in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, precipitated the World War.

MACKENSEN IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

The great cavalry expert is an authority on military science as well, for he has studied his profession historically and has written a number of works on the art of war that are technically valuable. His *History of the Black Hussars*, which appeared in 1892 and is considered a lasting contribution by military men, proved him an original theorist in military science. A journalist has said of him: "August von Mackensen is one of the world's great cavalry officers and a specialist, like Hindenburg, in maneuvers. . . . The moment Mackensen took charge of the operations in Poland the military experts of Europe knew that the cavalry would play a most conspicuous part in the 'execution.' Mackensen is one of the gods of the Hussars of the Death's-Head, the regiment with which the Crown Prince was connected for so long a time. He has in him much of the spiritual fervor of the Emperor himself and is as regular in his attendance at church. . . .

"Mackensen impresses French contemporaries as spiritual, delicate, apt for what they call 'finesse.' He has the mind of the commander who plays tricks upon a foe, maneuvers him into impossible and un-

tenable corners, fights a battle as it were a game of chess. He has the soft, sweet manner, the quiet firmness in giving orders, the unruffled pose at headquarters, and the coolness that belong to that type of military genius."[1]

"IT'S PART OF THE OLD MAN'S PLAN"

Mackensen is devotedly filial and profoundly religious. His biographers relate that he wrote his mother a letter every Sunday whenever he was parted from her, even when he was engaged in a campaign, amid the din of cannon and the roaring of the big guns. His childlike faith in God has been expressed repeatedly. "He is quiet and unassuming, and many stories are told in Germany about his democratic demeanor. During the Lodz campaign strict orders had been issued to the German outposts to allow nobody to pass their lines without a special pass signed by General Mackensen personally. While he and several of his staff-officers were one day inspecting the outposts of Mackensen's army, a Bavarian trooper, disregarding the coat of arms on the automobile bearing von Mackensen, stopped him and his companions at rifle's point. They had no passports, and although the officers in General Mackensen's company told the sentry that he was delaying the commander-in-chief, he refused to ignore the orders which had been issued to him.

"Von Mackensen, naturally of a quiet, observing disposition, said nothing. Finally he sent for the commander of the outposts, who ordered the sentry to let the distinguished party pass. A few days later the simple Bavarian was appointed a sergeant by express direction of General Mackensen. These and similar actions have endeared him to his soldiers. They adore and swear by him. The word of the 'old man' is law. His judgment is regarded as infallible. During the early stages of the fight around Lowicz the Germans were repulsed with great losses. The soldiers never murmured. 'It's part of the old man's plan,' they said, and went cheerfully into battle."[1]

After his unfailing successes Mackensen shared with Hindenburg the idolatry of his people. The universities of Danzig and Halle, where he had lived, gave him the degree of Doctor. A town was named Mackensen. Mackensen marches and Mackensen songs were composed in such numbers that the general could not acknowledge them all. His portrait was in every German home. But the reverence and affection felt for him are perhaps best indicated by that unofficial title, "Marshal Forwards," hitherto sacred to Blücher.

[1] *Current Opinion*, September, 1915.

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[1] *The Tribune* (New York).

THE GLORY OF WAR

By Dana Burnet

Hoof-beat and trumpet blast,
And banners in the dawn!
And what of the grain in the fallow field
When the husbandman has gone?

Sword song and battle roar,
And the great grim fighting line!
And what of the woman in the door,
And the blown grape on the vine?

Drum-beat and draped flag,
And he beneath his shield—
And what of the women, weeping low,
And the dead grain in the field? [1]

[1] From *Poems*, By Dana Burnet. Harper & Brothers

VON FALKENHAYN, STRATEGIST

Chief of Staff and War Minister—Failure at Verdun—Success in Rumania

ONLY a few years before the war General Erich G. A. S. von Falkenhayn was hardly known to the German public. He was holding an obscure provincial command when suddenly the Prussian Minister of War

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General Erich von Falkenhayn

The famous German strategist who lost at Verdun but won in Rumania is a bohemian in temperament and a Bohemian by origin. Succeeding Moltke as chief of staff in 1914, he was dismissed in 1916, whereupon he proved himself a brilliant general in the field.

resigned and, to the surprise of all, Falkenhayn was chosen to take his place. Energetic, honest, domineering, he brought to his new office—and he was the youngest man who ever held it—a spirit that scorched and burned his adversaries. In 1913 the Zabern affair was causing trouble. The radicals, Socialists, and Alsatians were denouncing the German government for what they declared to be a military dictatorship in Alsace-Lorraine. The Reichstag was in a storm when suddenly the new Minister of War entered—his first appearance in the German assembly. Bluntly he announced that the government had no intention of giving way. Such a tumult of protest arose that he seemed in danger of physical injury. Again he announced the same thing, and they began to drag him from the platform. He went right ahead. "You refer to the rights of the people," he said. "The Army is a part of the people, and certainly not the least important part, as shown by the indisputable fact that without the Army not one stone of this proud building would be standing." With such a proud boast for militarism and for the supremacy of the military over the civil power, he seemed to electrify his audience, and even a Socialist paper commented the next day that if they must have a Minister of War, Falkenhayn was the kind they ought to have.

CHIEF OF STAFF UNTIL—VERDUN

When Moltke retired in October, 1914, as chief of the General Staff, it was Falkenhayn who took his place. He had opposed Moltke's strategy and thus had brought himself closer to the Kaiser. He now engaged in the almost impossible task of holding the post of War Minister at the same time, and actually succeeded until he was finally relieved of the latter position. From the first it was said that it was he who now became the real War Lord. It was reported that the Kaiser waited on Falkenhayn's plans "like a lost soul staying for waftage." And, indeed, even popular idols like Mackensen and the rest did not dare risk throwing themselves too much in the chief's way.

Admiral von Tirpitz in his book of memoirs, published in 1919, forcibly criticized von Falkenhayn's conduct of the war in 1914, and added, "Von Moltke's successor did not give the impression of being master of the task before him, which, after the stand made by the French in the first battle of the Marne, grew limitless." But on the Eastern and Southern fronts, at least, he was successful.

Von Falkenhayn proved himself an adversary that even his enemies had to admire. The great operations which he carried on against the Russians in 1915 were called by a London critic at the time "the most brilliant piece of strategy this war has yet produced." It was he who, as chief of staff, was credited with planning the Serbian campaign.

Less than two years after his appointment he was dismissed as chief of staff, after the German defeat at Verdun, but he now proved himself equally brilliant in the field. His was the task of ridding Transylvania (Hungary) of Rumanian invaders, of capturing the mountain passes, and of marching upon Bucharest from one direction while Mackensen marched from another. In his Rumanian campaign during the winter months of November and December, 1916, he definitely established his military reputation. "How soon do you expect to get to Bucharest?" the German general was asked. "Do we want Bucharest?" was his characteristic reply. "Every time we take charge of a city we have to feed the population. We are not bothered by your question. We are soldiers. Our task is to destroy the Rumanian army, and that is what we are doing as best we can." And thus onward he went, to the woe of the poor Rumanians. German experts, and others, too, have declared that his swift advance upon Bucharest is without parallel in military history. It is an example of the perfect carrying out of plan.

A BOHEMIAN IN BOTH SENSES

Yet it is remembered that von Falkenhayn, while a young officer, had to give up his military career on account of having run scandalously into debt, and it was later declared that "it was bad policy to intrust the fate of Germany to a gambler, even if he were a good one at that." He had much of the bohemian in him, and was the descendant of an ancient Bohemian family. He has been described as being as full of "temperament" as a Bohemian grand-opera singer. He could not stand nor sit still during a review. His family dated back seven or eight centuries, and that enabled him not merely to be put in charge of the military education of the Crown Prince, but to become one of his boon companions.

Von Falkenhayn was born in 1861, and was graduated from the War Academy in 1880. After his youthful failure he had drifted aimlessly out to China in search of free-lance opportunity in a troubled land. His opportunity came with the Boxer rebellion. Soon he was German governor of Tientsin, then president of the provisional government in Tientsin, and finally found himself once again in Berlin, wearing the broad red trousers stripe of the General Staff. From then on his future was clear.

"His married life was clouded by the loss of his eldest son some years ago, a very promising boy. He has two children, a boy and a girl, both quite young, and his household is conducted in the very domesticated German fashion.

"That stamp of firmness and decision which the military life of Berlin imparts to the character of a man is discerned by a writer in the *Gaulois* (Paris) in every pose and gesture of von Falkenhayn. The intimacy between himself and the Emperor by no means implies that the chief of the General Staff is a puppet. He has not the disposition that accommodates itself to another's. Nor could he conceal his contempt for unsound strategy.

"Falkenhayn is the least conciliatory of all the great military magnates at the court of Berlin. What gives him power is a rare combination of ability and honesty. He rushes from the extreme of pessimism to the height of joy. In his moments of anger he raises his voice—a good, powerful voice—and when he is pleased the whole countenance seems to participate in the laugh. He is absolutely without the gift of dissimulation." [1]

[1] *Current Opinion*, September, 1915.

VON MOLTKE THE LESSER

Militarist and Christian Scientist—Retirement Because of "Ill Health"

THE responsibility for causing Germany to enter the Great War has been laid frequently on a small military clique, including among others Lieutenant-General Helmuth von Moltke, chief of the General Staff when the war began. Indeed, it has been said that he induced the Kaiser to sign the mobilization order. He was born in 1848 and was a nephew of the great Field-Marshal von Moltke who had directed the movements of the German Army in the Franco-Prussian War. At his uncle's death in 1891 he became personal aide-de-camp to the Kaiser, having distinguished himself in the previous war by winning his lieutenancy and the Iron Cross to boot. He was considered a "Kaiserman," and finally, in 1906, he became chief of staff. It was a matter of common knowledge that he did not think himself qualified for so high an honor and even declined it on two occasions. But the Kaiser refused to be overruled. "Oh," he is reported, on somewhat doubtful authority, to have said, "in time of war I shall be chief of staff, and in time of peace any one can do the work." For a while, however, Moltke surprised even his friends by ruthlessly abolishing the picturesque maneuvers that the Kaiser loved and substituting more practical ones

VON MOLTKE IN 1914

His vigorous ideas on "preparedness" are said to have accounted largely for the rapidity and smoothness of the German mobilization. But in December, 1914, it was announced to the German public that Lieutenant-General von Moltke, who so long had had their confidence in military matters, was to be retired "on account of his health." Of course, this reason was not accepted outside of Germany. Some said that the real reason was his disagreement with the Kaiser on strategical matters, others that he had made himself unpopular by being too lavish of life in buying minor successes. Still another reason given referred to the connection of his family with the Christian Science movement—not merely as believers, but as leaders.

Admiral von Tirpitz flatly declared that he had insisted, in vain, to von Moltke on the importance of getting to Calais in order to sever British communications; and he commented, "Following the stand made by our enemies which defeated our flanking movement and halted our operations, von Moltke was a doomed man."

Von Moltke looked the typical militarist, with a face like a mask, rigid and formal in expression. Although he was extraordinarily industrious in his profession, he was one of the most accomplished musicians in Germany and had publicly demonstrated his ability to lead a band. Personally he was an amiable man, delightful in society and a luminary at court.

An interesting story is told of von Moltke which reflects on the preparations for the World War. Lord Haldane of England once happened to be investigating the German military organization, and was invited to put whatever questions he wished.

"In that case," replied Haldane, "I shall call for the plans of an invasion of England."

Von Moltke replied, "We have not one in the building," upon which Haldane, looking out of the window toward the Admiralty, said, "Perhaps they are there." Von Moltke was not at all taken aback. Unblushingly he admitted that they were there, and, according to the story, said that they were good plans, too.

General von Moltke was not destined to live through the war. In the very beginning his only son, Lieutenant Wilhelm von Moltke, was killed in battle, and in June, 1916, the older von Moltke, during the mourning service for Field-Marshal von der Goltz in the Reichstag, suddenly fell dead from an apoplectic stroke.

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Lieutenant-General Helmuth von Moltke

Von Moltke was chief of the German Staff when the war began. He was the nephew of the great von Moltke of the Franco-Prussian War. Because of his vigorous ideas on preparedness the responsibility for causing the entrance of Germany into the war is sometimes put upon his shoulders.

VON KLUCK, LOSER OF THE WAR

The Dash Toward Paris—The Battle of the Marne—A Famous Retreat

IT was a fundamental part of the German plan to capture Paris at the very beginning of the war so that by a sudden stroke they might secure victory as quickly as they had done in the Franco-Prussian War. They never dreamed of five years of war, in which time their enemies would have enough time to make up for lack of preparedness. And, indeed, it did look for a time in the grilling days of August, 1914, as if they were going to succeed in their plan. General Alexander von Kluck was the man they selected for the undertaking. Onward he crashed into Belgium at the head of the First German Army on the right wing of the advancing forces. He then started for Aix-la-Chapelle, marched through town after town, took Brussels and Louvain, fought the battle of Mons, and almost reached the outer defences of Paris. The heart of humanity shook. Von Kluck's name began to be featured all over the world. Poems were written about him, some of which he even took the trouble to acknowledge. So sure was he of reaching Paris that, almost at its very gates, while the boom of his guns was sounding through the frightened city, he celebrated the expected victory with champagne and a band concert. "This is our last stage," he said to the wife of a French gardener. "We leave the day after to-morrow to enter Paris. In a week you will be a German."

VON KLUCK'S DEFEAT AND RETREAT

Von Kluck never reached Paris. Unknown to him, Foch had placed his army in such a way that the desired prize could not be gained. But if von Kluck had not been able to gain fame by victory, he did gain fame by retreat. By the simple expedient of attacking as he retreated he managed to get away quite safe and sound, even after the battle of the Marne. It was the second time that von Kluck had retreated over this ground. In the Franco-Prussian War he had been sub-lieutenant in one of the regiments which was kept stationed in France, withdrawing gradually, until the entire indemnity had been paid by the French.

With his defeat he soon lost all prominence in the war. In the beginning of 1915 he received seven wounds from shrapnel, was shortly awarded the Order *Pour le Mérite*, and in 1916 was retired on half-pay, at his own request. From the heights of military glory, he fell into complete obscurity.

In 1914 his personality was described as follows: "He is a fine officer, tall, thin, and truly Latin in aspect, except for his spiked helmet and his tooth-brush mustache. He owes his rank neither to noble birth nor to intrigue. In fact, he had reached the rank of colonel before the Emperor bestowed nobility on him, and he apparently did not care very much about being 'Von Kluck' after having been for so many years simply 'Kluck.'

"The general is thoroughly popular with his soldiers, partly because he treats them well, partly because they recognize him as a real chief, a true leader. He is a man of few words. His writings on strategy make him an authority—academically, of course—on military science."

"Von Kluck the Silent" he has been called. Once, although he did not want to speak, he was practically requested by the Kaiser to address a certain society. "Gentlemen," he said, "it is the duty of a soldier to obey. That is why I am here speaking to you. Thank you." It was the shortest speech on record. Yet, with his silence there was associated real skill in command. He was regarded by the German General Staff as its ablest officer in the field. Besides, he regarded the soldiers as real human beings, and accordingly tried to humanize the German machine by revolutionizing some features of military technic. His fame was conceded by military experts in both France and England. His writings, circulated privately

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General von Kluck and His Staff at the Front

General Alexander von Kluck, the man who did not take Paris. At first his name appeared in almost every despatch, gaining him a frenzied popularity even in neutral countries, but Foch outwitted Kluck, and Kluck was thereafter forgotten. In the picture at his right is General Bergmann, and at his left General von Kuhl.

among the higher German officers, have been declared invaluable.

Yet he had been born, in 1846, in comparatively humble circumstances. His father was an architect in the government service. At the military school he failed signally to achieve military distinction, and was unable to obtain the much-coveted notice of the War Office. He was a veteran of the Austrian war of 1866 and won the Iron Cross in the Franco-Prussian War, being twice wounded at Metz. In personal appearance he gave the impression of a man considerably younger than his seventy or more years. His physique was such that he conducted the advance toward Paris almost without repose, and gave personal attention to the maneuvers of his forces. He seemed destined during six brief weeks to become the first general of the German war and victory; he remained simply one of the actors in the long-deferred spectacle of German defeat.

VON DER GOLTZ PASHA

Leader of the Turks—Organizer and Strategist—A Schoolmaster in Arms

THE real causes of the World War date back much farther than 1914, and the story of some of the men who played their rôle in the background of the war is a part of history. Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz was one of these men. It was he who began to give reality to German dreams in the East, and it was he who went to Turkey and stayed there for thirteen years in order to pave the way for the Kaiser to proclaim himself the "eternal friend of the Mohammedans," thus winning their support in the Great War that was coming. Kolmar, Freiherr von der Goltz was born in 1843 in that part of Germany which has been known as the home of the *Junkers*. He was educated in the Berlin Military Academy, and was a veteran both of the war which Prussia fought against Austria in 1866 and of the Franco-Prussian War a few years later, when he was attached to the staff of Prince Frederick Charles. He was then transferred to the historical department of the German General Staff, and taught for a while at the Military Academy.

A TURKISH PASHA

In 1883 began his real work. The German government sent him to Turkey to reconstruct the Turkish Army and he remained there over a dozen years. The result of his labors appeared in the Greco-Turkish War, in which the young school of officers trained by him displayed considerable ability, despite Turkish defeat. Von der Goltz was made a pasha and a *mushir*, or field-marshal, at about this time. In 1910 he was again in Turkey for a brief period, having as his task the reorganization of the Army, which he undertook to do by means of German officers and methods. Gradually he had won a place in the hearts of the Turks. He played with Oriental customs and ways for his own ends. The Turks began to dream of becoming great, and part of their dream was that they could become great only if Germany became greater.

There are picturesque accounts of this German general parading in the Turkish court, clothing himself in Turkish honors, and living an almost Turkish life. But it was all preparatory to a more serious business. After the war in 1914 von der Goltz became for a time military governor in Belgium, but was soon despatched to Turkey, appointed military commandant at Constantinople and acting Minister of War. He was largely responsible for the defense of the Gallipoli Peninsula. "The Dardanelles cannot be forced by the Allied fleet. The famous Hellespont of the ancients will withstand the battering of the biggest and the most modern ships," he proudly predicted. Von der Goltz was placed in command of the Turkish Bagdad army when the British expeditionary force, under Townshend, invaded Mesopotamia and began its march on

Bagdad. He surrounded Townshend at Kut-el-Amara, and there, in the cradle of civilization, near ancient Babylon and in a city of the *Arabian Nights*, the man who had foiled the British died. There was a bit of mystery about his death. Some said that it had been the result of Turkish intrigue, but the more common explanation seems to be the truer—that he died a victim of spotted typhus. The "eternally young field-marshal," the seventy-year-old fighting-man had been called. "I can still stay twelve hours in the saddle, but none the less they would like to consider me old iron," he jokingly used to say. He died without knowing that the German cause was to prove itself hopeless.

A MILITARY AUTHORITY

Celebrated as a man of action, von der Goltz was an authority as a writer as well, especially on military subjects. The tactics he favored were followed by the armies on both sides. Indeed, it has been said that von der Goltz's fame would be secure if he had done nothing else but write. As a cadet he wrote romances and novels, which he sold to help support a widowed mother. For fifty years he had been writing on military matters. One of his later books actually pleaded for a reform, urged by the Socialists and liberals, calling for a reduction in the length of military service. It resulted in his being transferred, although the reform was later adopted. His *A Nation in Arms*, a great exposition of obligatory military service, has been translated into a dozen languages, and was so well esteemed that a new popular edition in English was appearing in this country even after the outbreak of the war.

Von der Goltz with his spectacles looked more like a schoolmaster than a soldier. He was described as a man of gentlest exterior, with a heart of oak and an iron will, and with none of the bruskness so often attributed to Prussian officers. Stiff-necked to superiors, he was kind-hearted to subordinates. Perhaps it was partly on account of his softness that he was so soon succeeded in Belgium by a sterner administrator.

Brown Brothers

Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz

The man who reorganized the Turkish Army, who fought in three wars, and who wrote *A Nation in Arms*, the great exposition of obligatory military service, looked more like a schoolmaster than a soldier.

PAPA JOFFRE

The general asked for three aviators to go on a dangerous mission, so dangerous that they would probably never return. Twelve volunteered. In his presence they drew lots. Then the three chosen ones saluted their commander-in-chief and turned to the door.

"Right about face!" rang out the imperious voice of the general. Wonderingly they turned and marched back to him.

"What does this mean?" he said, in a soft voice. "You're going away without saying good-by to your father?"[1]

[1] R. Bizet: *Le General Joffre.*

ENVER PASHA, TURKISH LEADER

The Man Who Brought Turkey Into the War—A Modern Aladdin—An Oriental Dictator—His Luck Fails

A PRINCE out of the *Arabian Nights*, romantic and sinister, a Napoleon of the Orient with a dash of Machiavelli, a modern Saladin, *sans peur*, though by no means *sans reproche*—such is the picture, brilliant in color but blurred in outline, that friends and enemies paint of Enver Pasha, Turkish Minister of War, General-in-chief of the Turkish armies, the power behind the throne in the Turkish Empire. He may not be a "good hero"—but to sympathize with the spirit of reckless adventure is a human trait. In a drab and dreary war, from which picturesqueness fled with the donning of khaki and in which valor consisted chiefly in holding on in the mud of the trenches, Enver presents the one figure of melodramatic heroism and enigmatic power, of legendary glamour and more than legendary wickedness, whose highly colored virtues and faults stand out bravely from the tamer, practical achievements of the older European generals who fought out the war on scientific principles. Enver Pasha, with the best military training that France and Germany could offer, has never been submerged by the science and art of war. Like a medieval warrior he challenged the commonplace, and dashing into the twentieth century on his white Arabian charger, he found the true Romance. The mysterious East, the baffling, unconquerable, fatalistic Orient lives again in him.

HIS ADVENTUROUS CAREER

War is a breeder of legends, and the Orient always offers a fertile field for fantastic tales. Small wonder, then, that it is difficult to learn "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" about Enver. His story reads like that of Aladdin, and the *Arabian Nights* hardly offers a more amazing tale than that of the wood-carver's son who won a princess for wife and ruled an empire. Born in 1882 in Stamboul, he is an Ottoman Turk, one of eight or nine millions in whom the blood of the Turkish conquerors mingles with that of Albanian, Greek, or Slav. The lack of family names among the Turks, the system of polygamous marriages, and the seclusion of harem life make it difficult to know much about the home life of a Turkish child. Enver's father was a pure but poor Turk, his mother an Albanian. According to one tale the father was a wood-turner who did odd jobs around the Yildiz-Kiosk. As Louis XVI liked to make clocks, so the terrible Sultan, Abdul Hamid the Red, had a fondness for carpentry and woodwork. Attracted by the wood-turner's efficiency, he promised that the son—the lad who was later to dethrone him—should have a military education. Enver in due time entered the military academy at Monastir, where he became a close student of history and military science. Later he studied in France and Germany, where he learned to speak French and German fluently, for he is an accomplished linguist.

When he returned to Turkey he joined the Young Turk movement that had for its object at that time merely the limitation of the power of the Sultan and the promise of a constitution, and became a leader of the Committee of Union and Progress. When, in 1908, the time for action came, Enver, disguised as a lemonade-peddler, slipped through the Sultan's military lines and passed on the word to the committee at Salonica. The Young Turks won. At the burial of the victims of the revolution Enver made his famous speech: "We are brothers. Arbitrary government has disappeared. Under the same blue sky we are all equal; we all glory in being Ottomans." While the committee soon became autocratic and the equality of races proved an iridescent dream, Enver's speech achieved one material result—the princess who was

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Enver Pasha

"I shall go down in history as the man who demonstrated the vulnerability of England and her fleet. I shall show that her navy is not invincible." This was the boast of the man who claimed great credit for the British defeat in the Dardanelles.

later to become his wife first saw and heard the poetic young orator here. Meanwhile, Enver returned to Berlin as a military attaché, only to be recalled after a year by a counter-revolution. He hurried home to Constantinople and had Abdul Hamid deposed and replaced by his younger brother, Mohammed V, who was later to become Enver's relative by marriage.

ENVER THE FEARLESS

Stories of Enver's prowess and adventurous deeds at this time are almost as numerous and quite as thrilling as those of the *Thousand Nights*. He seems to be without fear. To a correspondent who asked him whether a certain venture might not be dangerous, he replied: "Danger! I do not think we have that word in the Turkish language." Plainly it had no place in his own lexicon. Once, when bands of Kurds were looting the shops in Stamboul, half a dozen of these scoundrels, drunk with lust for blood and spoil, had slain an Armenian shopkeeper and were carrying off a Greek girl. Suddenly a young Turkish officer on a magnificent Arabian steed galloped up, killed one Kurd, and then gave battle to the others who had turned on him. Single-handed he won the fight, for Enver is a wonderful swordsman. In Macedonia he suppressed the rebel bands with speed and quiet. Those who know him always dwell on his boyishness and gentleness, but apparently these are deceptive. An old officer tells how the "gentle boy" repressed a riot in Smyrna. It had been the custom for the military to compromise, without resorting to shot and shell. "But not so with your 'boy.' Rushing, at the head of his troops, into a rain of stones and other missiles, with his eyes ablaze, he poured volley after volley into the disturbers. The riot ended then and there." Napoleon at the Tuileries over again!

In the war with Italy for Tripoli, Lord Kitchener, then Sirdar of Egypt, had forbidden the passage of Turkish troops or officers through Egypt. Enver disguised himself as an Arabian scholar, passed the British lines, organized the Arabs, and at the head of his devoted troops kept up a hopeless fight for months. It was in this war, too, according to a French authoress, that Enver rode on a horse shod with pure gold as he went from Tunis into Tripoli. He had returned from a trip to Berlin, where he had obtained from the Emperor a million in gold and encouragement to resist in Tripoli. To bring this gold, which was contraband of war, into Tunis, Enver conceived the idea of shoeing with gold the horses of his convoy of flour and his mules; and thus his caravan went off across the desert in the night with sparks like golden stars flying from the hoofs.

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE AND HIS COUP D'ETAT

In the First Balkan War Turkey fared badly, and Nazim Pasha, Minister of War, was about to cede Adrianople to Bulgaria. A number of Young Turks appeared to protest, but were refused entrance to the Cabinet meeting. They returned with Enver at their head, forced an entrance into the Sublime Porte, and in the riot that ensued Nazim Pasha was shot dead. The Grand Vizier wrote out his resignation at the point of the sword. A new Ministry was formed and Enver leaped into the saddle. Since that day he and his collaborator, Talaat Bey, controlled the Turkish Empire. Failing to reform the state, as they had hoped, they employed the methods of "boss rule" familiar to every American city, adding assassination and judicial murder when it seemed necessary. Quick in making decisions, ready to stake his future and his life on the success of a single adventure, Enver believed in "*l'audace, encore l'audace, et toujours l'audace.*" His friends call him *Napoleonlik*, the Little Napoleon, and for a long time his life, like the Man of Destiny's, consisted of one lucky crisis after another.

In the Second Balkan War, when the late allies began to rend one another and Greece and Serbia joined against Bulgaria, Enver seized his chance. In defiance of the formal orders from the Commander-in-chief, he, the mere chief of staff of an army corps, marched on Adrianople and, although suffering from an impending attack of appendicitis, remained twenty-six hours

in the saddle. To the surgeon who protested he said, "Adrianople first, and then my body." He recaptured the city and restored to Turkey much of the territory that had been wrested from her.

THE DICTATOR OF TURKEY

His rapid advancement followed naturally. At thirty, when most young soldiers have not won their captaincies, Enver was military dictator of an empire of twenty-eight million people. Observers agree that his magnetism, his force, his capacity for swift decision, make him a born leader. Handsome, slender, though not tall, with a statuesque regularity of features and a firmness of expression tempered by melancholy grace, Enver is the *beau chevalier* of the Orient. A brilliant swordsman, marksman, and rider, he is a figure of eternal youth. Intellectually he is that strange modern product, a practical mystic. Although he has been accused of practical atheism, his devotion to Allah and the Koran seems as genuine as his faith in the art of war. Napoleon is the hero of his imagination, and he has doubtless dreamed that he might be fated to a similar career. He speaks and writes French and German as well as his native tongue, commands too many Turkish and Arabian dialects to count, and knows how to be discreet in every tongue. Masking his personality behind a curtain of impenetrable reserve, he won the almost fatalistic devotion of the Moslems and the intellectual appreciation of all Europeans with whom he came in contact.

Enver has had several matrimonial adventures. According to one account, the Princess Mehemet, of the Sultan's family, recently discarded him for bringing ruin upon her dynasty, but this lacks proof. Young, handsome, vivacious, intelligent, and energetic, Enver's wife shared his military secrets during the war, managed most of the war work of the Turkish women, presided over the Turkish Red Cross, was chairman of various bazaars and charities, and, in the intervals of her labors, attended lectures at the University of Constantinople. The recluse of the harem had plainly become a New Woman with astonishing success!

WHY ENVER ALIGNED TURKEY WITH THE CENTRAL POWERS

Enver once said, "A real Turkish nation is my dream; a nation able at last to stand on its own legs." Turkey has been the object of his passionate love and he has dreamed of her restoration to her ancient glory with a mystic's faith. That is why he threw the weight of his influence with the Central Powers in the World War. He "had put his money on the wrong horse," to quote Lord Salisbury's cynical phrase, but his reasons were clear. When England and France allowed Italy a free hand in Tripoli and Great Britain thus abandoned her traditional policy toward Turkey, Turkey had to choose between Russia and Germany. As Enver explained, Russia wanted Constantinople and more of the Caucasus; England wanted Turkey to be just strong enough to thwart Russia. Then came the Kaiser with his plan of a chain of states from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf. "Russia would wipe us off the map, England would keep us weak, Germany would make us strong. All selfish motives—but can you wonder which alternative is least repugnant to us Turks?"

The closing of the Dardanelles, which brought Turkey into the struggle, must be esteemed one of the dramatic military feats of the war in that it caused the collapse of Russia. By a spectacular *coup d'état* Enver achieved this entry; for when the German war-ships, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, were "taken over" by the Turkish navy and later attacked Odessa and other Black Sea ports, most of the other members of the Cabinet knew nothing of this act. An unauthentic story relates that, when the Cabinet met, the Grand Vizier and others objected to the "purchase" of the two German war-ships; at the height of the discussion Enver announced that he had practically completed the transaction. Silence followed. He drew his pistol, laid it on the table, and said, in casual, icy tones, "If any one here wishes to question this purchase, I am ready to meet him." No

one accepted the challenge, but many of the Ministers, deploring the end of Turkey's neutrality, resigned, and Enver and his friend, Talaat Bey, became supreme.

HIS LUCK CHANGES AFTER THE WAR

But the star of Enver now began to pale. His astounding good fortune deserted him soon after 1915. As Vice-Generalissimo of the Turkish armies, he must bear the brunt of the praise and the blame for the campaigns in the Caucasus, at Gallipoli, and in Mesopotamia. His attempt to redeem the Caucasus from Russia resulted in military disaster, while typhus and dysentery destroyed one hundred thousand of his men. His achievement at the Dardanelles was more brilliant. During the days when Constantinople was panic-stricken and every one in Turkey feared its fall, Enver alone remained calm. His courage never shone more brightly. He was sure that the forts were impregnable. He said, confidently: "I shall go down in history as the man who demonstrated the vulnerability of England and her fleet. I shall show that her navy is not invincible"; and it cannot be denied that the failure of the Allies in the Dardanelles campaign was largely due to the magnificent resistance of the Turks. In Mesopotamia and Persia, after various fluctuations of fortune, Enver was forced to retire.

His influence, with that of his friend Talaat, counted enormously in bringing Bulgaria into the war, with Russia's consequent disappearance as an active factor. Enver and Talaat, too, bear the final responsibility for the Armenian massacres and deportations of 1915 and 1916, but they excuse the action of the Turkish government on the ground that the Armenians were betraying Turkey to Russia. Suave, cold-blooded, remorseless, subtle, Enver could see in this wholesale destruction of more than half a million people only a measure of state necessary to preserve national unity in war-time.

Indefatigable, intrepid, almost omnipotent, Enver was at last forced to yield to the inevitable. His vision of the "Sick Man of Europe" restored to health and ruling once more in his own house had proved a mirage like many another nationalistic dream. According to latest accounts he has been discovered in Transcaucasia, the cradle of his Ottoman ancestors, where he has been in hiding since the collapse of Turkey. Whatever his fate may be, one may be sure that Enver will remain calm, steely, imperturbable. With Moslem fatalism he will say, "Allah is great, there is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet."

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THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS

By Sara Teasdale

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows calling with their shimmering sound;
And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild-plum trees in tremulous white;
Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;
And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.
Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;
And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone.[1]

[1] By courtesy of *Harper's Magazine.*

JELLICOE OF JUTLAND

The Spirit of Drake—Hell-fire Jack—A Charmed Life—The "Ruler of the King's Navee"—The Battle of Jutland

If England needs me, dead,
Or living, I'll rise that day!
I'll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away.[1]

THERE is a legend among the Devonshire sea folk to the effect that when Drake was dying on board his ship in Nombre de Dios Bay his thoughts naturally turned to the country he loved—to the sea-cliffs of Devon. He wanted to sail once again through Plymouth Sound and be laid at rest in England. There were battles yet to be fought and victories to be won and he would not be there to answer England's call. So he told his men to take back his drum and to hang it upon the sea-wall, and if ever England was in danger and called, the sailors were to strike upon his drum and he would rise from the far seas and come back and fight for her.

When England was threatened, two hundred years after Drake's death, his drum was heard one stormy night by the fisher-folk. And there are those who will swear that a strange shadow-shape was seen hovering about the old sea-wall for many a night. Then Nelson came to England's rescue and saved her in her hour of need.

Mr. Arthur Applin, who tells this story in his life of Admiral Jellicoe, says: "When the author was in Devonshire, a little while after the outbreak of the World War, he was talking to an old sailor who had seen service, now retired at the age of nearly eighty years. He stood on the red cliffs beyond Brixham, close to the doors of his cottage, straining his eyes, still clear and bright, seaward, watching for the ships he loved.

"The author referred to this story and the sailor's face grew grave and he was silent for a long time.

"'The drum was beat,' he whispered at last. 'Drake's drum was heered to beat a while back; our lads heered 'er, one night when they was puttin' out from Plymouth Sound.'

"He nodded his head to and fro as he took off his cap: 'But I knawed long back when I stood afore Jacky Jellicoe, close as I be standin' to yew; I caught his eye—and I knawed it was Drake come back. . . . Yes, sir; the old drum beat and he come back as he said he would.' . . .

THE BOY—AND THE MAN

"If Admiral Sir John Jellicoe had been born in 1858 instead of a year later, he would have first opened his eyes on this now sorely troubled world on the centenary of Nelson's natal day.

"But the gods timed his arrival exactly one hundred and one years later, and it was on the cold and blustering dawn of December 5, 1859, that Capt. John H. Jellicoe was informed of the happy event. How happy for the Empire, as well as for himself and his wife, the gallant captain little dreamed at the time.

"Southampton was Jellicoe's birthplace, and he came of the race that the sea breeds. His father, who died only in the autumn of 1914 at the age of ninety, was commodore of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company until he retired from active service at the age of seventy years—still a young man. He then became a director of the company and took an active part in its affairs almost until the day of his death.

"Admiral Patton, Second Sea Lord at the time of the battle of Trafalgar, was Jellicoe's great-grandfather; it is something of a coincidence that at the outbreak of the present World War Admiral Jellicoe was also Second Sea Lord. Jellicoe's youngest daughter is called Prudence Patton, and Prudence Patton served King Charles II faithfully in the troubles and wars that filled that unfortunate monarch's reign.

[1] Alfred Noyes in *The Admiral's Ghost.*

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Admiral Sir John Jellicoe

Commander-in-chief of the British Grand Fleet. His appointment took place at the very beginning of the war. Previously he had experienced three close escapes from death.

"Like all popular men in the service—with the sole exception of Admiral May, who, though loved and respected by every one, has, like the springtime, been always 'May'—Sir John can boast a multitude of nicknames: 'Jacky-oh!' 'Hell-fire Jack' (owing to the revolution he made in naval gunnery), 'All-Jelly' (reminiscent of Epsom Racecourse on Derby Day, but again due probably to the deadly effect of his ship's gunnery), 'The Little Admiral' (this in polite society), 'Silent Jack,' and 'Dreadnought Jack.'

"Jellicoe, as every one connected with the navy knows, was a dreadnought man, and one of Lord Fisher's most enthusiastic pupils.

"The nickname most in favor in the 'forecastle' for Sir John is 'Hell-fire Jack,' yet there is nothing of the fire-eating commander or the bold bucaneer in Admiral Jellicoe's personal appearance.

"Not only does Jellicoe lack inches, but nature built him on the lean, light pattern, yet hard as well-tempered steel. He possesses a vast amount of vitality and reserve force. Time has given his bright, piercing eyes shrewdness and kindliness; they are the eyes of a man who, while he is willing to give all, demands all—or nothing—from those who serve. His nose is long and adventurous rather than Napoleonic.

"Quiet as a boy, he has less to say as a man when he is at work. But among his intimate friends he has the reputation of a brilliant conversationalist and a wit, and when Jellicoe speaks those about him listen. At sea he has not the usual flow of highly colored language generally associated with those who go down to the sea in ships. A small vocabulary has always sufficed him. His mouth is remarkable; the thin, lightly compressed lips suggest determination and severity; but they turn up at the corners in a curious way, and one feels instinctively that the disciplinarian has a delicious sense of humor.

"Sir John has an elder brother who is in the Church; beyond a general family likeness there seems little resemblance between the two men."

His biographers all agree that Jellicoe's love of the sea and of adventure developed early. Mr. Applin relates:

DISCIPLINE IN EARLY TRAINING

"Jellicoe commenced his education at a small school at Rottingdean, near Brighton, and, though he was considered a bright little lad, he did not attract any more attention than the other boys. In holiday-time he loved nothing better than to be left alone in the company of his father and to hear from him the wonders of the deep, and tales of the distant lands of Romance and Mystery which he had visited. It was thus, on the shores of the Isle of Wight, and on the quays and docks of Southampton, in communion with his father and the sea, that the seeds of adventure and patriotism were first sown in Jellicoe's heart—destined to flourish into such a rich harvest for his country.

"There is a little story told of Master Jack soon after he learned to toddle which shows that his character was forming even at that early age.

"'Jacky' had a habit of running ahead of his nurse and suddenly darting across the road. The spirit of adventure; probably he was ambitious to be a Boy Scout. Eventually, finding that warnings were not heeded, the nurse told him that when she saw a policeman she would ask the representative of law and order to take him away and put him in prison.

"Presently a policeman appeared on the horizon of the pavement.

"'Now, Master Jacky, you'd better behave yourself!' the nurse whispered, warningly.

"But young Jellicoe was not the least afraid of the man in blue. He advanced to meet him and solemnly looked him up and down.

"'Nurse says you're to take me in charge,' he announced.

"The constable, taken aback, smiled and asked the nature of the 'charge.' 'Disobeying orders,' was Master Jack's reply. 'And I say, policeman, what ripping buttons you've got on your uniform!'

"Jellicoe never knew fear or favor. But evidently as a youngster he realized the meaning of discipline and order. In telling this little incident the nurse is reported to have said that Master Jacky was extremely

disgusted when the policeman refused to take him away and lock him up.

"At twelve years of age young Jellicoe left the Rottingdean school, and it was then that Captain Jellicoe decided his boy should have his chance in the royal navy, instead of following in his footsteps and entering the mercantile marine. So he went up for his preliminary examination and passed into the old training-ship *Britannia* with flying colors. From this moment there was no stopping young Jellicoe. As an instructor tersely remarked, 'he was a holy terror'—but not in the sense which that expression is generally meant to convey. He was just as quiet and well-disciplined a boy as he has been since he grew to manhood's estate. But he was 'a holy terror' for work.

HIS LOVE OF GAMES

"At the same time he was as keen as any other boy on games. In spite of his diminutive inches he was useful with the gloves; he could swim like a fish; he was a good all-around cricketer, and a very deadly left-hand bowler. He is still a splendid 'oar' and a first-class rifle-shot, and on a grouse-moor he lets very few birds 'get away.'

"His great game, however, turned out to be racquets, and even to-day it would be difficult to find a man to equal him on the courts. At tennis he is almost equally good, and he can give points to the average amateur. It was during a game of tennis at home one day that Jellicoe showed his delightful sense of humor and love of fun, peculiar to sailormen, proving the truth of the old saying that the greatest men can also be the greatest children.

"Just as a 'set' had been finished sounds of a fierce quarrel came from the other side of the shrubbery. Strange oaths rent the air. Obviously tramps fighting over their ill-gotten gains! Sir John immediately disappeared to reconnoiter with one or two friends. They were absent a long time, and just as Lady Jellicoe was beginning to feel anxious, her husband appeared, limping, supported by one of his guests, his head and face swathed in bandages.

"The tramps had evidently shown fight, and a terrific encounter had taken place. Sir John was overwhelmed with sympathy for his wounds and congratulations for his victory. For quite a long time Jellicoe kept up the illusion that he had been 'in action.' As a matter of fact, the tramps had bolted without giving the Little Admiral even a sight of their heels.

"Not so very long after this Jellicoe himself was fooling the 'Blue,' or defending, fleet during naval maneuvers by disguising his ships as (sea-going) 'tramps' and succeeded in eluding their vigilance and raiding an English port! Probably Sir John learned a few of his 'tricks' during those early days on the *Britannia*.

HIS "HUNGARY BRAIN"

"Of course Jellicoe passed out of the *Britannia* just as he had passed into her—first of his year by over a hundred marks. During the period he was on board as midshipman he took nearly all the prizes—though he was allowed to keep only a selection. But the future Admiral of the Fleet was not after prizes. He possesses what an old boatswain aptly described as a 'hungary brain.' It is rather surprising that he never suffered from mental dyspepsia, since in his desire for knowledge he was absolutely avaricious. In his examination as sub-lieutenant he took no fewer than three 'firsts.'

"It was not very long before Jellicoe saw active service. He was appointed to H. M. S. *Agincourt* in 1882, just after the attacks made on the Europeans in Alexandria, for which Ahmed Arabi was held responsible. Arabi was then Prime Minister and leader of the rebellion against the English. It was he who had heavy guns mounted on the forts and ordered earthworks to be thrown up for their protection.

"It is interesting to remember that Kitchener was in Egypt at this time, on furlough. He, of course, saw that a conflict was inevitable; and when the great exodus of foreigners from the town took place he remained behind.

"The enemy's guns were soon silenced, and Arabi withdrew his forces inland.

But a terrible massacre took place in Alexandria; houses were pillaged and burnt. Eventually a force of bluejackets and marines was landed from the fleet and order was restored.

"After taking part in the bombardment of Alexandria, Jellicoe was fortunate enough to accompany the Naval Brigade which was landed and marched with Wolseley's troops on Cairo, and fought at Tel-el-Kebir, where Arabi had strongly intrenched his men. . . . For his share in this action Lieutenant Jellicoe was awarded the Egyptian Medal and the Khedive's Bronze Star.

"We next hear of him at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, where he showed that his 'mental appetite' was far from satiated. He won the eighty-pound special prize for gunnery lieutenants; this was a significant moment in his career. As the world knows, British naval gunnery is unrivaled. It was Jellicoe who helped to place it in the enviable position it now holds.

"After leaving Greenwich, Jellicoe served on H. M. S. *Monarch*. It was in May, 1886, while still a lieutenant on this ship, that he nearly lost his life. Sir John Jellicoe has had three very narrow escapes, and this was the first.

A NARROW ESCAPE

"The *Monarch*, which had been lying off Gibraltar, went out for target practice. A stiff breeze was blowing and dirty weather was experienced. Soon a heavy sea got up, and presently the *Monarch* sighted a ship in difficulties; she turned out to be a cargo steamer from Glasgow, the *Ettrickdale*, and was fast on the rocks, with the waves breaking over her and threatening to knock her to pieces. The *Monarch* had taken only one cutter out with her, her smallest; but her commander asked for volunteers to man it, so that an attempt should be made to rescue the crew of the shipwrecked boat.

"There did not seem to be much chance of the small cutter living in such an angry sea; but this was the kind of job which appealed to Lieutenant Jellicoe, who was one of the first to volunteer, and he was given command of the crew. With seven seamen he started on his desperate—almost hopeless—enterprise. Though the cutter was splendidly managed, she capsized before the *Ettrickdale* could be reached, and Jellicoe was struggling with his men in the boiling waters.

"Marvelous to relate, not a life was lost. More dead than alive, they all managed to reach the shore. For this attempt at saving life Jellicoe received a medal. It was given him by the Board of Trade. But he was not allowed to keep it very long, for he lost it when, in 1887, he went down with the *Victoria*. Fortunately for England and her Empire, Jellicoe came up again—but his silver medal did not. Presumably the Board of Trade must have heard of the terrible accident which cost England so many valuable lives and horrified the whole world; but the officials did not offer to replace Jellicoe's lost medal, and when he wrote and asked if they could obligingly supply him with a duplicate, he received a formal reply that he could have one if he chose to pay for it.

THE SINKING OF THE *VICTORIA*

"For a short time Jellico served as Gunnery-Lieutenant on the *Colossus*, and then he was appointed Junior Staff Officer of the *Excellent* gunnery establishment, under the command of Lord Fisher—then captain. This meeting between the two men was fortunate for the Junior Officer. Fisher at once marked down Jellicoe as useful, and so, a few years later, when he was Director of Naval Ordnance at the Admiralty, it came to pass that Jellicoe joined Fisher there as his assistant.

"It was just subsequent to this appointment when Jellicoe was, we believe, serving as first lieutenant on board the *Sans Pareil*, that the German Emperor during the naval review put in an appearance with the powerful vessels of his new and comparatively small navy. Needless to say, both the Kaiser and his officers, together with their ships, were of the greatest interest to all the men. When the review was over . . . every one present from junior to senior had something to say, some criticism to make. Every one except Lieutenant

John Jellicoe. He kept his mouth shut and his eyes open, and he expressed no opinion either on the Kaiser, his officers, or his ships.

"Jellicoe was gazetted a Commander in 1891; after leaving the *Sans Pareil* he was appointed to the *Victoria*, then one of the largest battle-ships, sister ship (though of later date) to the *Camperdown*. It was while he was her commander that the accident happened during the maneuvers off Tripoli, on the Syrian coast [1893].

"This was his second marvelous escape from death; all the more remarkable since Jellicoe was on the sick list, confined to his cabin with a sharp attack of Malta fever. The ship went down twenty minutes after she was struck, and twenty-two officers and three hundred and fifty men were drowned. . . .

"As she sank the *Victoria* turned right over and went down bottom upward. Hardly had she disappeared from sight when there came a terrific explosion and a mighty mass of water was thrown high into the air. Many of the men, who had risen to the surface and were swimming about, were swept away and drowned in this waterspout.

"Jellicoe, who had been flung from the bridge when the boat commenced to turn turtle, escaped the explosion—probably caused by the bursting of the boilers. He was a sick man with a temperature over 100 degrees. He swam as long as he could, but, weakened by fever, he was in danger of collapsing, when Midshipman West came to his rescue and supported him.

"After the loss of the *Victoria* Jellicoe served as commander on H. M. S. *Ramillies*, flag-ship in the Mediterranean. Early in January, 1897, he joined the Ordnance Committee, and received his promotion, attaining the rank of captain. But valuable as his services were now, as they had been when assistant to Fisher, he was again not allowed to remain at the Admiralty for long. Admiral Sir C. H. Seymour chose him as Flag Captain on the *Centurion* This vessel was on the China Station, and when the Boxer Rising occurred in 1900, Jellicoe found himself in the firing-line again."

There, in the Orient, he faced death once more, and escaped by the narrowest margin.

HIS THIRD ESCAPE FROM DEATH

"When Sir Edward Seymour, commander of the China Station, received a telegram informing him that the situation was perilous and warning him that unless the legations were soon relieved a general massacre would take place, he started with a force of two thousand men to the relief of Peking. This little army was composed of men and guns drawn from the ships of the eight Great Powers then in Chinese waters, Great Britain—who provided nearly a thousand men—France, Italy, Russia, the United States, Japan, Austria, and Germany. Their combined artillery consisted of only nineteen guns.

"Captain Jellicoe was given command of the British naval contingent, and the whole force was under the command of Admiral Seymour. Mr. Whittall, Reuter's correspondent, accompanied the column, and he gave, in the diary which he kept, a very graphic account of the fighting of the allied forces, their failure to relieve Peking, their attempt to get back to Tientsin, Jellicoe's bad luck in getting dangerously wounded—it was feared, fatally at the time—and the narrow escape of the whole force from annihilation. What Jellicoe must have suffered then no one will ever know. He was first of all placed for safety in a native house and later on moved into a small native boat. His wound must have pained him terribly. His case was considered hopeless, as the bullet had reached one of his lungs and recovery seemed impossible. Moreover, he knew that now Peking would not be relieved; the mission had failed. But his superb vitality pulled him through. He would not go under. Mr. Whittall describes how he sent for him and asked to be told how things were progressing. 'Foolishly, perhaps,' says Mr. Whittall. 'I trie to maked the best of affairs and said that I thought we should cut our way back to Tientsin, or even to the coast, if the foreign settlements had fallen. I don't think I shall ever forget the contemptuous flash of the eyes he turned on me, or the impatient remark: "Tell me the truth. Don't lie." I had thought to lessen the anxiety I knew he must have been feeling, but if I had known

him as I learnt to do later on, I should have told him the plain truth straight out. He thanked me and, indicating his wounded shoulder with his eyes, remarked: "Hard luck just now!'"

VICE-ADMIRAL

"Sir John Jellicoe hoisted his flag as Vice-Admiral commanding the Atlantic Fleet, in succession to his Serene Highness, Prince Louis of Battenberg, on December 27, 1911, and on the 10th of January, 1912, the fleet assembled at Dover for the first time under its new commander-in-chief.

"Admiral Jellicoe's first cruise with the fleets was to Vigo, on the Spanish coast, where maneuvers were carried out in conjunction with a portion of the Mediterranean Fleet. These maneuvers were carried out on a large scale. There was a naval review of the fleets, at which King Alfonso was present. Afterward a mimic warfare was waged. The principal 'action' took place at night, and Jellicoe maneuvered his ships so cleverly that they almost escaped a vastly superior force. After the 'battle' was over Admiral May signaled to Jellicoe that he had put up a fine fight, and given the superior forces against him a very hard job.

"Just at this time Sir John Jellicoe suffered a sad bereavement, losing his little daughter, Betty, at the age of five and a half years. . . . Sir John and Lady Jellicoe have four daughters, the eldest in her thirteenth year. They are delightful children, and all bear a strong family likeness to the 'Little Admiral'; they possess many of their father's characteristics, too—overwhelming good spirits and a keen sense of humor.

NAVAL MANEUVERS—1913

"On May 16, 1913, Sir John Jellicoe left England for Germany to attend the wedding festivities of the Emperor's only daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, who was to be married to Prince Ernest of Cumberland.

"He returned in time to prepare for the naval maneuvers which commenced early in July. No maneuvers which the British fleet has undertaken attracted so much attention or were fraught with such vital issues as those of 1913. At the same time there has never been so much mystery attached to the movements of the ships or to the result of the mimic warfare which took place. The fleet was divided into two parts, the Red, or hostile, fleet being under the command of Jellicoe, and the Blue, or defending, fleet under Callaghan, and the most important part of the maneuvers was an attempt to land a large force of men on the coast. The Red fleet had not only to contend against a superior force, but supposing her ships were able to defeat or avoid the defenders, she still had battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines waiting for her. . . . The East Coast from the north to the south was guarded by forces of infantry and mounted troops with their machine-gun sections. Large forces drawn from the Territorials were also said to be held in reserve farther inland.

"Jellicoe began with a very successful raid on the Norfolk coast in which a portion of the Blue fleet was defeated. His next move was an attack on the Humber . . . which was evidently a complete surprise to the defenders. While this was taking place, the Red fleet was scoring other successes elsewhere. Now, these raids by the Red fleet under Jellicoe were not just ordinary maneuvers. He struck just where he knew the enemy would try to strike. He landed men and guns, captured railways, docks, and wireless stations; held the position which he captured, and, when discovered by the defending fleet, he either eluded or kept their ships at bay. Whatever those maneuvers proved, they undoubtedly proved that men are greater than war-ships—and that Jellicoe is a very great man. It was practically admitted that the defense had failed and had failed through the brilliant strategy of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe."

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND FLEET

Jellicoe's promotion to the supreme command is best told in his own words:

"At about four A.M., on August 4th, I received Admiralty orders to open a

secret envelop which had been handed to me in the train, as I was leaving London, by an officer from the Admiralty. This envelop contained my appointment as 'Commander-in-chief of the Grand Fleet.' On this order I was obliged to act, and I proceeded on board the *Iron Duke* and found that the Commander-in-chief had received orders to turn over the command to me. Sir George Callaghan had been my commander-in-chief during my command of the Second Battle Squadron. He was, in addition, a personal friend, and I, like all those with whom he had been in contact, had the most profound respect and admiration for him. The idea of taking over his command at *the* moment of his life naturally caused me feelings of the greatest pain, and, moreover, it was impossible to dismiss the fear that the fleet might conclude that I had been in some measure responsible for the change." Needless to say, Jellicoe's fears were quite unfounded. He received the most loyal assistance in a true spirit of comradeship from every officer in the fleet.

What the Grand Fleet has accomplished during the war is known to everybody. Admiral Jellicoe's strategy has been criticized and the claim made that he was not sufficiently aggressive in his policy. His own book, *The Grand Fleet*, fully explains his reasons for playing safe. His graphic description of the battle of Jutland, the most controversial event of the war, is wonderfully clear and quite free from diplomatic eulogy.

Mr. Applin reproduces a letter written by Jellicoe to Lady Jellicoe, but intended for all the wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and children of the British sailors at sea throughout the Empire. It is a brave letter, containing a brave message for the women and children.

H. M. S. *Iron Duke*,
14–11–'14.

I know you will be meeting the wives and families of the men, and I hope you will tell them of the magnificent spirit which prevails. . . . The discipline has been perfect, and men have gone to their death not only most gallantly, but most unselfishly. . . . I feel prouder with every day that passes that I command such men. And during the period of waiting and watching they are cheerful and contented in spite of the gray dullness of their lives. I am sure you will tell the wives and children, and the sisters and mothers, of our men, of the pirit that prevails, and I know that it will make them, too, desire to show in their own lives that they are animated by the same desire to do the best they can for their country, so that they will be worthy of their menkind, of whom it is difficult to say too much.

J. Jellicoe.

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TRENCH DUTY

By Siegfried Sassoon

Shaken from sleep, and numbed and scarce awake,
Out in the trench with three hours' watch to take,
I blunder through the splashing mirk; and then
Hear the gruff, muttering voices of the men,
Crouching in cabins candle-chinked with light.
Hark! There's a big bombardment on our right
Rumbling and bumping; and the dark's a glare
Of flickering horror in the sectors where
We raid the Boche; men waiting, stiff and chilled,
Or crawling on their bellies through the wire.
"What? Stretcher-bearers wanted? Some one killed?"
Five minutes ago I heard a sniper fire:
Why did he do it? . . . . Starlight overhead—
Blank stars. I'm wide awake; and some chap's dead.

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ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

Britain's Youngest Admiral—"Lucky and Plucky"—Cock of the Walk—North Sea Victories—Home Life

SIR DAVID BEATTY'S promotion to the rank of rear-admiral at the age of thirty-nine and his appointment as acting vice-admiral at the outbreak of the war created the interesting record of being the youngest officer of either rank in naval history. But as Nelson was only forty-seven when he won the battle of Trafalgar, it is well within the tradition of British sea-fighters to win their laurels early.

Sir David Beatty, the son of Captain David L. Beatty, was born at Borodale, a small village in County Wexford, Ireland, on January 17, 1871.

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS

An officer of the flagship *Lyon* gave an interesting personal description of the Admiral in *Collier's Weekly:* "It is a summer morning in the North Sea; the early mists that the sun has turned to saffron and gold before drinking them up altogether are being whirled away from round about you, and the blue sea begins to unfold itself to the horizon. From your perch above the signal bridge the gray deck below seems like an island in that sea—an island packed with boats and guns and casings and turrets; and looking aft through the web of wire rigging and signal halyards you see three other gray islands looming up and swinging into position astern of you.

"You are standing on a platform that is one of a tier of five in the center of the ship. Above you is the navigating platform; and through the thrum of the wind on the wire stays you can hear the voices of the navigating commander or the officer of the watch, who, with their instruments before them and speaking-tubes gaping all round them, are conning the ship on her way. And almost certainly with them on this platform is the captain—that august and isolated authority who knows everything, sees everything, is responsible for everything, and says next to nothing. But your platform, a story below this, is empty except for yourself. It is, indeed, sacred to one greater than the captain—the admiral whose guest you are.

"There is a light, quick step on the ladder below you, and the figure of the admiral swings into your view. For though each of these mighty ships is an august unit within herself, her personnel divided and subdivided into all the ranks that extend from the captain to the least of the ship's boys, yet on board the flag-ship there is another court, a greater state. Each captain of a ship is king of his country; but the admiral of a fleet is emperor, and rules over all the kings and all the countries. He has his own quarters, his own staff, a flag commander, a flag lieutenant, secretary, and writers; his own coxswain, his own staff of servants, his own cook; for in the day cabin that extends across the mighty beam of the ship he must entertain his fellow-emperors of the sea, as well as sometimes the crowned monarchs of other lands which his squadron may visit. And from this platform where he now stands he directs the movements, not of this ship alone, but of all the ships in the squadron; and also, according to the nature of his command, the ships of other squadrons miles away out of sight below the horizon, to whom the crackle of the wireless and its threadlike buzz and whine in the receivers far away convey hourly and daily his commands. To this eminence in the greatest sea war of all time has risen David Beatty in his forty-fifth year.

OF LUCK AND PLUCK

"The brilliant action of the British fleet off Heligoland in the middle of September was the first intimation to the world at large that in David Beatty the British fleet possessed a young commander in whom the

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Admiral Sir David Beatty

Rear-admiral in the British Navy at the age of thirty-nine and vice-admiral at forty-three, Sir David created the record of being the youngest officer of either rank in naval history. His luck is almost proverbial, but he has worked hard in addition. Married to a daughter of Marshall Field of Chicago, he shares the enjoyment of one of the great American fortunes.

priceless qualities of dash, coolness, and judgment were remarkably combined. And his daring exploit at the end of January, when he sank the *Blücher*, was merely a wholesome confirmation of England's high hopes of him. For years he has been a marked man, marked by fortune, as well as by his own qualities, for the highest positions in the British navy.

"Since he first stepped upon it as a midshipman thirty years ago, the road of his destiny has lain clear and straight before him. His luck is proverbial. He has always been lucky. Springing from one of those sporting Irish families that do so little for themselves and Ireland if they stay there, and so often come to distinction in the larger world, David Beatty was not originally intended for the navy, and it is only by a kind of chance that he entered the one service in which his qualities could find their fullest scope. That was one piece of luck; the others followed hard upon it. He got on well from the first; went through his routine training rapidly and efficiently, and got his chance with Kitchener in the Sudan campaign of 1898.

"That great winnower of human wheat from the chaff found in Beatty's combined coolness and dash, and above all in his common-sense efficiency, a youngster after his own heart. If there were any one to tell it adequately, a romantic story might be made of the building of a British gunboat far away on the banks of the Nile, and of the things which happened on her trial trip. At the end of the campaign Beatty was decorated and promoted to commander, a rank which he attained at the unusually early age of twenty-seven. Luck gave him another chance in the Boxer rising of 1900, when he again distinguished himself in war service, and created a new record by being promoted to captain at the age of twenty-nine. His last command as captain was the *Queen*, and on relinquishing her he went to the Admiralty as Naval Adviser to the First Lord.

"When one speaks of Beatty's luck one must not omit to mention the fact that through his marriage to the daughter of Marshall Field he shares the enjoyment of a fortune so considerable that if he had been less keen, less sound, less ambitious, it would have been the death of him professionally. It need not be said that there are those who suggest that this fortune has had no inconsiderable share in his rise to distinction. Such things are, of course, always said. And there is much truth in them: that a young officer already distinguished professionally, known as a keen sportsman and possessed of great personal attraction, is not by any means hindered in his external career by the command of wealth. It gives him a chance; it makes intercourse smooth and easy; the people who have power and influence are met with on the pleasantest footing; and such good qualities as a man may have are often regarded as something quite miraculous when they are associated with the possession of deer-forests and grouse-moors and stables full of hunters, and yachts and motor-cars, and all the other things that the world which calls itself the world dearly loves to be provided with at some one else's expense. David Beatty himself would be the first to admit his good fortune in this respect. On the whole, however, it has affected him as little as it could affect anybody.

"Money will do a great many things; . . . it will give a man a platform for his achievements and a frame for qualities that but for it might never have a chance to make themselves felt; it will buy indirectly a certain amount of influence.

"It will not invest a man with powers and qualities which he does not possess. Least of all will it avail him in the actual professional work of the grim sea service of England. There is just one thing about that work—it has got to be done. And all the wealth of all the Rockefellers and Morgans and Vanderbilts of the world could not buy a man into the position of an English admiral, or keep him there a day after he had proved his unfitness for it.

"One may be allowed, however, to pay some tribute to Lady Beatty's share in his career. The wife of such a man is either a help or a hindrance—there is no middle course. Lady Beatty, called upon to acquiesce in the greatest sacrifice that can be asked of the happily married woman —the sacrifice of her husband's life and

time to the public service—has acquiesced not as one who makes a sacrifice, but as one who is proud to share in a great service. Her life has been entirely shaped by the exigencies of his naval service. She has not sought the conspicuous place in society which many American women in England seem to regard as the chief end of existence. She has rather avoided it; and in doing so has made for herself a real place and influence in English social life which no mere dinner-giving notoriety could ever have achieved for her. She has provided for her husband in his rare moments of holiday a happy and quiet home life; and when he is at sea she makes the sea her home, too, living quietly on board her yacht at the base port in the waters where his squadron is stationed.

"And when war came she turned her yacht into a hospital tender, where, under her own charge and with a perfect surgical and nursing equipment, wounded men might be conveyed from hospital to hospital or the consulting surgeons carried swiftly where they might be most required. So, though she could not be with him in his grim post, she was with him in the service of the navy.

THE SEAL OF THE SEA

"If you saw David Beatty hunting with the Quorn or the Cottesmore, you would think he had never seen a ship in his life. If you saw him on the quarter-deck, you would think he did not know one end of a horse from the other.

"But anywhere else you would know him for one of those on whom the sea has set its seal. The extraordinarily forceful and clear-cut features, the compact, well-knit frame, the quick, almost birdlike movements, and yet with it all the curious effect of a restrained, contained, and most ponderable energy, produce an effect at once distinguished and formidable. In general society he never talks shop or about himself, but chatters the ordinary tune of our trivial world; and therefore people in society who hate and mistrust manifestations of superiority or difference, whether of character or intellect, love David Beatty and regard him as a charming and simple man, quite nice and harmless, and, like everybody else, with no tiresome seriousness or strenuous nonsense about him.

"Well, that is quite as it should be. The clean isolations of the sea, the grim business transacted out in the waste spaces of the Atlantic which are the playground of the battle-ships and cruisers, the minute and patient organization, the effort and concentration of the serious naval life even in peace-time, are not things which these people are capable of understanding, or on which their comments would be seemly. No wonder sailors never talk about their work to laymen. In this, as in all other ways, David Beatty is a typical sailor, though not a theatrical one. There is nothing of the drawing-room sea-dog about him, nor will he ever be one of our hornpipe admirals."

ADMIRAL BEATTY AT HOME

During the war Beatty's home was at Aberdour in Scotland. Thither he repaired in the few leisure moments he could snatch from the watch on the North Sea. He is a keen tennis-player and prefers it to golf, as he considers it more concentrated exercise for a busy man. He plays a first-rate game and will not subscribe to the dictum that a man over forty should drop tennis for golf.

Lieutenant Hunter, U.S.N.R., aboard the flag-ship *New York*, in a letter to his father described a tennis-match at Aberdour in these words: "We were soon ready for the court. (Peter, aged eleven, the second son, had *escorted* me to change in his room.) My surprise, as we started to play, was well founded, for considering his age and the life my partner had led (I was paired with the admiral) I looked for little real tennis. Few games were played, however, before I realized that it was real play and that my partner was doing all the scoring for us. In the confusion of gold lace I lost the first set for our side. Perhaps it was well, for if all had gone smoothly I should have missed a lot. Beatty at once became a bulldog. He is the same fighter on the court as on the sea, and the seriousness of his 'do or die' remarks brought me up all

standing. In that second set I let go everything. We won it, and, after losing the next rather narrowly, captured the two following for the match. I have seldom seen a man more pleased over a tennis game. He cheered, slapped me on the back, guyed our opponents, and thoroughly enjoyed it. To lose doesn't enter his thoughts. I remember his saying over and over, while we were behind: 'Here! We can't let it stand like this; it will never become us to be beaten.'

"After tea (you know the English *always* have tea during their afternoon sport) I had a glimpse of another side. In talking to David junior, the thirteen-year-old son and heir of the admiral, he told me of the stunts he is doing with mechanical toys. He took me to his playroom, where he showed me a model 'sub' that really dived; a miniature *Tiger* whose turrets actually train; a baby 'tank' quite complete in detail; perfect little steel dock cranes which revolve and lift weights precisely as the big ones. The lad is an admiral in the making. He already knows as much of the Grand Fleet organization as I do, and speaks several languages. We had not been there long when in came the admiral, quite tickled to death. He insisted that I must see everything, and, indeed, seemed as pleased with the toys as his young son. I don't blame him. He put all sorts of questions to the kid, who seldom failed in his reply. When he did, the admiral became very stern. His whole attitude was a sort of constructive devotion. Neither his duties nor his gold lace have made him any the less chummy with the boy.

"He then led me about the house, to show me his wonderful pictures and trophies of war. They are of unique nature and value. The very things that have been given him from time to time are indicative of the respect he commands. Some of his paintings of sea battles are marvelous. Best of all is the esteem in which he holds these things, which results in each becoming a home tie."

Sir David has, besides his several sea triumphs, a numerous progeny to his credit. There are Peter and David and four daughters. He has a great affection for children, and, upon receiving one day a scarf which a blind girl had sent him, replied that he would wear it when he felt cold, and, he said, "It is sometimes very cold in the North Sea." The letter concluded with these words: "The admiral loves little girls very much, and he has four little daughters of his own." At another time he wrote a personal letter to a little girl to thank her for a gift that she had sent to some of his sailors.

THE FIGHTING SPIRIT

Admiral Beatty frequently brought his squadron within sight of the German defences which were four hundred miles from his own base. Three times he engaged the enemy on his own terms. He appeared on the scene of the Heligoland action just in time to administer the *coup de grâce*. He drove the reeling cruisers from the Dogger Bank, sinking the *Blücher* from his own ship. He assumed the burden of the risk at Jutland, and by magnificent maneuvers engaged the entire German fleet with his one squadron, hanging on grimly until the Grand Fleet might come up. After the battle of Jutland, Jellicoe was made First Sea Lord of the Admiralty and Beatty took his place as Admiral of the Fleet. When the German admiral appeared before him to make arrangements for the formal surrender of the entire German navy, he said: "You understand that we are driven to this. Hunger leaves no choice." Then he presented a document which stipulated that the crews should be kindly treated. "Tell them they are coming to England; that will be enough," said Sir David Beatty, tearing the document through as he looked full into the other admiral's eyes calmly, yet with a flash in his own "like a North Sea storm." On the day of the surrender, when the German ships steamed out at last from their hiding, Admiral Beatty in acknowledging the cheers of his happy crew said, "I always told you they would have to come out."

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LORD FISHER, NAVAL REFORMER

Up from the Ranks—Old Jacky Fisher—Breaking the British Idol

"THE Kitchener of the Navy," "The Father of the Dreadnought," "Jacky Fisher"—these are some of the names bestowed on him; but, whatever he is called, one fact is clear: Lord John Fisher is the man responsible for the present British navy and its achievements during the Great War.

He knew the old navy well, for at thirteen he went on board the frigate *Victory* as a cadet. He was in the attack on the Peiho forts in 1859, and in 1882 at the bombardment of Alexandria he was in command of the *Inflexible*.

"There never was such a plucky little beggar," so he is described in the Crimean War days, "quick as a monkey, keen as a needle, hard as nails. He would do anything and go anywhere; he didn't know what fear was, or that there was such a word in the language as 'can't,' and yet with it all he was one of the quietest, most modest fellows I have ever known." [1]

Already he was studying the new mechanism of war; already, alive to new ideas, he was fighting "old-fogyism" and red tape. He knew that England's vaunted navy was a snare and a delusion. Everywhere he saw signs of inefficiency and shiftlessness, and his mind was full of dreams and plans for the future.

When he was superintendent of the Portsmouth Dockyard in 1891 he had a good chance to see the slack, lazy attitudes of the average sailor. One day he met several jackies leisurely sauntering along.

"What are you men doing?" he asked.

"We're makin' way for some others who are bringin' along an oar," the spokesman answered.

Soon five or six lazy-going sailors appeared.

"What are you doing?" asked Fisher.

"We're carrying an oar," was the answer.

"But I see no oar!" answered the admiral.

"Well, I'll be blarsted," answered the spokesman, "if we hain't fergot the oar." [1]

But it was not long before Fisher made his influence felt. The name Fisher meant hard work, discipline, and an iron will.

One of the sea lords, whose rather slipshod dress disguised his real importance, appeared one day in the yard, looking for the superintendent. He ran against a jacky stationed outside a shed, softly pounding the pig-iron bricks that served as a pavement.

"Are the lords of the Admiralty this way?" the stranger asked.

"Not much," replied the gentleman of leisure, "seeing I'm here doing crow for them."

"Crow? What's that?"

"Crow is wot I'm a-doin' of. Inside that shed all the maties are playin' cards and takin' it easy like. I'm out 'ere keepin' watch for 'em. When I sees one comin' wot don't matter I knocks soft. When I sees old Fisher I knocks like Hades; and when old Fisher pokes his nose through the shed, all the maties are workin' like it, too. See?"

Once a captain who had received orders to have his ship at a particular place at a particular time made the mistake of sending back word that the thing was physically impossible. "Tell the captain," responded Fisher, "that if he isn't ready to start at the date mentioned I will have him towed there." Naturally the captain went.

Many stories are told of Fisher's attitude toward the men. He had a great deal of the sailor in him himself: he was rough and ready; no diplomacy, no side-stepping, no beating around the bush for him. He was "short of stature, with a round head, round eyes, stubby nose, with hair like a scrubbing-brush, and a profile that from forehead to

[1] "Old Fisher and the British Fleet." By William Corbin in *World's Work* for April, 1915.

[1] *Ibid.*

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Lord Fisher, Former Sea Lord

He was the man who made England the mistress of the seas. From 1904 until 1916 he served as First Sea Lord. He was a tireless driver, and there were no such words as "can't" or "fear" in his vocabulary.

chin stuck out from his face like the prow of a ship."[1] He often treated his men harshly, according to the old sea-dog tradition; but his personality filled their minds; he had weight with the English jackies.

One day a favorite boatswain appeared at headquarters in one of the admiral's particularly busy hours and demanded a personal interview. The orderly insisted that the superintendent could not be disturbed. When the man became insistent, however, he finally carried the message to Fisher, hard at work in an interior room.

"Oh, tell him to go to hell," roared the admiral.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came a voice from outside. "I knows I'll be able to see you there, sir, but I wants to 'ave a little talk 'ere first, sir."

Several years after his Portsmouth days Fisher visited one of his old associates of the forecastle who was then living on half-pay. He found the old man comfortably settled in a cottage, attended by another superannuated seaman.

"Why do you have this other man here?" asked the admiral.

"I keep 'im 'ere," said the pensioner, "to come into my quarters at five o'clock in the mornin' an' sing out, 'Hi there! The hadmiral wants to see you.' At that I merely rolls over in my bed and says, 'Tell old Fisher to go to 'ell.'"

SCRAPPING THE NAVY

When he became First Lord of the Admiralty, and later Admiral of the Fleet, he had his chance to carry out some of his revolutionary ideas. England idolized her navy; but in reality, as Fisher well knew, it was a "collection of marine antiquities." Under him it became the greatest navy of the world. Remorselessly he set to work attacking tradition and red tape broadcast. He wiped out the old, antiquated ships; he abolished old methods, old guns, old equipment. To an astonished country he showed up the ignorance and lack of skill of officers and men. In a word, he scrapped the navy. He did more than that, he invented the all-big-gun ship, a new departure in marine warfare; and in 1906 he launched his dreadnought.

Reform, reform, and still reform, he preached. Once Lord Charles Beresford praised the navy in Parliament and hinted that England was satisfied with it. The next day Fisher rushed into his office.

"Take it back!" he cried. "Take it back! We're not satisfied. Take it back or get a new lot of sea lords. Any time I have any lying to do, I'll do it myself!"[1]

Up to his time the English battle-ships were scattered over the globe. He made the North Sea the headquarters for the biggest and most powerful fleet, for he realized the menace of the country across the sea that was feverishly creating a navy of its own.

"In 1914," wrote Fisher in 1908, "Germany will be at war with England. Jellicoe will be the Nelson of the English fleet."[2]

"If I am in command when war breaks out, I shall issue as my command: 'The essence of war is violence. Moderation in war is imbecility. Hit first, hit hard, hit all the time, hit everywhere!"

In 1914 the British navy was ready to "hit hard"; and in appreciation of what Fisher had done to prepare the fleets for that day, the nation called him—old and white-haired—with one voice back to the helm.

[1] "Old Fisher and the British Fleet." By William Corbin in *The World's Work* for April, 1915.

[1] Ibid

[2] "Lord Fisher." By Paul-Louis Hervier in *La Nouvelle Review*, 1916. Series 4, tome 24.

THE PLAYERS

By Francis Bickley

We challenged Death. He threw with weighted dice.
We laughed and paid the forfeit, glad to pay—
Being recompensed beyond our sacrifice
With that nor Death nor Time can take away.

[1] From *The Westminster Gazette*.

AMERICAN ADMIRALS IN WAR

Our Naval Leaders in the North Sea—In French Waters—Guarding Our Coast—Behind the Scenes

DURING the Great War "the ferocious ocean," as the early Frisians called the ever-dangerous North Sea, was rendered even more menacing by mine-strewn stretches, by submarines, and by the airships and Zeppelins that watched their chance to attack ships and towns and then disappeared, leaving destruction behind. Before America entered the struggle these northern seas were patrolled and guarded by the British navy, to whom they were familiar. It is probable that to our officers they were at first comparatively unknown. The near waters of the Channel and the northern waters round France presented no such ominous and unfamiliar problem.

During America's co-operation with the Allies the most distinguished naval officers sent abroad were Admirals Sims, Rodman, Niblick, Dunn, and Wilson; while Admiral Mayo guarded the American coast, and Admiral Benson had executive charge and was chief of naval operations.

ADMIRAL SIMS, THE INDISCREET

At times Admiral Sims has been considered the *enfant terrible* of our navy who scandalized the conservatives and cheered the progressives by cutting red tape freely with his little scissors. During the war an observer in London described him as a tall, spare man with a kindly eye and a firm but humorous twitch about his mouth. His close-cropped beard and seamed face made him look very much like our Civil War hero, General Sherman.

"When I presented my letter from Secretary Daniels he received me sitting before his well-ordered desk in a little back room, with an English-coal fire cheerily burning in the grate. In an instant I perceived that he would talk with the most agreeable, not to say astonishing, frankness."[1] "Astonishing frankness." That word gives one of the most marked characteristics, not alone of the Admiral Sims of to-day, but of the Lieutenant Sims of many years ago. In the silver silence of naval circles discretion may not be the better part of valor, but it is ever accounted, by those in authority, the better part of speech. Sims never learned this.

Vice-Admiral William Snowden Sims began life as a most encouraging example to the boy at the foot of the class, for he won through sheer persistence.

This man, of whom the navy and the nation are so proud, is by ancestry a Pennsylvanian who was born in Canada. His father, A. W. Sims, was a member of a well-known Philadelphia family, who married a Canadian woman, living at Port Hope, Ontario, where the boy was born October 15, 1858. He spent his boyhood in Canada, and then his father moved his family back to Pennsylvania. There were three boys, and when William was seventeen his father was offered a place in Annapolis for one of his sons.

At the examination, young Sims was not strong in either mathematics or French. He failed woefully in both, and was rejected. He tried again, received his appointment, and was graduated in 1880. Later he spent a year's leave in France and mastered the French language.

SIMS THE REFORMER

When young Sims was sent to China with the rank of lieutenant he was innocent and audacious enough to write many letters to Washington calling attention to certain defects in the open turrets of our men-of-war of that day. That was in 1900 and 1901. Apparently nobody in Washington cared whether the turrets were open or shut. Still less did they care for this young man's opinion. They wanted to be let alone. So

[1] Hamilton Holt in *The Independent* for December 21, 1918.

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Vice-Admiral William Snowden Sims

Admiral Sims and his family are here shown reunited, on the deck of the liner on which he returned to America, after two years' absence, during which he was commander-in-chief of the United States naval forces in foreign waters. Admiral Sims was born in Canada, and became very popular in England.

they pigeonholed letter after letter. Lieutenant Sims next did a very unusual thing. He wrote a personal letter to President Roosevelt, and this little missive flew well over the heads of the commander-in-chief in China, over the heads of the Navy Department in Washington, and actually reached the President of the United States—who communicated with the navy. They promptly telegraphed the bad boy to come home. He came. But when he got back he made out such a strong case for himself that they put him in charge of the target practice, then in a bad way. He proceeded to reform naval gunnery and produced some surprising improvements.

Target practice is an expensive proposition and Captain Scott had invented a method of target practice that economized ammunition. It was this invention that had interested Sims and had caused him to write to the President himself. Eventually it was used.

Sims was always trying to reform things. Even as a stripling he tried to reform the conditions of the midshipmen at sea who were cooped up for days in the narrow, stifling "fo'c'sle" of the old-time sailing-ships. Sims investigated ashore and figured on the number of cubic feet of air space allowed by farmers to pigs, cattle, and other domestic animals in their living-quarters. He showed that the United States navy allowed less air for its midshipmen than was granted to horses and cows in a barn!

SIMS UP TO DATE

In later years the admiral's most notable exhibition of frankness was when, in times of peace, he pledged the support of America to England in the event of a war. It was in the old London Guildhall in 1910 that the celebrated speech was made that earned for Sims a rebuke, but nothing more.

His popularity abroad and the efficiency he displayed during his foreign mission were equally notable. A writer in *Chambers's Journal* says of him: "He looks a stern man, one who attends to his business and thinks everything of it; and that is what he is. But, as we have seen, there is a light and happy side to the character and disposition of Admiral Sims, and let it be added that he has the finer social graces, which assist him in his peregrinations and his duties in the European capitals. These were latent in him when he came to marry a charming girl in the daughter of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, of St. Louis, who assisted in his most excellent development on the social side. And, all in all, one might say, in a form of expression that is sung in chorus at some American gatherings, that Admiral Sims is all right, that so far as nations and governments can discover at a period when their perspicacity is most intense and their standard most exacting, there is nothing at all the matter with Admiral Sims."

ADMIRAL RODMAN, THE READY

They needed a diplomatic man to take charge of the Battleship Division of the American naval forces in European waters, not on account of the battleships, but because the commander himself would face many delicate situations where matters of personal or subordinate authority would have to be adjusted, or where he would have to drink gracefully many cups of tea, or appear to advantage at banquets and entertainments. Then he must be ready to leave the tea and toast, the warm firesides of his hosts, the pleasant, genial atmosphere, and set out toward the bleak northern seas in midwinter.

Admiral Hugh Rodman, who was chosen for this arduous post, has described such an experience, which he admitted had its difficulties. He said: "You should have seen the nights on which we stood out through the Pentland Firth last winter. That is, you should have been there—but not you, nor any one else could have seen much. Invariably we would stand out of Scapa Flow, through the Pentland Firth, in the black of night. Through the Pentland Firth, which with its skerries and tide-rips is considered hazardous even in broad daylight, and never attempted at night in time of peace! Without a light of any sort and scarcely a signal passing between us, without a sound or quiver of wireless, we would pass to sea, perhaps a hundred strong, by sheer instinct, cold

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Admiral Hugh Rodman

He had charge of the Battleship Division of the American naval forces in European waters. He combines social gifts with true naval insight and stern discipline.

figures, and superb co-operation, so smoothly that when dawn revealed the sea alive with craft of every sort, stretched off in all directions, we marveled and wondered how we ever had avoided one another, not to mention rocks, shoals, and mines, in passing out."[1]

But this same hardy navigator on the sea triumphed on land as well, for the English liked him. In fact, they fell quite in love with a little joke he made when Admiral Beatty had advised him to have personal interviews, when matters were to be discussed, rather than write notes.

"I'll do exactly that, Admiral," responded Rodman. "I'm not much of a pamphleteer myself."

He made many more remarks, for he is a Kentuckian and a good story-teller, with much talent in the way of imitating negro dialects. It is said that, when in charge of naval affairs at Panama, he cheered the worried General Goethals with his "darky" stories. It is this ability to interest and amuse that opens the way for his diplomacy.

Admiral Rodman was born at Frankfort, Kentucky, on January 6, 1859, and entered the Naval Academy at the age of sixteen. In spite of his pleasing manners, he has been described as "a big man with a fighting face," and as "a hard old customer who raises more rumpus about one grease spot on a uniform that won't come out than the average man would make if his life was in danger."

ADMIRAL NIBLACK

Two other admirals were sharing the perils of the northern ocean, and probably saw very little of the tea and toast on land. Yet Albert P. Niblack would have been at home among the diplomatic circle, for he had been naval attaché to the American embassy in Germany during 1912 and half of 1913.

During that period he saw much of the German navy, for the Kaiser took a fancy to him and endeavored to impress him with its formidable strength. But, while Niblack thought the submarines a menace, the German navy itself did not, apparently, rouse his admiration.

Admiral Niblack was born at Vincennes, Indiana, July 25, 1859. He is described as a forceful man, capable of quick decisions, with a thorough knowledge of naval matters.

ADMIRAL DUNN

Rear-Admiral Herbert O. Dunn, who commanded the sister-ship to Admiral Niblack's, is a short, rather heavy man, whose uniform is always in immaculate condition. He is dignified without being aloof, genial without being familiar, and commands a ship that reflects his taste for order and neatness.

Rear-Admiral Dunn was born at Westerly, Rhode Island, May 27, 1857. He was a man of much experience even before his last adventure on the high seas, for he was detailed some years ago to take the body of Ericsson, the inventor of the *Monitor*, to Sweden, and he commanded the *Buffalo* during the Boxer troubles in China.

During the war he was concerned in at least one spectacular incident in European waters. His ship was lying in the harbor of Ponta Delgada, in the Azores, concealed by the sea-wall from an approaching U-boat that undertook to shell the inhabitants of that town. Suddenly Dunn's ship responded, managing to fire over the breakwater, and giving the U-boat so complete a dose of its own medicine that its career ended then and there.

"STORMY" WILSON

This admiral, in spite of his naval nickname, found himself stationed in more southern and milder waters than his naval comrades, but he had a heavy burden of responsibilities on his shoulders, for he guarded the French coast.

Henry B. Wilson, now admiral, was born at Camden, New Jersey, on February 23, 1861. He acquired the nickname "Stormy" at Annapolis.

He built up during the war a tradition of good-will coupled with efficiency along the French coast that will further help the understanding between that nation and ours. French merchant captains, from fishermen to freighters, swear by the American patrol and learned to follow its convoys up and

[1] *The World's Work* for April, 1919.

down the coast and in and out of harbors day and night, under all sorts of weather conditions, secure in the knowledge that the Americans had actually learned their way fully as well as the Frenchmen know it themselves. And there have been few acts of the Americans in France that have made a better impression on the French people than did the Christmas appeal sent by Admiral Wilson to all the American ships on the French coast in December, 1918:

"The commander of the patrol force feels that it would be a privilege on the part of the officers and men of our force if we shared our Christmas with the widows and children of [here he named the old French seaport which had become the chief American base] to whom this war has brought so many hardships. It is therefore suggested that each ship and the base make a small contribution for the purpose. Such sum as may be subscribed will be given to the proper French authorities for distribution, with a Merry Christmas from the American navy."

The fund that was raised was a big one—bigger than the admiral had anticipated, by far. For when "Stormy" Wilson suggests anything his officers and men tumble over themselves to do more than he expects of them. They know, for one thing, that he is not going to be satisfied with anything less than their best, and that his idea of doing one's best is to throw one's self into the task at hand with every ounce of energy, mental and physical, at one's command.

ADMIRAL MAYO, THE MODEST

The quiet man who guarded the doorways to America, and patrolled 3,175 miles of seacoast, was Admiral Henry Thomas Mayo, born at Westerly, Rhode Island, May 29, 1857.

"Admiral Mayo is neither big nor little physically. He is a happy medium so far as size is concerned. His sandy hair is accompanied, as is generally the case, by eyes of deep blue, and his mouth is firm, the jaw firm-set and determined, the nose prominent, and his manner of speaking always deliberate and positive to a degree that sometimes creates on strangers the impression that he is more or less puritanical and flint-hearted. But as a matter of fact the admiral is one of the biggest-hearted men in the navy and among its officers one of the most popular.

"Like Admiral Fletcher, Admiral Mayo is a man who dislikes publicity, and he does not go in for long sketches in biographical cyclopedias. He is a plain, every-day American sailor, who knows his business and lets it go at that.

"'Admiral Mayo,' said Lieutenant-Commander Howe, of the *Louisiana*, 'impresses you the moment he speaks to you as a man of business and action. There is none of the gingerbread type in him. He does what he thinks is right, and as a rule he does not lose a lot of time doing it, and he never quibbles or hesitates once he makes up his mind what the right course is to pursue.'"[1]

He had a difficult course to pursue some years ago on the coast of that distressful country, Mexico. At Tampico he did the United States some service when he served notice on the battling Federals and Constitutionalists that he had created a neutral zone ashore and would be very much pleased indeed if they would go elsewhere when they wanted to shoot at one another. Within the zone was much valuable property belonging to American citizens and British subjects, and through Admiral Mayo's action—for his directions were observed by the combatants—this property was saved from destruction.

Admiral Mayo's efficiency is undoubted, but from the naval officer's point of view fate has not been kind to him, for he has had no opportunities to do any fighting. In the Spanish War he had no real chance to take an active part, and he probably still regrets that America was not attacked before the armistice was signed. The man who demanded a salute from the Huerta government without consulting the Navy Department or his superiors would not have lacked initiative if the coast-line of the United States had been menaced.

ADMIRAL BENSON

There are certain important positions held by men on whose efficiency and capacity everything hinges, who, from the very nature

[1] *The Literary Digest*, May 2, 1914.

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Admiral Henry Thomas Mayo

He is the man who demanded an apology from the Mexican commander and the firing of a national salute to the United States flag, to make amends for the arrest of American men, in 1914. In the Great War Admiral Mayo's fame grew with that of the Navy, which won without even striking a blow.

of their office, must forego the picturesque quality that appeals to the popular taste. They hold the life-line, however, and the man of action at the other end would soon be defeated without their help.

Chief of these executives in the navy is Admiral William Shepherd Benson, born September 25, 1855, who has been called "the brains of the navy." He was the chief of naval operations, charged with the preparation of plans and their readiness for use in war, and apparently might be described as a sort of naval "central." He worked out the idea for laying the mine barrage across the North Sea, thus rendering submarine warfare less effective.

He had previously experienced no small amount of adventure, for in 1883 he was a member of the Greely Relief Expedition to the Arctic that brought back seven survivors; and on another occasion he circumnavigated the entire coast of Africa. He had a taste of diplomatic life also, for in November, 1917, he accompanied the American Commission, headed by Colonel William House, that represented the United States at the Inter-Allied War Conference in Paris.

VON TIRPITZ OF THE FLEET THAT WAS

Germany's Old Man of the Sea—Organizer of the German Navy—The Submarine Campaign—A Self-made Man

"TIRPITZ THE ETERNAL," or, "the Master," the Germans affectionately called their old admiral who tried to wrest the rule of the waves from Britannia during the Great War. The Allies less admiringly call him "Tirpitz the Pirate"; but even his worst foes among the English and the French agree that he is a genial old pirate. An ingratiating smile, a quiet voice, a sense of humor that enables him to make a joke or tell a story effectively, have gained for him a wider popularity than the remarkable mental qualities that led him to the top rung of the ladder of fame, only to fall like Lucifer, never to rise again.

In the United States von Tirpitz is so commonly identified with the abhorred submarine campaign and that policy of ruthlessly sinking merchant-vessels, without warning, which brought our country into the war, that it may surprise many to learn that the admiral was long an opponent of the submarine. For many years he favored the torpedo-boat above the U-boat as an effective naval weapon. In December, 1905, he wrote that the submarine was valuable for certain narrowly limited purposes only; in April, 1910, he still admonished the German Naval Department to place the interests of the torpedo-boat fleet before those of the submarine; as late as 1912 he gave little favor to the submarine. When and why he was converted to the policy that, by the ironic turn of fortune, wrought the ruin of an empire, of his beloved fleet, and of his own life we may learn, perhaps, when his personal reminiscences, in which the old sea-dog grew indiscreet, have been completed. Strange questions must be running through the mind of the old man who dreamed the colossal dream that has gone crashing to its doom with the Empire. The German fleet no longer exists, the submarine has been balked of its prey, and the merchant fleet of the fatherland that once proudly sailed the Seven Seas had to carry the soldiers of the Allies to their homes in return for a crumb of bread. In his memoirs von Tirpitz, with the Euclidian mind, who always worked out every problem with mathematical precision and scientific thoroughness, tried to explain why the answer to the U-boat equation proved to be *nil* instead of "*Deutschland über Alles*."

A SELF-MADE MAN

"We appreciate with a feeling of unstinted admiration," said Mr. Winston Churchill in Parliament in 1913, "the wonderful achievement which the prolonged administration of Admiral von Tirpitz has pro-

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Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz

The actual creator and organizer of what was once the second greatest fleet in the world, but which now lies at the bottom of the sea, Admiral von Tirpitz achieved more with the German Navy in fifteen years, and lost more in three, than any other one person. He was a self-made man and a tireless worker, whose administration, according to his rival, Winston Churchill, was an impressive monument of foresight, resolution, and efficiency.

duced. It stands and must always stand as one of the most impressive monuments which German foresight, resolution, and efficiency have presented to the world." This tribute from the head of a rival Admiralty sums up the achievements of a remarkable career, the more remarkable because von Tirpitz is wholly a self-made man. No American who rose from peddler to millionaire owed more to sheer native ability, energy, and initiative than the landlubber Alfred Tirpitz, commoner, born March 19, 1849, at Küstrin-on-the-Oder, the little town where Frederick the Great was imprisoned by his father after he had tried to escape from the paternal brutalities by making a dash for France. The father of Alfred, a minor judge and lawyer none of whose ancestors had ever stepped aboard a man-of-war, for some inexplicable reason destined his big, rawboned son for the sea. After he had finished the regular gymnasium course at sixteen, Alfred became a cadet in the Prussian navy, then an insignificant collection of hopelessly old-fashioned frigates. At twenty he was a lieutenant-commander, then a captain, and twenty years after entering the navy a rear-admiral. The untiring industry of this *einfache Bürger*, his knowledge, his determination, his force of character, as well as his unusual intelligence, made him a commanding personality in a service where seniority and ancestry too often outweigh merit.

VON TIRPITZ AS AN ORGANIZER

After sailing the seas for ten years, during which time he visited the Mediterranean, South America, and the West Indies, Tirpitz was ready for his real work. By that time the Imperial German navy had come into being. After serving on a commission for torpedo experiments, Tirpitz entered the Admiralty as chief of staff at Kiel, the headquarters of the fleet. In the prime of life, with his varied training and experience, he had now reached a position where his talent for organization and his initiative had full sway. Von Tirpitz had the imaginative constructiveness of the mathematician and the genius of the engineer. Under his fostering care the torpedo service became a flourishing branch of the German navy where formerly it had consisted of a few unimportant mosquito boats. The methods of the Engineering Corps were modernized. His practical sense enabled him to speed to his goal as unswervingly and swiftly as an arrow. From the first he disregarded seniority, rank, and caste, and made merit the only claim to advancement in the German navy. He built up the personnel of the various departments, sought out and trained officers especially adapted for special branches of the service, and displayed extraordinary talent as a leader among men eager to follow him. His adherents became more ardent than "the Master" in forwarding his projects. Though death or imprisonment crowned their work in almost every case, the achievements, during the war, of the Count von Spee in the battles of Coronel and of the Falkland Islands; of von Mueller of the *Emden;* of his lieutenant Muecke, whose adventures on the *Ayesha* in the Pacific and Indian oceans read like a modern Odyssey; of Otto Weddigen and Paul Koenig of submarine fame, prove that von Tirpitz could inspire men as well as organize a fleet.

A LEADER OF THE YOUNG

Amusing stories are told of his scorn of "drawing-room sailors" and social lions trying in vain to turn the Protean trick of becoming sea-lions. According to all reports, "he was especially pleased to discover talent in humble quarters; for the sprigs of the nobility who had nothing but ancestry as a recommendation he apparently had the utmost contempt. In the early days these youthful aristocrats, pained at Tirpitz's habit of advancing the sons of tradesmen over their heads, would go to the Kaiser for consolation. They seldom found it. 'You'll have to get along with him as well as you can,' the Emperor said on one occasion of this kind. 'That's what I have to do.' At another time a well-known ballroom favorite was discussing with Tirpitz his chances of promotion. 'You have very white hands for a man who hopes to command a cruiser,' was all the comfort he

received. Another candidate for a position of great responsibility discovered that, in the eyes of Tirpitz, he had one insuperable disqualification: he was a splendid dancer! 'The fact that you waltz so divinely,' said the grand admiral, 'proves that you have no sea legs. Sailors in the German navy cannot waltz their way to the bridge. Go learn the hornpipe.' He never regarded social graces as desirable attributes of men who expected to fight at sea, and always frowned upon the practice of using war-ships in foreign ports for balls, receptions, and other entertainments. Perhaps the story that has gained the widest circulation, as illustrating this same point, tells how, at a reception given by the wife of Admiral Tirpitz, the old salt greeted two young naval officers with his cold, steely-blue eyes. 'What do you mean,' he said, 'by neglecting your duties in order to dance at frivolous parties?'" [1] Max Harden tells of his rewarding a youth, who had performed a particularly brave deed in the navy and whom he could not advance at once, by snatching him to his bosom and kissing the embarrassed youngster. "What else could I do?" cried von Tirpitz, jovially. "Others get the *Pour le Mérite*—but nobody ever got a kiss from me before."

Another writer says: "In the fatherland every daily, in its character sketches, dwells upon his spontaneous good humor, his patience with subordinates, and particularly his love for children. The young—they are the object of his solicitude always, a fact explaining the posts of responsibility to which young men have been advanced in the fleet under von Tirpitz. No teacher was ever more beloved by his pupils." [2]

Still another anecdote relates that von Tirpitz, when traveling under water, never stuffed cotton into his ears to drown the noise of the submarine. "I don't want to lose any of it," he explained; "it's like grand opera."

CREATOR OF THE GERMAN FLEET

In reorganizing the administrative system of the German navy von Tirpitz was, as usual, direct, ruthless, and efficient. When he became State Secretary of the Admiralty, his enemies hoped for his downfall, for the rapid advance of this hard-working *Bürgerlicher*—German for *bourgeois*—had not endeared him to the *Junkers* and other aristocrats. But success had become a habit and in 1898 Tirpitz was vice-admiral and Secretary of State for the Imperial Navy. Since 1899 he has been the head and front of the German navy in every field. He looked into the future with the statesman's eye and decided that Germany needed a great navy. Germany's industrial life was at full tide, her merchant marine and foreign trade were advancing with giant strides. Then occurred an incident that fell, like a ripe plum, into the admiral's hands. In the autumn of 1899 an English man-of-war seized a German mail-packet and Tirpitz had his cue for proving the danger that threatened Germany's unprotected merchant marine. He effected his end with superlative skill and the Germans, in a fine fervor of patriotism, passed the naval law of 1900. Plain Alfred Tirpitz now became Alfred *von* Tirpitz. In 1902, when the first great battle-ships of 13,000 tons were launched, von Tirpitz was made admiral. In 1906 a supplementary naval bill was passed. In 1907, after five years of skilful lobbying, unwearied manipulation of public opinion, and far-seeing administrative work, von Tirpitz was honored with the Order of the Black Eagle, the highest reward for merit within the gift of the German Empire.

"OUR FUTURE LIES UPON THE WATER"

It is instructive to study the methods by which the creator of the German fleet won over an indifferent public. In 1898 the expenditure for the German fleet was $30,000,000; in 1913 it had risen to $125,000,000. Tirpitzian diplomacy, none the less astute because it seemed childlike and bland, had won over the whole German people to a policy as dangerous as it was expensive. The Navy League was organized with Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother, at its head, in order to initiate a campaign of education. It soon had nearly a million

[1] *The World's Work*, April, 1915.
[2] *Current Opinion*, August, 1915.

and a half members. Newspaper articles, pamphlets, and songs inspired the nation to believe that its "future lay upon the water," in the Emperor's striking phrase; and the Admiralty carried on its far-flung work of skilfully molding public opinion in every corner of the Empire. It was not long before Germany had the second largest navy in the world, and England began to be alarmed. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, in a speech before Parliament in 1909, "portrayed the 'alarming circumstances in which this country [England] finds itself. For the first time in modern history,' said Mr. Balfour, 'there is bordering upon the North Sea, upon our own waters, the waters that bathe our own shores, a great power that has the capacity, and looks as if it had the will, to compete with us in point of actual numbers of battle-ships.' With England, added the great British statesman, it was no longer a matter of maintaining the two-power standard; it was a question of maintaining a one-power standard. Admiral von Tirpitz was building so rapidly and apparently so secretly that England's naval power was threatened with extinction. There is something humorous in the idea of building battle-ships clandestinely; yet this, according to Mr. Balfour and Premier Asquith, was precisely what Admiral von Tirpitz was doing." [1]

England knew, as did the rest of the world, that von Tirpitz was working out a complete naval program according to which an increase in ships, at a certain rate, was planned for a certain number of years ahead. The life of line ships and of cruisers was set at twenty years, so that the fleet should always be kept modern. In 1900 England had been able to smile contemptuously at the ambitious schemes of von Tirpitz. In 1909 she realized that she had a dangerous rival. Her answer to the German challenge had been the dreadnought. Sir John Fisher, head of the British navy, reasoned that Germany could not compete with England in building these huge, appallingly expensive monsters, that these new ships were too big to go through the Kiel Canal, and that, therefore, Germany could no longer continue the struggle.

[1] *The World's Work*, April, 1915.

The results were different from what he had expected. Von Tirpitz at once began the reconstruction of the Kiel Canal. The dreadnought made the whole German navy obsolete, to be sure, but it made every other navy obsolete as well. The strength of all navies was now measured by dreadnoughts, and in this race every nation started on even terms. Von Tirpitz seized the chance, and from that time on he became the terrible ogre of the British Admiralty. A dreadful duel in naval expenditures and war preparations followed, until Mr. Winston Churchill definitely announced the English policy —for every battle-ship that Germany built England would build two.

THE WAR AND THE SUBMARINE POLICY

When the war broke out in July, 1914, it was plain that England's entrance into the struggle had been wholly unexpected by the Germans, for the navy had made no preparations for the advantageous use of its various branches. There were only ten war-vessels and a number of mercantile auxiliaries abroad to strike at England's commerce, as did the *Emden* later. There was no way to strike at sea except with mine-fields. The German High Seas Fleet withdrew behind the defences of the German coast at Kiel, and the war-ships abroad, after heroic but hopeless struggles, were lost with the exception of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, which escaped to Turkey. The effect of the German naval strategy on the war was plainly to be small and a failure in the final estimate. England declared her blockade of the German coast. Then it was that Admiral von Tirpitz, in his official capacity, declared, in retaliation, a war zone about the British Isles within which vessels, neutral as well as belligerent, would sail at their own risk. To mark the zone he instituted a "submarine blockade," a novelty in naval warfare. Numerous belligerent and neutral vessels were destroyed, the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915 being the most spectacular and far-reaching in its results.

In March, 1916, Admiral von Tirpitz retired, ill health being given as the reason, but it was commonly believed that "polit-

ical ill health" was his malady. After the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic* the tension between the United States and Germany grew so strained that the more conciliatory party of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg triumphed over the belligerent naval party of von Tirpitz. Albert Ballin, of the Hamburg-American line, is said to have used all his influence against many features of the submarine policy, and the great commercial interests largely supported him.

So the man who had served longer than any other Imperial Minister except Bismarck was dropped. "Dropping the Pirate," one artist wittily called it, in recalling *Punch's* famous Bismarck cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot." The tragedy of von Tirpitz's life and career is that his memory will be associated not with the splendid fleet that he created, but with the policy of the submarine campaign that alienated the United States and the smaller neutral states, and yet failed in its aim—the destruction of British naval supremacy. How near the submarine campaign came to success we shall know only in coming years when the secrets of the Great War are gradually disclosed; but there can be no question that the naval policy of von Tirpitz that spent hundreds of millions of dollars and missed success must be counted a disastrous failure.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

In the bitterness and passionate recriminations born in war-time, the vituperations heaped on Germany's naval head have been violent. So he has been accused of a hatred of France and England bordering on mania. Strange as it may seem, however, he had a particularly high regard for the French; Jules Cambon, ambassador for France, and he were on excellent terms. As to his reputed Anglophobia, in some respects he was an Anglophile, a sincere admirer of the best in English life and character.

"Like Emperor William, like the Crown Prince, for that matter, Admiral von Tirpitz makes no concealment of his admiration for many aspects of English life. His wife, as *The Mail* (London) informs us, was a Cheltenham College girl, and his two daughters were educated in part at that distinguished establishment. The only son of von Tirpitz spent a couple of terms at Oxford. This young man, when last heard of, was a prisoner of war in Wales. The grand admiral imitated in the German service some conspicuous features of the King's navy, especially in the matter of uniforms for officers and men."[1] Another account tells us: "If he had one enthusiasm, it was the British navy; he admired its history, its traditions, its great achievements. If fate in recent years had transformed him into an Anglophobe, that certainly was not his chosen rôle; for Nelson, Drake, Hawkins, and the other great British sea-rovers became the guiding influences in his life. Moreover, he liked not only English naval ideas, but England itself; his children have gained their education, in part, in England. This inclination, according to his admirers, he transferred to the United States; when he accompanied Prince Henry to this country in 1902, American naval officers found him a delightful and congenial comrade as well as a wide-awake observer."[2]

Von Tirpitz looks like an Old Man of the Sea, or like Father Neptune, according to whether one sees with an Oriental or a classic bias. More than six feet tall, with a huge frame of bone and brawn that makes him seem heavier than he is in reality, he is a fine specimen of the old salt who can roar out a sailor's song with the best of them. The grizzled, forked beard spread far apart to show the cordon of the Black Eagle, the large, round face, the genial smile might suggest the benevolent aspect of old Nereus; but the high-domed head, the breadth across the brows, the irregular, dominant nose, the steady, shrewd blue eyes tell of the capacious brain, the indomitable will, the unconquerable persistence, and the persuasive diplomacy that have marked his career.

In 1915 a writer said of him: "His smile, to which that noted British naval expert, Archibald Hurd, also pays tribute, is irresistible. When he can carry his point in no other way, he will smile at you. He

[1] *Current Opinion*, August, 1915.
[2] *The World's Work*, February, 1915.

is a hot-tempered creature, we read, ready with a heated retort upon occasion, but he is capable of ineffable benignity in his persuasive moods. How he acquired his miraculous fluency is something of a mystery; but it is a well-known fact that he can talk the Reichstag into anything for the fleet.

"The social gifts for which von Tirpitz is so famed—his felicity in anecdote, his hospitable spirit, his eagerness to win a place in the heart of any guest—promoted his ambition to make the German fleet invincible at sea. His capacity to develop the submarine is not more remarkable than his aptitude for the genial arts that make converts to a naval gospel. The object of the grand admiral is ever to win over the young. A youthful deputy in the Reichstag is made much of, taken over a dreadnought, invited to inspect something very important. A school in the country, according to a sarcastic French contemporary, will make the von Tirpitz heart bleed. He will never be happy until that school is put aboard a train and taken for a holiday to see the big ships at Kiel. How grandly does von Tirpitz tower in his uniform at the gang-plank when the young people with their teachers come aboard." [1]

VON TIRPITZ'S INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS

That the man who was the chief instigator of Germany's ruthless submarine warfare displays lovable traits in his home life and has an engaging personality that wins all who meet him will surprise only those who have no psychological insight into the contradictions of the human temperament. As W. S. Gilbert aptly said:

When a felon's not engaged in his employment'
Or maturing his felonious little plans,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any other man's.

So von Tirpitz has his "sweet side," according to Miss Susanne Garnier, an Englishwoman who was for three years the companion of his two daughters, Ilse and Margot. (Tirpitz married Fräulein Marie Lippke in 1884 and has two sons and two daughters.) Miss Garnier tells of her first meeting with von Tirpitz and his family: "He came from his study, his arm around his wife's waist and looking down upon her from the height of his wonderful carriage with loving eyes, while on the other side, walking close to him and hanging on his arm, were his two daughters, like two playful children, laughing and talking to him.

"Following the admiral's entrance into the dining-room I was introduced, and was immediately enchanted by his joviality. In very broken French he made me welcome to his home and at once began to tease the girls, as if expecting them to be already accomplished Parisians. . . .

"Margot told me of her childhood at Kiel, when her father was only commanding a vessel, at which time her mother made all their clothes, having only one maid to assist her in keeping the house and taking care of the children. And from these and other conversations I glimpsed enough to realize that von Tirpitz's rise from lieutenant to admiral of the German navy came through sheer ability and an almost superhuman toiling—I know, during the time of my stay there, that he often worked twenty hours a day, sometimes for days at a stretch. Margot also often discussed the Kaiser, and told me many stories of her father's relations with him. . . .

"After their differences of opinion, the admiral often went so far in showing his displeasure as to decline invitations to dine at the royal table, a thing about as close to *lèse majesté* as one could imagine. All of which is only another instance of how valuable the admiral must have appeared, for the Kaiser, of all men, is least given to brooking even the slightest breaches of royal etiquette. The Kaiser often invited the admiral to his numerous hunting-parties given at one or another of the royal castles and hunting-lodges scattered in different parts of Germany. The parties generally started out about six o'clock in the morning, and breakfast would be served accordingly. But the Emperor, following one of his dear habits, often got up and dressed long before time, and had a most annoying habit of personally going around, waking up everybody, hours before it was necessary.

[1] *Current Opinion*, August, 1915.

"On one of these occasions when up extra early, a thought came to him regarding some naval matter. Immediately he rushed to the rooms reserved for the admiral. In answer to his knock, Herbert, the admiral's valet, came to the door. The boy was new and had never experienced any of the Kaiser's informal calls, so he was almost overcome by the sight of his sovereign standing there hatless, unannounced, and unattended. The boy, however, finally managed to articulate that, while his Excellency was up, he was for the moment in his bath, but that he would surely be out immediately. Hearing this, the Kaiser brushed aside the astonished youth, made his way to the bath-room, and, walking calmly in upon the admiral, plunged immediately into the subject upon his mind. His Excellency, quite disconcerted, was forced to stand, dripping wet and with a bath-towel wrapped hastily around him, until the Kaiser finished. And it was not until he did that the oddness of the situation dawned upon him. Then his invasion struck him as exceedingly funny, and he took himself away, laughing heartily."

A TIRELESS WORKER

Of the admiral's tireless labor and regular habits Miss Garnier writes: "As for the admiral—he did nothing but work. Barring those occasional hunting trips with the Kaiser he had no recreations, unless a daily walk for an hour in the *Tiergarten* just at dusk could be called such. He never touched cards and I never heard of his knowing any other game. He did not smoke, and drank only sparingly of light wines, such as Bordeaux and Moselle. He was very regular in his habits. No matter how late it might be when he got to bed, he always rose at nine o'clock, took a bath, and a massage at the hands of his valet. "This man of excessive energy began the day with a piece of dry toast, one boiled egg, and a cup of coffee. In all the time I was there I never knew him to depart from this. In fact, for such a vigorous and powerfully built man—he is well over six feet—he ate so astonishingly little as often to arouse my wonder. With the exception of breakfast, the meals were terribly irregular, chiefly due to the admiral's habits of study. In the spring started the sitting of the Reichstag. At night, during this time, we would often wait until ten o'clock for supper before the admiral would come back, utterly worn out, looking ten years older after a stormy session. Sometimes, on arrival home, he had to be helped out of his car and up the steps. Often his broad shoulders, enveloped in long capes peculiar to the navy, stooped so he appeared more a man of eighty years than the sixty years he was, and which, in ordinary times, he did not look. So terrific was the drain of some of these sessions upon him that his speech was gone, and his eyes were sunken, with that look of utter weariness that comes from complete exhaustion of both body and mind. Immediately the session closed, at which, be it said, he generally got what he wanted, he and Frau von Tirpitz left for a *Bad*, where he would rest and recuperate in preparation for once more attacking his labor of love—the building of an invincible navy."

VON TIRPITZ AND ZEPPELIN

An amusing account of encounters between Count von Zeppelin and von Tirpitz in the struggle for funds between air-fleet and sea-fleet follows, from which it appears that the old count was usually worsted. "He got a certain amount of funds granted him; but it never seemed enough. This shortage led him to appeal to the admiral, who had the power to take some of the credit away from the navy, if he wished, to be applied to any invention he found worthy as a method of defence. The aged inventor made constant appeals to von Tirpitz, often taking up hours of his time. Often I have seen the admiral come to the dinner-table, from one to three hours late, but chuckling in high glee, and he would explain to us all how he had finally got rid of the *Graf*. 'But he never got any money out of me,' he would add, tremendously pleased with himself. Then, carried away with his subject, he would go on to explain how the 'sub' and torpedo-boat were more efficient in case of war. He did not believe

in airships, and particularly in Zeppelins. Then suddenly, when in the middle of some description of a recent submarine or torpedo-boat exploit, he would halt on noticing my too evident interest, innocent though it was; he would, however, immediately shift the conversation to Italian, which I was ignorant of, but which the family all spoke fluently.

"It is rather hard to sum up concisely and in order the events of two years, particularly when they are several seasons of the past. In those days the clouds of war were not on the horizon, and I thought only of Tirpitz and his work in a casual way. Being so close to the great, one oddly enough somehow loses perspective. In this man, soon to be a world power, one of the best-known figures in the civilized world, I saw rather the kindly father, the man at home, than the planner of things with which to destroy tens of thousands of lives."

THE WORK OF A LIFETIME DESTROYED

Miss Garnier describes a dinner at which the talk turned more than usually to naval matters, and the admiral discussed the possibility of the English and German navies meeting in battle. "'If the fleets ever do come together,' he said, 'the battle cannot last over twelve hours. . . . The work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours! But we would win,' he added, quickly, as if, in those last words, the listener might sense a possibility of defeat. But the picture of Admiral von Tirpitz sitting there at the head of his brilliantly lighted board, immaculate in his quiet uniform, his bald head and high broad brow and long beard marking him so distinctively as both a thinker and a doer, and that queer, half-sad light in his eyes as he uttered those prophetic words, 'the work of a lifetime to be shot away in twelve hours'—that picture will always remain with me."

Admiral von Tirpitz is now past the allotted threescore years and ten. The work of his lifetime is over—not shot away in twelve hours, but wrecked by the storms of revolution. His sailors and his fleet were among the first to condemn the Empire and all its works by flying the flag of the German Republic. The German fleet is no more.

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VON SPEE, THE VICTOR OF CORONEL

Glory and Doom—The Battles of Coronel and the Falkland Islands—Three Counts von Spee Die Cheering

THE story of Admiral von Spee and his two sons, who went to their death together in the battle of the Falkland Islands, far from that fatherland for which they had fought in vain, reads like an old ballad or like one of those knightly medieval tales that are the delight and the inspiration of boyhood. Count von Spee, the victor of Coronel, the only naval battle in which a German squadron defeated the British, came well by his romantic traditions, for he traced his descent as far back as the twelfth century. His ancestors were knights of Cologne, and this family of soldiers, flourishing and gaining fame in the lovely Rhine province, played a distinguished rôle in Cologne and the neighboring regions.

One noted ancestor won glory in another field than that of arms. Friedrich von Spee (1592-1637) was a Catholic and a Jesuit, but his all-embracing humanity extended a helping hand to those in need, whatever their faith, at a time when religious bigotry was still the rule. It also made him take a firm

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Admiral Count von Spee

Commander of the German Far East Squadron. In the most brilliant sea battle of the war he sank two British ships off Coronel without losing even a single man of his own. But five weeks later British vengeance found his fleet off the Falklands. Von Spee and his two sons went down on three different ships, amid the songs of the German sailors who died with them.

stand against trials for witchcraft. He died of a fever contracted in nursing friend and foe in the hospitals at Trier during the Thirty Years' War, but his memory still lives in a collection of songs and hymns that form, under the name of *Die Trutz-Nachtigall*, a permanent part of German literature. The last descendants of this seventeenth-century gentleman displayed, in the twentieth century, no less courage and knightly chivalry in going to their death.

VICTOR AT CORONEL

In the Great War the glory and excitement of naval battles was little evident in European waters, but the drama, the romance, the adventure of the ocean were centered almost entirely in the Pacific. As the war on land grew gray and monotonous on the Western front, while battles of movement continued to ebb and flow in the east, so the war at sea in Europe consisted mainly of monotonous waiting, while in the Pacific the climax of battle and glory was fast followed by triumph or doom. The German Far East Squadron under Admiral von Spee within five weeks tasted both glory and defeat. Eluding pursuit until November 1, 1914, the Germans sighted Admiral Cradock's squadron off Coronel, near the coast of Chile, and opened fire at 12,000 yards distance. In fifty minutes after the first shot had been fired the British *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* had been sunk, while the *Glasgow* and the *Otranto* made off and so escaped destruction. Not one man was killed in the German squadron. It was the swiftest and most brilliant victory of the war at sea, but the victors were not to triumph long. A powerful British squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee scoured the seas for von Spee's little fleet, and on December 8, 1914, sighted it off the Falkland Islands on the Argentine coast. The *Scharnhorst*, flying the flag of the admiral, was sunk first, soon followed by the *Gneisenau* and the *Leipzig*; the *Nürnberg* and the *Dresden* escaped temporarily. Having fought five hours in vain, against superior numbers, until their ammunition was exhausted, the German officers and men stood on deck as their ships sank and, with a cheer on their lips for their native land, went to their watery graves. *The Daily Mail* (London) said at the time: "It must have been a great struggle, for we know from experience how the German battle-ships fight," while the British admiral on the *Invincible* sent a message to the survivors on the *Gneisenau* congratulating them and expressing his profound recognition of their courage. Von Spee had gone down on the *Scharnhorst*, one son on the *Gneisenau*, while another perished later on the *Nürnberg*.

THREE COUNTS VON SPEE

Maximilian Johannes Maria Hubertus Count von Spee was born June 22, 1861, at Copenhagen, where his mother, a Dane, was then visiting. He was the fifth son in a large family. His youth was spent at the ancestral castle near Düsseldorf on the Rhine, and after school and gymnasium day she became a cadet in the German Imperial Marine in 1878. In 1882 he attained a lieutenancy. During a visit to Southwest Africa he became a victim of rheumatism of the joints in so severe a form that he could not move a finger for months, and it seemed probable that he must abandon his profession; but after his return to Germany he was cured in nine months. In 1887 he was again sent to Africa to Kamerun. In 1889 he married a lady of rank, Luise von der Osten-Sacken. The marriage proved to be an ideally happy one, although the count was a Catholic and his wife a Protestant, and was blessed with three children, the two sons who perished in the Pacific with their father, and one daughter, now the only surviving descendant of the family.

In 1899 Lieutenant Count von Spee attained his captaincy, and in 1900, during the Boxer troubles, he was sailing his ship along the coast of China. In 1908 he was chief-of-staff of the North Sea Naval Station; by 1913 he had attained the rank of vice-admiral. His sons, Otto, born in 1890, and Henry, born in 1893, followed in their father's footsteps and entered the Imperial navy in 1910 and 1911, respectively.

Admiral von Spee took command of the Eastern Squadron of the German Imperial navy on December 4, 1912, in Shanghai. It

then consisted of the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau*, the *Leipzig*, the *Nürnberg*, and the *Emden*, every one of which later made a record in the Great War. In 1913 he sailed in Chinese and Japanese waters and visited the Sunda Islands; in 1914 he visited the Philippines and northern China—and then came the war.

A KNIGHT OF TO-DAY

Count von Spee, during his many years of sailing the seas from Africa to China, from the North to the South Sea, although fulfilling with devotion the arduous duties of an exacting profession, yet found time and chance to mingle in the social life of many lands and to win regard and affection everywhere. He was a quiet, decided character with a firm will, good judgment, intelligence, and the ability to act promptly. His personality bore the stamp of distinction. One of his companions on the *Moltke* in 1901-02 said of him at that time: "He was the best-liked person on board. His sympathetic personality, his natural, sincere, winning manners, his dry, sunny humor made every one his friend. I sat next to him at table during eighteen months, and grew to know him and value him more every day. . . . In the enforced intimacy on board a war-ship one learns to know the little and big weaknesses of a man more quickly and thoroughly than elsewhere. None of us found the least to criticize in Count von Spee. He was a splendid fellow."

Another writer supplies this description of the count: "Tall, broad-shouldered, big-boned, as straight as a yardstick, he walks the deck with resounding step. His blue eyes are merry, for he combines with a deeply religious nature a cheerful philosophy of life. He is a good companion, although he avoids formal feasts and banquets as much as possible. To his comrades as well as to his subordinates he always displays a kindly good-will. He has the easy dignity, the unaffected simplicity, and assured poise of the nobleman who is so certain of his position that he shows something of the naturalness of a child. Count von Spee is a man without a trace of snobbishness, and seems to feel only that this little world and poor humanity need a bit of encouragement and friendship.

"But the glance of the blue eyes under the broad forehead, crowned with thick blond hair, can suddenly become cold and stern. The eyes turn steel-gray. When the count abruptly raises his head or suddenly lifts his chin, he is not to be trifled with. His motions and gestures are all abrupt, and this brusk decisiveness is a part of his character. He always clothes his objections in the approved forms of courtesy, but facile agreement is not one of his characteristics. His honesty and love of justice were so well established that he was frequently chosen as a mediator in conflicts of all sorts."

The admiral was always interested in the welfare of his men, and one of the stokers on the *Augsburg* said of him: "He had a warm heart for his men, for every one of us. He would even go down to inspect the ship's kitchen and would ask us: 'Well, my lads, is everything as it should be? Are you getting good meals? Enough for your work?' and in the kitchen he would say to the crew, 'You must do your duty by the men who have to work so hard, and give them clean, well-cooked food.' He was a fine man, very just, and with a fellow-feeling for his men."

Count von Spee in one of his letters to his mother once wrote this about his profession: "I am a foe of all delay and slowness. This may be due to my profession. Our profession is an exhausting one; no one who has not studied it can understand this fully. This may be one reason why so many in the service grow very nervous later in life. Frequently one must act quickly, without time for careful judgment; but even though one makes a mistake now and then, it is better to follow the path of rapid decision than to go slowly and perhaps cause a great accident at a time when the loss of a minute may be decisive." It seems fitting that Count von Spee should have met death like the heroes of old and have gone down to the grave with a shout.

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III. CIVILIAN LEADERS AND ORGANIZERS

CARREL, SOLDIER OF LIFE

A Son of France and America—Carrel's Answer to the Cry for Help—The "Carrel-Dakin Method" in War and Peace—A Modest Hero

IN 1905 a young Frenchman came to America who has since won more victories over death than any other man. Alexis Carrel's triumphs have been gained not on the bloody battle-fields of war, but in the quiet labors of the laboratory and in the tense, patient struggles of the hospital, where, as a soldier of life, he fought more bravely and nobly than the soldiers of death. It is one of the tragic inconsistencies of human nature that it renders greater glory to those that take than to those that save life. The great soldier is known to millions, the great scientist to only a few. Were mankind really civilized, the name of Alexis Carrel would lead all the rest, for by his valuable scientific discoveries and methods of treatment during the war he has prevented untold suffering, restored the wrecks of war to usefulness, and snatched thousands out of the very jaws of death. But, although "the Carrel method" may be familiar to the general reader, to the masses of men it is not even a name.

America may take pride in the fact that she is in large part responsible for Carrel's great work, for Carrel is an Americanized Frenchman who has owed his greatest opportunities to the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. Aside from the great adventure of scientific study, his life, like that of most scientists, has been uneventful. Born on June 28, 1873, at Lyons, he was educated in the schools and at the University of Lyons, from which he holds the degrees of L.B., 1890; Sc.B., 1891; and M.D., 1900. After serving as an interne, he became a member of the medical faculty at the University at Lyons and remained there until 1902. In 1905 he came to the United States and in 1909 became a member of the staff of the Rockefeller Institute. In 1912 he gained the Nobel Prize of $40,000 for the greatest work in medical research, for his success in suturing blood-vessels, and for his experiments in the transplantation of human organs. He married, in 1913, Mlle. de la Motte, who has been one of his most valuable assistants in laboratory and hospital. Although not a physician, Madame Carrel's admirable work as her husband's collaborator and in the hospitals of France has won deserved recognition. A translation of her work, written in collaboration with Dr. J. Dumas, entitled *Technic of the Irrigation Treatment of Wounds by the Carrel Method*, gives a detailed account of the elaborate method employed in this treatment.

CARREL AND THE WAR

Since 1914 Carrel's career has been so closely identified with the Great War that they must be considered together. As a patriotic Frenchman, Doctor Carrel at once enlisted in 1914, and when he reached France he immediately sought the most favorable field for his talents. There was work, and more than enough, for every available surgeon; but to use a genius in research for surgical operations would have been sheer futility. Doctor Carrel at once asked every physician and every surgeon at every overcrowded hospital in northern France what was the greatest need, and in almost every case the answer was the same: better methods of sterilizing wounds, better methods of getting rid of infection. Doctor Carrel responded to this cue, the battle-fields became his laboratories, and what Lister had started forty years before and had then dropped, Carrel carried to its goal—the perfect sterilization of wounds.

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Dr. Alexis Carrel

This son of France, adopted by America, owed his greatest opportunities to the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. In 1912 he won the Nobel Prize of $40,000. During the war he acted as a soldier of life, for by the "Carrel-Dakin method" of treating infected wounds he restored to usefulness thousands of soldiers who would have become hopeless cripples.

The French government had provided at Compiègne a hotel as a hospital. The Rockefeller Institute sent from this country a staff of nurses, bacteriologists, and chemists. Doctor Carrel became the commander-in-chief of this army that fought the battle with infection. The problem was not to apply an ounce of prevention, but a pound of cure, for men were dying by the thousands as a result of wounds infected on the battle-fields or in the trenches. To destroy the bacilli of tetanus, gas-gangrene, and certain putrefactive organisms before they could gain the better of the natural resistance of the body was the objective achieved, after months of patient research, by the "Carrel-Dakin method" for infected wounds.

THE CARREL-DAKIN METHOD

How the treatment was perfected and what may be its probable usefulness to France and the world at large has been admirably described by M. Pierre Lecomte du Noüy, who worked for Doctor Carrel in finding the "law of cicatrization," by which the rate of healing of a wound, as well as the approximate date of every patient's recovery, could be estimated in advance. "The difficulty in effecting a complete sterilization of deep wounds in the past has been almost entirely on account of the trouble in reaching anything but the surface with the antiseptic. Yet cleansing a wound through a surface application was like trying to wash a dirty sponge by laying a wet rag on it. Doctor Carrel at the outset conceived the idea that, just as one washes a sponge by repeated saturations and wringings, so should a wound be washed by some sort of 'flushing' system that would send an antiseptic solution to every part of the wound, allow it to pick up, so to speak, the germs of infection, and then carry them away. It was such a system that Doctor Carrel set himself to perfect." [1]

The two things necessary were, then, an effective, cheap antiseptic solution and a simple, inexpensive apparatus for distributing it. Mr. Henry D. Dakin, a chemist, set out to work on the first problem, Doctor Carrel on the second. More than two hundred sterilizing mixtures were tested before the present one was chosen as best fitted to destroy all micro-organisms in a wound, and yet mild enough not to irritate the raw surfaces. The hypochlorite-of-soda solution—a half-per cent. solution of hypochlorite of soda to which is added a small amount of boric acid to render it non-irritating—destroys the germs and dissolves dead tissue as well, thus removing, mechanically, the breeding-places of germs. As it is only a pure oxygenated solution of common salt, this is a cheap as well as an excellent disinfectant.

DOCTOR CARREL IN THE MOTION PICTURES

A striking picture from a cinema film in Paris showing Doctor Carrel working on a wound and applying his "method" is given by Mr. L. R. Freeman in *The World's Work*. The first step is to thrust into the wound a sheaf of rubber tubes while the raw flesh is kneaded and manipulated by an assistant. "Suddenly another pair of black-gloved hands—hands which, despite the fact that the face of their owner was not visible, fairly radiated personality and force—flashed into view, whereupon the first pair instantly relinquished the leading rôle and 'stood by' as auxiliary.

"'Doctor Carrel's hands!' exclaimed my companion, leaning forward with quickening attention. 'There is not another such a pair of hands in all of France; perhaps in all the world.'

"Fairly twinkling in their swiftness, the deft fingers distributed the little tubes evenly through the soft mass of the torn flesh. Then a stop-cock was turned which, releasing a flow of some healing liquid to permeate every corner of the great wound, washed it as one would wash a sponge by holding it under a tap of running water.

"That was about all there was to the main operation of the '*méthode d'irrigation intermittent Carrel*,' perhaps the one most valuable discovery (from the standpoint of humanity) that has eventuated during the war." [1]

[1] From an article by Lewis R. Freeman in *The World's Work* for February, 1917.

[1] *Ibid.*

A MODEST GENIUS

By the vote of one thousand great scientists Dr. Alexis Carrel was declared to be one of the twelve greatest scientists in the United States. His work in the preservation of animal tissues has been said to be next in importance to Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. Yet this Americanized Frenchman is still as retiring, as silent, as modest as when he was a student in his native Lyons. He is of medium height, and bald, so that his remarkably well-shaped head with its intellectual contours and its broad, high forehead is admirably revealed. His eyes have the searching, penetrating gaze of the scientific observer. Like all truly great men, Doctor Carrel is simple and unaffected in manner. Those who know him say he will sit quietly at a dinner, patiently listening to some layman propounding an absurd theory, and will give his opinion only when asked. His keen eyes pierce through every mistake, but his tolerant spirit is gentle to fools. The persistent, scientific imagination is strong in Carrel. He has the audacity of the French intellect, the energy of the American, and is more modest than either Frenchman or American of ordinary achievements. Yet he is the man who, paradoxically, out of the horrors of war created a blessing for mankind.

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SIR ERIC GEDDES, ORGANIZER

England's Blockade Controller—A Man Without a Political or Social Past—Big Scissor for Red Tape—A Puzzle to Politicians

THE unerring eye of Kitchener saw in the assistant manager of the North Eastern Railroad a man after his own heart, and promptly enlisted the services of young Geddes to supervise the transportation of troops. That is why, after the battle of the Somme, he was sent to France to help the French government bring some sort of order to the appallingly congested railroads. According to *The Manchester Guardian*, such was "the suddenness and rightness of his work" that Sir Douglas Haig insisted on keeping him on the staff in France as director-general of transportation. In 1915 a special department for the control of munitions was organized and Lloyd George appointed Geddes as deputy director-general of munitions. He was subsequently chosen to speed up the building of ships and called to the Admiralty under the revived title of Controller of the Navy. In fact, such was the ubiquity of his appointments that the question was put in Parliament, "Is there so great a dearth of able men that Sir Eric Geddes has to be chosen for every new post that is created?" Referring to his appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty, *The Tribune* (New York), says of his work: "The machinery of the administration answers in his hands as the piano answers Paderewski, or the mid-iron Braid. Where Geddes goes there are no vested interests, no office rights, no privileges, no traditions; the highest and the lowest just have to work. A large part of his success has consisted in removing the obstacles which human perversity has created, as if to make good work and quick impossible; a still larger part is the surprised delight that he excites in his subordinates when they find, not that their work is easier, but that it is infinitely more successful."

The task which confronted Geddes at the

Admiralty was many-sided and caused some uneasiness among those who still lived in the traditions of the past. Sir Eric had scant sympathy with playing favorites or with "pull" in any of its forms. He made a clean sweep of "precedent" and barnacled "policies," choosing officers who had become proficient in the greater problems of naval warfare.

Courtesy of *Red Cross Magazine*

Sir Eric Geddes

England's director-general of transportation, deputy director-general of munitions, and blockade controller spent his youth in our South, and speaks English that is an original and piquant mixture of Scotch burr and Southern slur.

EARLY LIFE IN AMERICA

An intimate view of Sir Eric Geddes is given in *Current Opinion* in the following words: "More than any other Briton now holding exalted office in London, Sir Eric Geddes, ruler of the King's navy, exemplifies traits recognized in England as 'American.' They are not 'Yankee' characteristics, however, . . . seeing that this clean-cut and brisk Scot gained his practical experience of our ways in the South. Even in his speech, it seems, the First Lord of the Admiralty suggests the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, for he says 'haouse' and not 'house' and 'ah' for 'I.' His somewhat soft and liquid accent, blended with the northern burr in his speech, imparts a highly original and piquant flavor to the observations he makes from time to time in the Commons. When Sir Eric is up, as they say over there, there are no debates in the House. There are conversations. Sir Eric is at his best when interrupted with a question, an observation. He is most impressive when he sticks his hands in his pockets, stands very straight, leans back, and remarks: 'Ah suppose, suh, ah have a right to think as ah please, suh,' quite in the Kentucky manner.

"Sir Eric Geddes is the head of a gifted Scotch family long known for the pushing ways of its sons. Sir Eric's father was a railway magnate in India years ago, a civil engineer by profession, a keen Scot who made a fortune out of his personal qualities of thrift, foresight, and industry. There has been a distinguished Geddes before the world for generations, sometimes in science, sometimes in commerce, often in the army, and now and then in the Church. They are all extremely clannish and all eager to 'arrive.' The younger brother of Sir Eric, Sir Auckland, is another Geddes whom the war has rendered notable. Sir Eric is now forty-four and London journalists are impressed by his remarkable resemblance to his published photographs! They do not . . . convey any idea of the breeziness of his personality, the eagerness of the voice in which he dwells upon the 'blockade,' his earnest tone as he expounds the truth that the North defeated the South in our Civil War by the persistence and the effectiveness of the blockade. The naval history of the American Civil War is always on the tip of this Scot's tongue. He has studied it long and profoundly. He is well informed on the subject of blockade-running . . . According to Sir Eric, the South had a hopeless task from the first, owing to the rigidity of that unrelaxing blockade. The lesson was obvious. . . . He has not risked a sea-fight. He talked about one, but in the end he always harked back to that blockade.

"Administration, organization—these are said . . . to be the trump cards of Sir Eric. He was intended for the army, and as a lad he was sent home to Scotland from India and spent some years at Merchiston Castle School, in Edinburgh, where the headmaster finally observed: 'Ye've no metaphysics, ye've no leeterature, ye've no art; but ye've a future.' He is said to exist to this day in a state of astonishing ignorance on all these themes, but in the wisdom of this world he is conceded to be a marvel.

GEDDES IN RAILWAY MANAGEMENT

"He was a lad in his teens when first he reached this country and looked about him for a job. He was not above turning his hand to anything, and he worked in a lumber-camp down South for many strenuous weeks, wearing overalls, superintending the labors of a gang, and initiating himself into the mysteries of forestry. His success in dealing with 'labor' and the esteem, even affection, he inspired in the men under his orders first drew the attention of a high official of the Baltimore & Ohio road to the youthful Scot. In due time he was filling a responsible post on the line, directing the operations of station agents and superintending the construction of power-houses and yards. He practised such severe thrift at this period that his living expenses never exceeded ten dollars a week and were often much less. He had accumulated a snug sum when he received a flattering offer from a railway line in India.

"It is to the Indian experience of Sir Eric that he is indebted . . . for his remarkable insight into the nature of what is called for this purpose 'railway human nature.' Fresh from America, the young Scot applied to the management of the crews the ideas he had picked up in our own South. He is understood to have lost favor with official Calcutta by a somewhat candid expression of his view that the illiteracy of India was a disgrace. . . .

"His capacity for the management of men disposed to strike has won him many a eulogy from Lloyd George. Sir Eric Geddes has known the privations of the railway-worker's lot. He has been deprived of opportunity for meals, for sleep, for recreation, through what he has himself denounced as lack of organization, incapacity to adjust hours of work to the necessities of transportation. He knows when to coax, when to persuade, when to speak firmly; but, above all, he can talk to his men with a first-hand knowledge of their daily lives which no other railway magnate of his standing and fame possesses. . . .

"The outside world heard little of Sir Eric Geddes when the war of movement on the Western front had given place to a struggle for strategic positions and the construction of railways was all important, quite apart from the organization of train services over lines in the British zone. He was, nevertheless, the man of that emergency, and it was then . . . that he really began the career which has now made his name a household word. In France he was a complete success and his first reward was his knighthood. He has a quickness of decision which at times . . . takes his superiors aback. 'Don't you think,' he was asked, regarding a particularly daring suggestion, 'that you'd better think it over?' 'Think it over!' echoed Geddes. 'If I think it over I might decide not to do it.' He is notoriously impatient of boards, committees, conferences, and councils, a detail in his character which the bureaucrats of a traditional type find most disconcerting. 'Don't you believe,' he was asked once, 'in talking a thing over?' 'Yes,' said he, 'but how can you talk a thing over until you have done it?' . . .

HE BELIEVES IN YOUNG MEN

"Another source of difficulty with Sir Eric is his tendency to summon to his aid men whom he knew in his days of obscurity, men often unknown to the political world of London, men with no bureaucratic records, men of no family and, as some affirm, no antecedents. This, he declares, is essential in building up an organization. He is careless in his attitude to representatives of ancient families, the inner circle. This is affirmed to be the real cause of the criticism directed against him by Tory organs. No one has yet accused him of picking inefficiency. His brother owes nothing to Eric, who, it is whispered, does not get along any too well with him. There is a theory in the

Geddes clan that Auckland is the genius of the family, wonder being freely expressed that the world does not yet perceive the fact. Eric has none of the shining traits. He is no orator, for one thing. . . . Indeed, the First Lord of the Admiralty is charged with making obscurity more obscure and the art of popularity is not his. He is essentially the business man . . . who manages a great corporation rather than a popular assembly. This explains his persistence in advancing young officers over the heads of men long in the service. He makes no concealment of his view that the world is scourged in this crisis by the presence of too many old men in positions of supreme authority. His manner of stating the theory is criticized as harsh and inconsiderate.

"Those who are lucky enough to receive invitations to Scriven Park, in Knaresborough, are afforded a sight of Eric Geddes in a delightful, genial mood. Here he dwells in somewhat reduced magnificence with his wife, once the beautiful Gwendolen Stokes, and their three sons, the oldest of whom is twelve. He is a rank outsider in official life, puzzling to Englishmen, and often very much puzzled by them."

HOOVER, HUMAN ENGINEER

From the Farm to Leland Stanford—Off to Australia—Fighting in China—The C. R. B.—Food Administrator

"WHEN I was in Belgium they used to tell me that Hoover looked like the typical American, and I believe he does. You don't turn your head to look after him if you pass him on the street. His face is full, smooth-shaven, his brow wide, high, and dominating the rest of his face, his hair is black and there is plenty of it, his ears are set close to his head, his eyes are quiet and very keen, nose good, mouth better, and chin excellent. His face is young—although Hoover is now forty-three years old—the face of a thinker and a doer, an imaginative face, full of sentiment. The man behind it is a man of ideals, of wide acquaintance with men, and of accurate technical training." Edward Eyre Hunt, who wrote this description of Hoover, was himself in charge of the province of Antwerp, for the Commission for Belgian Relief. He had every chance to know the best and the worst of his chief, and his article in *The World's Work*[1] gives a picture of this" typical American" of which any American may be proud.

Herbert Clark Hoover was born of Quaker parents on an Iowa farm in 1874. Both his father and mother died when he was quite young, and the boy was passed about from one uncle and aunt to another in a fashion calculated to develop his initiative. He was quite young when the uncle with whom he was living at the time decided to satisfy the boy's clamor for schooling by sending him to a Quaker college in the neighborhood. Herbert Hoover was not so easily contented, however. He knew what he wanted, and he knew that he did not want to be educated in "a Quaker college or one founded by any other special sect." "I want," he declared, roundly, "to go where I will have a chance to see and judge things fairly without prejudice for or against any one line of thought." His uncle listened to the boy, and then said firmly that if he did not want to go to the Quakers for learning, he should have to pay for his studies himself. This didn't discourage Hoover. He set out for Portland, Oregon, and in two and a half years prepared himself to enter Leland Stanford University in California. While he was studying, he was working his way. In the university he earned his living by managing a laundry for the students, and he is said to have managed it so effectively that there was a slogan around college about doing things "Hoover's way." Within two years he became an assistant in the Arkansas Geological Survey, and in 1895

[1] June, 1917.

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Herbert Hoover

The directing head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium; Food Administrator of the United States; head of the A. R. A., for the relief of entire Europe after the armistice, including former enemy countries. Formerly an engineer of international reputation, he played a picturesque part in the Chinese Boxer uprising. At college he ran a laundry to pay his way.

he was graduated from the department of mining engineering. His first "job" as a qualified engineer was to push ore-laden cars in a California mine at two dollars a day. He got further practical experience in the United States Survey of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and a year later was made assistant manager of some New Mexican mines.

"ROUND THE WORLD AND BACK AGAIN"

He was only twenty-three years old when he set off for Australia, where he acted as chief engineer for one of the largest concerns there. Here was all the excitement of pioneer work in a country whose resources were scarcely known. The workers depended on camels and Afghans. It was new and totally different and Hoover liked his position. Two years later he returned to California, but there was romance at the end of that journey, too. While he had been at college he had met Lou Henry, a girl who, like himself, had been graduated from the Leland Stanford University School of Mines and was a licensed mining engineer. In 1899 these two set up a partnership which has proved the most successful of Hoover's happy ventures.

They were no sooner married than they took ship for China. Hoover had been commissioned as chief engineer of the Chinese Imperial Bureau of Mines, which was making an extensive exploration in the interior. China had been mined for thousands of years, but in the most primitive way. Here was an opportunity for experiment and achievement that outstripped Australia. Hoover's work was to explore the country, advise as to the development of its mines, and, finally, draw up a mining code for the Empire. And the Empire was good to Mr. Hoover. He had always a cavalcade of men, ceremonious attendance, and abundant luxuries. As one interpreter explained, "Mr. Hoover is such expensive man to my country, my country cannot let him die for want of small things."

Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover did not avoid a threatening danger. He was at Tientsin, recovering from an attack of influenza, when the Boxer uprising caught him. Hugh Gibson tells the story in *The Century:* "It was an active siege that would fill a book in the telling—of shells bursting in the houses by day and night, bullets kicking up the earth in the garden paths, and not a word from the outside world for weeks on end. . . .

"Hoover was there through it all because he chose to be. He had warning from devoted Chinamen concerned for his safety. But he could not bring himself to run away from his Chinese employees, who had been faithful to him; he could not leave them to be dealt with by the soldiers of many nations who might not know how to distinguish between the different sorts of Chinamen. As Mrs. Hoover refused to go alone, the two stayed on to care for a few hundred yellow men. . . .

"With all his European and American staff he kept the terrified Chinamen at work building innumerable barricades of rice- and sugar-sacks, bringing ice and provisions from the warehouses on the other side of the settlement, and constantly fighting fires. They made themselves generally useful doing what they could, so that the entire force of twenty-three hundred military men could devote their whole energies to fighting. Even with that it was a close thing, for it was all they could do to hold off the tens of thousands of well-armed, madly brave fanatics who failed only because of their strategy and tactics."

By this time Hoover was a mining engineer of international reputation. When he left China it was to take over the wrecks of badly managed mines all over the world, the copper and iron mines in the Urals, the lead mines of Northern Burma, the lead and zinc mines of New South Wales, yet others in South Africa. He traveled from China to London, and indeed he has spent about a third of his adventurous life in England, where he and his family have a charming house, which is a home to many young engineers.

AN HONEST FIGHTER

There is a typical story of Hoover just after he had left China to accept the junior

partnership in a big London firm. The financial member decamped with a million dollars, which included about all the ready money Hoover had. The firm was robbed and so were a number of small investors and other city firms. The senior member was away, but Hoover immediately declared that, though his firm was not legally responsible, all the losses should be made good. The senior member's cable of protest came too late. For six years they worked bitterly hard to pay off the debts. When Hoover felt that he was free of any obligation he sold his interest in the firm and branched out for himself.

"He is one of the most resourceful men I have ever known," an engineer who knew him well said to Ernest Poole. "He makes every obstacle in his path a positive advantage. And Hoover is a fighter. When he looks as though he were licked to a standstill his friends watch him expectantly, for they know that he has just begun. His methods are frank and open, but he is by no means *naïf*. He doesn't have to lock his desk, for there's nothing there to discover. Any secrets he has are locked in his mind. His memory for details is almost unbelievable. In dealing with government officials he has the habit of acting first and then asking permission. He has had to deal at times with some pretty raw citizens. But he has a way of trusting such men, and of making them feel his trust so hard that they simply haven't it in them to hand him back a crooked deal."

OUTBREAK OF WAR

In the late summer of 1914 Mr. Hoover was living in London, looking after large South-African interests. The tourist season was at its height when the war was dropped on it like a bomb. It seemed natural to turn to Mr. Hoover to help out his fellow-citizens. How he did it has been told by one of the stranded ones who benefited by his aid:

"Nobody," this girl is quoted as saying, "seemed to know what was to be done with us, and nobody seemed to care. Their mobilizing was the only thing that mattered to them. There were no trains and steamers for us and no money for our checks and letters of credit.

"Then Mr. Hoover came to the rescue. He saw that something was done and it was done effectively. It took generalship, I can tell you, to handle that stampede—to get people from the Continent into England, to arrange for the advancement of funds to meet their needs and to provide means for getting them back to America. They say he is a wonderful engineer, but I don't think he ever carried through any more remarkable engineering feat than that was."

HOOVER IN BELGIUM

But a more remarkable feat was to follow. "It is a commonplace to tell how well the Commission for Relief had done its work," says Mr. Hunt, and then he briefly sketches this vast work: "The immense sum of more than $250,000,000 which it has handled for Belgium with an operating expense of less than five-eighths of one per cent.—a figure which would be ridiculous if it were not sublime; its employment of fifty to seventy cargo ships at all times; its use of hundreds of tugs and railroad cars; its vast system of warehouses, mills, factories, and bakeries; its monthly distribution of 220,000,000 pounds of bread, 20,000,000 pounds of bacon and lard, 5,000,000 tins of condensed milk; beans, corn, coffee, sugar, and thousands of tons of other commodities; its thousands of devoted volunteer workers in practically every part of the world; its expert auditors, accountants, buyers, and bankers—all leaders in the business world; its 8,000 committees in Belgium and out; and the relatively small sum of $10,000,000 which America has thus far contributed to the work—these things are commonplace, but they are miracles."

He goes on to say: "There must be something about the mining engineering profession which encourages these traits. I confess I do not know how to define it, but there seems to be an unusual *esprit de corps* and a high level of professional honor and sensibility which marks mining engineers out from the mass of men. It cannot be an accident that Herbert Hoover and practically all of his more important assistants in

Belgian relief work have come from this group. . . .

"For these men seem to be creating among themselves a new type of citizen. There are few dictators in their ranks. They seem to like co-operation. When you work with a man like Hoover you find at once that he is the very antithesis of the 'political boss,' or 'captain of industry,' or 'field-marshal of finance,' or 'food dictator,' or any other of those militaristic beings who dominate big business and international politics as they are described in the story-books."

HOW HE DID IT

There are two out of many instances of the way Herbert Hoover worked which give a fresh insight into the man. The first occurred at the very beginning of the war, when the Relief Commission had been barely organized. Hoover was running a race with famine. His friend Mr. Hunt tells the story of the winner: "When the last bag had been stowed and the hatches were battened down, Hoover went in person to the one Cabinet Minister able to arrange for the only things he could not provide himself—clearance papers. 'If I do not get four cargoes of food to Belgium by the end of the week,' he said, bluntly, 'thousands are going to die from starvation, and many more may be shot in food riots.'

"'Out of the question,' said the distinguished Minister. 'There is no time, in the first place, and if there was there are no good wagons to be spared by the railways, no dock hands, and no steamers; moreover, the Channel is closed for a week to merchant-vessels while troops are being transported to the Continent.'

"'I have managed to get all of these things,' Hoover replied, quietly; 'and am now through with them all except the steamers. This wire tells me that these are now loaded and ready to sail, and I have come to have you arrange for their clearance.'

"The great man gasped. 'There have been—there are even now—men in the Tower for less than you have done,' he ejaculated. 'If it was for anything but Belgian Relief—if it was anybody but you, young man—I should hate to think of what might happen. As it is—er—I suppose there is nothing to do but congratulate you on a jolly clever *coup*. I'll see about the clearance at once.'"

The other story is one that Mr. Hunt tells on David Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. This is Mr. Lloyd George's version: "'Mr. Hoover,' I said, 'I find I am quite unable to grant your request in the matter of Belgium exchange, and I have asked you to come here that I might explain why.' Without waiting for me to go on, my boyish-looking caller began speaking. . . . For fifteen minutes he spoke without a break—just about the clearest expository utterance I have ever heard on any subject. He used not a word too much nor yet a word too few. By the time he had finished I had come to realize, not only the importance of his contentions, but, what was more to the point, the practicability of granting his request. So I did the only thing possible under the circumstances—told him I had never understood the question before, thanked him for helping me to understand it, and saw to it that things were arranged as he wanted them."

SAVING TIME AND TROUBLE

Vernon Kellogg, writing in *The Atlantic Monthly*, gives a more intimate picture o Herbert Hoover: "He saves time. He reads surprisingly much for a man so continually heavily laden with affairs and so given to days and nights of concentration on their problems. But he does his reading in bed. Even in those many difficult and always uncertain trips across the North Sea, from England to Holland, on his enforced movements between London and Brussels, he always had his little electric torch, or even stub of a candle, to fasten to his bunk for a little reading before going to sleep. He saves trouble as well as time by wearing in all seasons, and for years, one after another, business suits of the same model and cloth, which he simply orders when needed, two or three at a time, as one would order another half-dozen of

collars of one's favorite style and regular size. . . .

"He also has an emotional side. It is a side less apparent, though not less strong, than the purely reasoning one, or the one of forcefulness and authority. . . . In Belgium he avoided the soup-lines and the children's canteens as much as possible; he kept himself to the Brussels office, and had his meetings with the heads of the great national and provincial committees. But one day my wife persuaded him to take an hour from the central office to visit a canteen for subnormal children.

"'He stood silently,' she writes, 'as the sixteen hundred and sixty-two little boys and girls came crowding in, slipping into their places at the long narrow tables that cut across the great dining-rooms; and, when I looked at him, his eyes had filled with tears.'"

A HARD WORKER

But the relief of Belgium meant work, hard, unrelenting work, dealing with such different types of men as Lloyd George and the Kaiser, von Bissing and King Albert, Briand and von Bethmann-Hollweg. "There was a running fight with the German authorities to make them observe as far as possible their undertakings, and, so far as the actual seizure of foodstuffs is concerned, they must be given credit for the fulfilment of their promises. There was constant discussion with Allied governments as to the conditions under which they felt it was safe to allow food to go into the occupied territory. There were unending difficulties in securing shipping in competition with all the Allied governments. There was the serious loss of ships from time to time by mine or submarine. There were big and little tragedies and every sort of minor trouble that can be conceived; and whenever trouble came Hoover was summoned. . . .

"He was the only man alive permitted to travel freely from one belligerent country to another, received in entire confidence by the leading men of all those governments. His passport bore a British visé authorizing him to enter or leave any port in Great Britain without previous notice, the only one in existence. The heads of warring governments discussed matters with him in a way that would have made ambassadors envious." [1]

Mr. Hoover is not afraid of work. He spent six years over a translation of *De Re Metallica*, an old book on metals and mining, written in 1530 by George Agricola, who wrote in doggerel Latin that defied the translators for over four centuries. This was his pleasure and recreation.

In 1917 Ernest Poole wrote of him thus: "Hoover is a tired man, a depressed man, an impatient man, but a strong man. Though by no means large of frame, he gives at once an impression of force. His limbs look hard; his smooth face is strong; there is a determined look to his jaws, and his eyes are steady and direct. He is a mining engineer, a man from a ruthless, fighting world, to whom at the outbreak of this war something very like a miracle happened. . . . Nevertheless, he remains a man who eschews the fashionable world of society; his manners are far from 'finished,' and small talk bores him to extinction. He seldom tells funny stories himself, though he likes to hear them. When he plays bridge he plays it hard. When he has a day off he likes to motor with his family out into the country, build a fire, and cook in the open. Another dissipation of his is the reading of detective stories. In these he takes a huge delight. But the rest of his life is work."

HIS NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL TASK

That Herbert Clark Hoover should become Food Administrator for the United States was only the logical sequel to his previous ungrudging labors. When he was asked what chance he had of success he grinned and said: "After making many experiments, after studying the question as fully as possible, I have reached the conclusion that the only true solution is found in the fifteenth chapter of St. Matthew." His interrogator went home and opened his Bible to the fifteenth chapter of St. Matthew. It tells the story of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes.

[1] Hugh Gibson in *The Century*.

When Herbert Hoover talks about food he knows his subject as he knows mining. It was not lightly that he called the Russian Revolution "a food riot."

Mr. Hoover knows how to prevent food riots. The United States had become the food-storehouse of the Allies. Late in 1918 Mr. Hoover made a speech at the Mansion House in London in which he said: "I have in my possession the needs of the European Allies for meat. We can furnish this whole volume in pork alone. We can summarize our present position by stating that within the next twelve months we can, with less pressure of saving upon our people, export 18,000,000 tons if necessary, and to this Canada will add 3,000,000 tons. We can say emphatically that all anxiety as to the great essentials of food is now past."

The energy, ability, and integrity which made it possible for Mr. Hoover to achieve this significant result won for him the first international post. Acting at the joint requests of the Allied governments, President Wilson named Herbert Clark Hoover director-general of relief for liberated countries, both neutral and enemy. His authority and influence extend throughout Europe and penetrate Asia and Africa, as well as the United States.

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The Food Council at Its First Official Session in Paris

They are, left to right, around the table: Norman K. Davis, United States; Herbert Hoover, United States; Mr. Sheddon, United States; Professor Attelico, Italy; General Payet, France; M. Vilgrain, France; M. Clementel, France; Lord Reading, Great Britain; Sir John Beale, Great Britain.

The English Director of Food Economy, in 1917, said of Mr. Hoover: "There are doubtless generals coming from America who will win fame on the battle-fields of France, but in Mr. Hoover President Wilson already has a general who for more than two years faced the actualities of war and achieved victories in its most complex phase, namely, the rationing of nations."

"I have not the ghost of an idea," says Mr. Hunt, "whether Hoover is a Democrat or a Republican in national politics, but I know that he should be enrolled among the most liberal and progressive men in this

country. He has lived in four continents—North America, Australia, Asia, and Europe. He knows world conditions as very few Americans ever can know them. He knows personally the great intellectual and political leaders who are in power in the most important countries of the world to-day. He knows all this from the point of view of a liberal, far-seeing, democratically minded citizen who is accustomed to meet new problems with no regard for precedent or the protection of special interests."

Let Herbert Hoover himself have the final word—the word he spoke to the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York: "The justification of any rich man in the community," said Mr. Hoover, "is his trusteeship to the community for his wealth. The justification of America to the world-community is her trusteeship to the world-community for the property which she holds.

"The ownership of this wealth carries serious dangers in times to come, and it behooves its trustees to take account of its responsibilities. . . . The money which has come to us . . . is money in trust, and unless America recognizes this trust she will pay dearly and bitterly for its possession. The justification of American riches can only be her requital of the obligation which comes with riches; and the requital should not be alone her duty, but should be her crown."

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Edward Eyre Hunt's personal narrative of the war and relief in Belgium, *War Bread* (Holt, 1916), contains a sketch of Hoover and tells about his work. Mr. Hunt's amplification of this sketch is to be found in *The World's Work* for June, 1917.

BAKER, PACIFIC WARRIOR

Doctor and Lawyer—Pacifist Secretary of War—Achievements and Triumph

"DR. N. D. BAKER was practising his profession at Martinsburg, West Virginia, a small town of 8,000 people, when Germany committed its first aggression against France, in 1870. He little thought, on December 3, 1871, when his second son, Newton D. Baker, was born, that that son would play a prominent part in another war inaugurated by Germany." Thus begins a charmingly informal account of our Secretary of War by a Frenchman, Paul-Louis Hervier, a translation of which appeared in *The Living Age* for September 7, 1918.

Newton D. Baker's father wanted to make of his son a doctor, like himself. But after the young man had received his degree from Johns Hopkins University, and had assisted his father in performing an amputation, he turned to his chosen profession, the law. The son of a country doctor, he had neither time nor money to waste, and he obtained his degree from the law-school at Washington and Lee University within a single year. He had been practising some three years in his home town when the Postmaster-General, William L. Wilson, invited Baker to become his private secretary.

It was a chance meeting on a boat trip which won Mr. Baker his next step in the world. He fell in with Martin A. Foran, of Cleveland, and the lawyer was so much interested in his traveling-companion that some time later he wrote Mr. Baker, suggesting that he become a member of his firm. When he went to Cleveland to refuse, Mr. Foran, so the story goes, showed Baker into an office with the remark: "This is yours, and there are a lot of clients waiting for you in another room. So you must begin work at once."

It was chance, too, that brought Mr. Baker to the fore in Cleveland, though it cannot be forgotten how brilliantly he made the best of these "chances." Mr. Foran was to address a meeting called by the Democratic party, and, being unable to attend, sent his junior partner in his place.

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Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War

This "great little man," who helped to win the war by organizing our Army on a war basis, was formerly a pacifist. He still loves best a quiet pipe, a good book, and his simple family life.

The chairman, not knowing Mr. Baker, and seeing a short, young-looking man, announced with regret that Mr. Foran was unable to be present, but that he had sent his "boy" to represent him. "Come, my boy," said the chairman to Mr. Baker, "and tell us what you know." The "boy" knew so much and told it so well that that evening marked the beginning of his political career.

Mayor Johnson of Cleveland appointed Mr. Baker to be the head of the city's legal department, and when Johnson was defeated, in 1909, Newton D. Baker was the only Democrat elected. Against his own wish, he retained his position as spokesman for his party, with the result that two years later he was chosen Mayor of Cleveland by the largest majority ever obtained there up to that time. He was re-elected in 1913, and when he declined to run for a third term the man whom his party put forward was defeated. Belonging to the progressive wing of the Democratic party, Mr. Baker's name has long been a byword with those who care about taking politics out of government. *The Outlook*, in an editorial of 1916, declares that "Cleveland is recognized as one of the few cities in the United States that had successful municipal government before the recent tendency toward the commission form of government, the city-manager plan, and the like made headway. For no small measure of this success, credit must be given to Mr. Baker."

THE GREAT LITTLE MAN

When Newton D. Baker was appointed Secretary of War, at a time when we were in the midst of our Mexican difficulties, he said, simply, "I will do my best, but I shall have much to learn; for, even as a child, I never played with lead soldiers." How quickly he learned may be seen in the book *Frontiers of Freedom*, which Newton D. Baker recently published; a collection of his war utterances, all of them extemporaneous (Secretary Baker uses neither manuscript nor notes), lovingly collated by his secretary, Ralph Hayes.

In the notable speech delivered January 28, 1918, before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Secretary Baker stated what America had accomplished up to that time. What the Secretary of War had done was not mentioned.

It is a thrilling story, the story of this gigantic work, a work wonderful not only because it was unparalleled in size, but because it presented problems as novel as they were complex.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF MR. BAKER

It is seldom that a man is a hero to his valet. Baker is a hero to his secretary. Two quotations from the diary which Mr. Hayes kept while with Secretary Baker at the front will give a glimpse of what that trip to Europe meant:

"*March 29.*—American Headquarters. General Pershing told me at night that for the sake of the secretary's health we had best urge him to slow his schedule and to remain indoors for a day. A succession of rainy days and daily excursions by the secretary have made the general fearful of the radical change from more sedentary work at Washington. Of course I shall urge the secretary to follow this good counsel, but I know the passively bored look that will greet my suggestion that he rest.

"*March 30.*—American Headquarters. The secretary listened patiently to my advice and prescription, looked passively bored, and then drove a score of miles through a driving rain to the headquarters of Maj.-Gen. Clarence Edwards. . . ."

So much for the picture of the untiring energy of the man; for a more intimate portrait of him we may turn to Hervier's delightful study: "Mr. Baker is short, but well proportioned, with bright eyes, and ready but not rapid speech; his voice is very clear. He never uses slang. He has never been a sporting-man. His favorite occupations are reading and conversation. He loves to have visitors. When he is alone he reads Greek and Latin without difficulty. They even say that, in the crowds on American tramways, he has sufficient self-control to remain absorbed in an interesting book. Whenever he can, he lights his pipe—a straight-stemmed pipe that cost a few cents.

"He loves the simple, unostentatious life. He is often seen driving his little Ford,

but he is especially devoted to family life. He married, in 1902, Miss Elizabeth Leopold. There are three children: Betty, eleven; Jack, nine, and Peggy, four, enliven his household. But, alas! the exigencies of his position deprive him at present of the joys of home. At Washington he leads the life of a bachelor at the University Club, because, he says, 'the children are at school in Cleveland, and their studies mustn't be interfered with.'"

When Newton D. Baker was appointed Secretary of War a clever journalist put the question, "Is he a great little man, or a little great man?" He has given the country his answer: little as the expectations he raised may have been, his achievement, stamped with his own sincere and simple personality, was great.

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DANIELS, REFORMER OF THE NAVY

A Poor Boy—Editor Since Boyhood—Secretary of the Navy

WHEN Josephus Daniels was a boy in North Carolina, where he was born in 1862, he was captain of a baseball nine there which had no spiked shoes or masks, but which seems to have supplied good training for a future Secretary of the Navy. Asked somewhat later in life about his baseball ability, "Seeph" Daniels just laughed and said, with boyish modesty, "You see, I made a poor showing at first base, or anything else in the game, but when it came to fielding I was right there, because my hands were so big the ball couldn't pass me." Mr. Daniels has been so big a man since then that nothing seems to have been able to pass him, were the job a newspaper or the care of the United States navy. When he was selected as Secretary of the Navy people scoffed, but it has remained for him to tell part of the wonderful story of that navy during his term of office. "Our naval forces have operated from the Mediterranean to the White Sea. At Corfu, Gibraltar, along the French Bay of Biscay ports, at the English Channel ports, on the Irish coast, in the North Sea, at Murmansk and Archangel, our naval forces have been stationed and have done creditable work." The personnel of the navy increased from 50,000 to 500,000; 1,000,000 men were transported by the United States navy alone; and dreams of a real merchant marine began to take wing.

EDITOR AT FOURTEEN

Secretary Daniels has himself told the story of his early life. The South was almost bankrupt when his father, who had built ships for the Confederacy, died and left his mother to take care of the small family. She opened a small millinery-store and made dresses also. Finally she became postmistress at $200 a year, while young Daniels helped her and opened a small side-line of his own by keeping newspapers, bats, and baseballs in the corner of the office. While hanging around the office of the town paper he became filled with the ambition to become a newspaper man on his own account some day, and when he was fourteen he started a little monthly paper of his own at twenty-five cents a year. Two years later he had an interest in another little paper which got him into a great deal of trouble, for his editorials on the negro problem enraged Republican Northerners. But the editorials grew fiercer, and he made enough money to carry him through law school, although he never practised and never intended to, according to his own

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Josephus Daniels

Secretary of the Navy, under Wilson, during the war. He was an ardent advocate of prohibition, and introduced it into the Navy early in his term of office.

words. Later, with the assistance of a friend he bought the famous *Raleigh News and Observer*. It was hard sledding at first, and he tells us that many a night he walked the floor with big debts staring him in the face. His wife, the daughter of a major, used to go into the office to help. On Saturday nights the printers had to be paid, and it meant endless work for the young editor to scurry around, during the rest of the week, to collect enough money from subscriptions and advertising. But "it is better for a boy to be born poor than to be born rich," is the way Mr. Daniels dismisses this.[1]

Daniels has been called a Jeffersonian Democrat, and it is hardly to be wondered that he came into close association with William Jennings Bryan, who was beginning to set the country on fire during Cleveland's administration. By the time the Democratic convention met in 1896 to nominate Bryan, Daniels had become an out-and-out Bryan man. He gave up some work he was doing in Washington, and his newspaper became and has remained one of the most important progressive Democratic papers in the South. Big corporations trembled before his pen, but his opponents were by no means silent. One witty antagonist gave him this little ultimatum, "We are going to beat out that Raleigh gang so completely that nothing will be left at Raleigh but the lunatic asylum, the penitentiary, and Josephus Daniels." Two days later the critic was completely overwhelmed with this head-line over his witticism, "Three necessary institutions to keep radicalism straight." The fact that many of his friends were in the penitentiary at that very moment made the retort so much the sharper.

With characteristic vigor, Daniels once undertook to denounce in one of his journals a certain Federal judge whose practices he disliked. Upon the publication of the criticism the judge held Mr. Daniels for contempt of court and imposed upon the editor a fine of $2,000. But the latter declared he would rather be sent to jail than to pay one cent. The judge did not dare send him to jail, but a United States marshal was instructed to keep him in custody until the fine was paid. Although kept in a hotel room, Daniels never paid. On an appeal he was declared not guilty, and the sensational case ended in his complete victory.

When Daniels's paper came out for Wilson in 1912 it meant that Bryan was not averse to Wilson's nomination for the Presidency, although this was not generally known at the time. Daniels spent the summer in New York and Chicago working for the cause with might and main, and when the election was over the country discovered this comparatively unknown editor in the chair of the Secretary of the Navy.

"PACIFIST" AND FIGHTER

The photographs of the Secretary of the Navy have shown a broad, rounded, soft, smiling face. He never has been keen about the style of his clothes, preferring to dress for comfort. But "fight" is written in his face, nevertheless, as people began to notice after he took charge of the business of war. His face seemed to square away a little at the chin, in keeping with his set jaw. The cheeks became less soft than they used to be, the eyes a little harder; and over all there came the taut look of repression, of control, of knowledge and the understanding of events.

People used to think he was too soft, too peace-loving. They recalled his words, "The most thankful day of my service as Secretary of the Navy was the day when the House Committee on Naval Affairs in Congress decided to increase the number of chaplains from twenty-four to fifty-two." They compared this with similar remarks that had nothing to do with guns and powder. They remembered that he was a member of the Peace Society of North Carolina. But it is remarkable how much "fight" the man has had in his official life, how many aggressive enemies he has had to face—not to speak of the Big Fight of naval warfare.

One of his zealous admirers has put it thus: "He swept alcohol off the table—so the whisky people threw bottles of words at him; he made training-stations and their environments clean—so evil forces tried to besmirch him. He turned ships in port and ships at sea into training-schools—so they

[1] *New York American* Sunday Magazine.

said he was making schoolmasters of the captains and admirals. He went after the collusive bidders for armor-plate and they turned their batteries on him. He found that American-made armor-plate was costing Uncle Sam millions of dollars more than the same armor-plate was costing England and France, Brazil and Russia—so he threatened to put a few Big Men in prison and he had the evidence of the law behind him to do it. So they 'got apart' and bid down to competitive prices. He found a navy so case-hardened by caste that a petty officer could hardly penetrate the deadline of official promotion beyond chief warrant officer. . . . He opened the door to promotion."[2]

The landsman was justified by his work.

[1] Edwin Wildman in *The Forum*.

McADOO, A SECOND HAMILTON

A Southern Boy's Hard Climb—First Financial Experience, Selling Papers—The Hudson Tubes—Secretary of the Treasury

"THE greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." This is what men who know have said of William Gibbs McAdoo, one of the foremost members of the War Cabinet. Before our entrance into the war he had put through Congress the McAdoo Currency bill, establishing the regional Federal reserve system; he had steadfastly hitched his personality to the huge tasks that presented themselves; he had used his extraordinary "snap judgment" to preserve financial equilibrium in the face of disorder abroad. But with America in the war there were some who doubted whether McAdoo could carry through the great task. Yet when great financial leaders were almost panic-stricken, wondering how the country could float war bonds, it was McAdoo who resolutely said that if the need were explained to the American people themselves, they, the people, would respond. And they did respond in one, two, three, four, if not five, Liberty Loans. "Sell Thrift Stamps and War-savings Stamps," said McAdoo. The people bought them; for it was a people's war, as one of the greatest publicity campaigns ever waged convinced them. The Secretary of the Treasury began to disburse money ten to twenty times faster annually than had ever been done before. He became head of the War Finance Corporation, Director-General of Railroads, President of the International High Commission, and these represented but a few of the dozen or so offices which he held. It was he who fostered soldiers' insurance, thus forever eliminating future pension scandals. He combined the express companies. He swept America into a scale of foreign exchange never before dreamed of. Credits after credits were extended to the Allies. Something big had happened. It was wildly prophesied that the Yankee dollar would forever succeed the British pound in international trade. "The greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" had accomplished his task.

STRUGGLING LAWYER—AND ENGINEER

The "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton" had not been born into the place. His parents had been fairly well-to-do, but the devastation of the South—McAdoo was born in Georgia in 1863—had ruined the family and its rice-plantation. His father practised law and wrote for the village paper. Little McAdoo made an agreement with a newspaper to sell its papers, and at the end of six weeks he had three hundred and twenty-four cents for clothing. In the mean time his father obtained a professorship at the University of Tennessee, and young McAdoo, left at home, had to work on the farm, chop wood, husk corn, and pick cotton. He entered the university, copying legal papers to help pay the way, and suddenly left it after his junior year for legal employment by day and the

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William G. McAdoo

President Wilson's son-in-law was one of the foremost members of his War Cabinet. As Secretary of the Treasury he carried through the four Liberty Loans and the Victory Loan. He disbursed more money annually than had ever been done before. He has been called "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton."

study of law by night. After his admission to the bar he was glad to be assigned to the defence of negroes for all sorts of small and bigger crimes, which brought him experience but no money; or he would collect debts, earning as little as thirty cents on three-dollar accounts until he was able to enforce a "minimum wage" for such service.

But that was only a start. In his legal capacity he soon became conversant enough with railroad and transit problems to try to give the city of Knoxville a good transit system, until the hose was turned on his gang of workers, who roused the ire of competing contractors. He then went to New York to practise law with his father, and finally associated himself with William McAdoo (chief magistrate) in his legal practice. In 1903 this wandering lawyer had the temerity to organize a company to tunnel the Hudson River with four tubes, the Hudson or McAdoo tubes, costing something like a billion dollars, and setting to naught the predictions of financiers and engineers who declared the feat impossible. When the first trains pulled through, a novel motto was seen written upon them, "The Public Be *Pleased*." McAdoo had had it placed there, and later, during the war, the public was pleased further by having much-needed coal transported through these tunnels by McAdoo, Chief of War Transportation.

MCADOO AND WILSON

Mr. McAdoo had six children by his first wife, and it was through his boys, who went to Princeton, that he met Woodrow Wilson, at that time president of the university. They became fast friends. It was he who so successfully managed the greater part of Wilson's first presidential campaign, and his sterling honesty was revealed when he himself suppressed a cartoon unfairly representing a member of the opposing side. "I am opposed to misrepresentation for the accomplishment of a political or other purpose," he said. He was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by Wilson, and in 1914 Miss Eleanor Wilson became his second wife.

When the news came on November 22, 1918, that he had resigned from the Treasury, giving as his reason the necessity for repairing his personal fortunes and devoting himself to his family, Richard, his faithful messenger, wept like a baby. Even the newspaper men were so stunned that they could hardly budge for almost ten minutes. There were few dry eyes at the last meeting with the members of his railroad staff. They knew the mettle of the man before them, with his tall, angular frame, upward of six feet, and, like Lincoln, not seeming to know what to do with arms and legs. They must have recalled wordy discussions with the man who always got his own way. But they loved him, nevertheless. "Don't you do it," some one once told a railroad president who was determined to protest a McAdoo ruling. "If you ever let McAdoo talk to you fifteen minutes you won't protest against anything. He'll get you body and breeches and all you'll be thinking about when you come away will be what a nice call you have had and what a fine fellow McAdoo is."

THE RETURN

By John Freeman

I heard the rumbling guns. I saw the smoke,
  The unintelligible shock of hosts that still,
Far off, unseeing, strove and strove again;
  And Beauty flying naked down the hill

From morn to eve; and the stern night cried Peace!
  And shut the strife in darkness; all was still,
Then slowly crept a triumph on the dark—
  And I heard Beauty singing up the hill.[1]

[1] *The Westminster Gazette.*

SCHWAB, THE SUPER-KRUPP

From the Stage-coach to the Mills—Director-general of Ship-building

"CHARLEY" SCHWAB'S romantic career started, like a Buffalo Bill story, with a stage-coach. He was born in Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, on April 18, 1862, and his parents sent him to be educated by the Franciscan Fathers of Loretto. When he was twelve years old the boy had to go to work, and the natural thing for him to do was to help in his father's livery-stable. Every day he drove the stage-coach from Loretto to Cresson, carrying the townsmen back and forth; and when he had turned fifteen, he deserted the familiar route to serve as a grocer's clerk in Braddock. But he was not much interested in retailing sugar and spices and gossip, and one day when Jones, of the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, came into the grocery-store, the young clerk surprised him by asking for a job.

"Can you drive spikes?" asked Jones.

"I can drive anything," was the quick retort. Charley hadn't jolted behind horse-flesh all those years for nothing. So he got his first job in the mills of the Carnegie Company, driving spikes, for the munificent sum of six dollars a week.

THINKING BEYOND THE JOB

One of Charles M. Schwab's favorite phrases is that if you want to get ahead you have to "think beyond your job." Because he learned the secret of power early, within two years he was appointed foreman of his shop. By the time he was twenty-five he was managing an important department, and his earnings had risen to two hundred dollars a month, with a bonus of fifty cents for each ton of output in excess of the preceding year. Ten years passed, and the man whose first home was a little apartment which he used as a laboratory, with a bedroom as a secondary consideration, was appointed president of the company by Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Schwab's own story, *Succeeding with What You Have*, is one of the most fascinating accounts of his progress. To his wife, whom he married when he was a boy of twenty-one, Mr. Schwab attributes a large part of his success. It was she who made a home of that laboratory, though she studied chemistry in order to become a working partner as well as a wife. He loves to tell the story of how he was offered $60,000,000 for half of Bethlehem. He put the question up to Mrs. Schwab. "What would I do with all that money?" she asked, "and what would you do without your work?"

PRESIDENT OF THE STEEL TRUST

Before he was forty years old Charles Schwab was chosen president of the Steel Trust, with a salary of about $1,000,000 a year. Being president of the Steel Trust is a cross between being president of a large university and being president of a great republic. Not even $1,000,000 a year can buy pleasant ease for the head of this huge and complex organization. Here, as everywhere in his busy and thrilling history, Charles Schwab did not "lie down on the job." Every day he inspected some portion of the works before he reached his office at ten o'clock. Every week the entire works received his personal inspection. On Saturdays the heads of the various departments lunched with their chief. The rule was "no business out of office hours," so that luncheon passed with talk about music or cards (two of Mr. Schwab's pet amusements), and only when the coffee-cups had been pushed aside and the cigar-smoke began to curl upward did the meeting begin, a sociable, if business-like, discussion of affairs. The following Monday each superintendent lunched with his associates in the same informal way, and so the influence of the chief was felt in every corner of the mills.

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Charles M. Schwab

Director-general of Ship-building during the war.

THE SUPER-KRUPP

The secret of Mr. Schwab's power is his fundamental democracy. Nowhere is this so evident as in his management of the Bethlehem Steel Company. He took this over mainly for the pleasure of being his own boss, instead of working under thousands of directors. Indeed, the company was losing about $1,000,000 a year when he assumed management. But being his own boss did not mean being any one's else. "No one has ever worked under me," he declares, "but thousands have worked with me." It is a popular, if fabulous, story, the story of Bethlehem Steel. So menacing did his management of the mills become that Charles Schwab was worth something like $100,000,000 to the German government. That was the indemnity offered him to stop working for the United States only two days before our declaration of war. His reply was to become the Director-general of Ship-building. "The conditions were peculiar," said Mr. Schwab, in speaking of this truly magical accomplishment. "If we had wanted ships ten years ago we would have set out to build them in the most economical way possible. We would have bought our supplies in the cheapest market. We would have formed our organization with utmost deliberation and care. We would have taken every precaution to keep down unnecessary expense. But this was different. This was an *Emergency* Fleet Corporation. We had to think only of speed. If a ship cost ten times as much as it ought to cost, we couldn't stop for that. What were a few hundred millions, more or less, compared with a few days' time in this emergency? . . . That emergency, thank God and the American people, is over. We paid a terrible price, from a business man's point of view, but we built the ships, we met the emergency. We got two million soldiers to France. We defeated the U-boats. We saved the world for civilization."

Hard-working, genial, democratic, he used the same methods to get results in this gigantic task as he had used in building up the bankrupt Bethelehem Steel. In the first six weeks, it has been said, he didn't spend more than six days in his Washington office, or, indeed, in any other. "My office," he says, simply, "is where I am." He traveled from one shipyard to another, going among the men, inspiring them with his own energetic, good-humored enthusiasm. He personally offered a ten-thousand-dollar bonus to be divided among the men of the yard producing the largest surplus above its program during the war, and his friends chipped in to help along the most exciting competition in the history of ships. The bonus system is one of Mr. Schwab's hobbies. He has been quoted as saying: "The way to get things done is to stimulate competition. I do not mean in a sordid, money-getting way, but in the desire to excel. . . . The way to develop the best that is in a man is by appreciation and encouragement."

One of Mr. Schwab's assets is the impelling charm of his personality. Every one who talks with him, if he is one of the men in the blast-furnaces, or if he is Herbert Spencer, or if he is a newspaper man out for a story, seems to have felt it. When Charles Wood interviewed Mr. Schwab he came away with the statement that "Mr. Schwab believes in people. And people, when they are once believed in, get busy." It was to this interested interviewer that the man who out-Krupped Krupp gave the following bit of popular philosophy: " . . . The best soldier of the common good is the one who goes farthest in inspiring the whole gang to do its best." If we are to believe him, it is not because Charles Schwab rose from the little stage-coach driver of '74 to whipping up transportation on a national and international scale that he is worthy of note, though it is memorable that he was summoned by no less a person than "K. of K." to help across the water. What makes him as remarkable as he is engaging is that he accomplished his mighty task by "inspiring the whole gang."

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"HURRY-UP HURLEY"

Uncle Sam's Ship-builder—Former Fireman Says, "There Is No If"

"HURRY-UP HURLEY" he has been called. That quality of hustling is the key-note to his character and his life. Just fifteen years after the time when, in blue overalls and a greasy shirt, he was driving a switch-engine at thirty-five dollars a month he became a millionaire.

He began his hustling early. His father was a mechanic in the railroad shops of the Burlington at Galesburg, Illinois; and family finances were not all that they could have been; so young Edward decided to leave school.

"'I've got to hurry up and get a job,' he said, and he landed a job in a machine shop before eight o'clock that morning. In a few years he got an opportunity to work for the railroad as a fireman on a freight-locomotive. After a while he sought a job on a passenger-train.

"'They go faster,' he said. He was fond of hurrying up. He got the job. Before he was twenty there came an opportunity. The engineer did not show up.

"'Put Hurley at the throttle,' said the boss.

"'But he's only a youngster,' some of the older men objected.

"'He's made good so far,' was the answer. Another fireman was brought on, and Hurley said, 'Hurry up.'

"Just as the fireman was stoking up and young Hurley was oiling up, an old-timer mentioned to him that it was a shame to give him that run.

"'This train has never been on time. The schedule is all wrong. It is impossible to make the trip on time.'

"'We'll try. Hey, Bill?' he shouted to his fireman, and for the first time in the history of the road that express went through on schedule. Young Hurley never went back to the fireman's side of a locomotive after that.

"Then came a railroad strike. They sent for Hurley on another road. He was about to take the job when he was told that he couldn't, it was against the union rules.

"'That settles it. I'm no quitter. I'll play fair,' he told them; 'but I won't sit around waiting for this strike to be settled.'"[1]

He didn't keep idle a day, but went to work as secretary to P. M. Arthur, of the Brotherhood. Later, he was salesman for a Philadelphia concern which sold metallic packing for valves and pistons; and he was soon making three hundred dollars a month. While at this work he became interested in the pneumatic appliances which made his fame and fortune. Hurley was the man who drove the first rivet that was put into a steel ship in any other fashion than by hand. Now the "rat-tat-tat-tat" of the pneumatic riveter, which he helped invent, is heard around the world. Without it the big ships of to-day could never be built.

Hurley made his start in business for himself in a barn with two expert mechanics; but with the success of his pneumatic inventions the concern grew. In 1898 he opened up the offices of the Standard Pneumatic Tube Company, of Chicago, and in 1902 he sold out at a price that made him a millionaire.

This was the man whom President Wilson called to Washington to work on the Federal Trade Commission, and in 1917, when the Denman-Goethals quarrel was interfering with the ship-building program, made chairman of the United States Shipping Board, president of the Emergency Fleet, and commander-in-chief of the American Merchant Marine. It was no small task—to have charge of 250,000 workmen and 150 shipyards, some of which were not yet built; and to build in one year twenty times as many ships as were ever built in one year in the United States, at the rate of three ships a day. The need was urgent. Our Army and its supplies had to be transported at once.

[1] *The Literary Digest*, September 8, 1917.

"THERE IS NO IF"

Hurley set himself to the task. Six days after he came into office he took over every shipyard for the government; then he requisitioned all ocean shipping under the American flag.

Standardization was his plan. "If they can standardize a gun, a motor, an aeroplane, a row of houses, why not ships?"[1] Model ships were designed, taken apart, and their parts were sent to factories. By this system, only 18 per cent. of the ships were built at the shipyards; the remaining 82 per cent. were built in factories all over the country, in the interior, hundreds of miles from the ocean. These standard parts were sent to the coast and there assembled. Thus did Hurley "hurry up."

Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, President of the Emergency Fleet, Commander-in-chief of the American Merchant Marine, and Charles M. Schwab, Director-general of Ship-building

"Hurry-up Hurley" and "Charley Schwab" together built a fleet, transported our Army, and frustrated the U-boat campaign.

"Mr. Hurley to-day is as young as he was twenty years ago. He is blunt and forceful. He is teeming with energy and, while driving himself, also drives every one who comes in contact with him, but withal he is tolerant of other viewpoints than his own. He is heavy-set, and still shows signs, both in

[1] "Edward N. Hurley—Shipbuilder to Uncle Sam." By Edwin Wildman in *The Forum*, April, 1918.

dress and appearance otherwise, of the wholesome, out-of-doors life and work he did when engineering. His hands are thick and his fingers stubby. When he signs his name to shipping contracts his pen frequently tears the paper. He can't use a fountain-pen. They are too frail for those burly hands. The pen-points he does use wear out quickly. One pen lasts him little more than a week. His forcefulness is too much for them."[1]

He is equally forceful and direct in speech.

Some one asked Mr. Hurley, "If labor will rally fully, there will be no doubt about the complete success of our immense ship program?"

"'Cut out the if and the rest goes,' replied Hurley. 'There is no if. This shipbuilding program is going through. We have the material, we now have the men, we have a cause that is right, and we are going to do the job. I don't say that I'm going to do it. This is not a one-man job, not an individual position. It is a national one. It is going through because the American people have determined that it shall go through. Whoever gets in the way will be crushed in the rush and will get no sympathy from any one. That's all there is to it.'"[1]

That is Hurley all over.

[1] "Hurry-up Hurley." *The World's Work*, October, 1917.

[1] "Edward N. Hurley—Shipbuilder to Uncle Sam." By Edwin Wildman in *The Forum*, April, 1918.

WALSH, FOR THE PEOPLE

Messenger-boy Reaches the Bar—Rights of Man *vs.* Wrongs of Property

"I HAVE not the judicial poise. I do not care to have any judicial poise. I consider that commodity as it is known and used in modern affairs of life, especially in New York and vicinity, as a great bar to human progress." For speaking thus frankly and humanly, the man who acted as chairman during the great trial of property at the bar of popular rights was bitterly condemned by the men of property. But Francis Patrick Walsh had lived long enough with poverty to know just how much of it is a spur to ambition and how much a deadly millstone around the neck.

He began to earn his living, some fifty-odd years ago, as a Western Union messenger in his home town, St. Louis. Then he got a job in a barbed-wire factory; became a rate clerk in a railroad office; and by dint of studying stenography earnestly rose to be court stenographer. Meanwhile he was studying law, and at twenty-five this hard-working young man was admitted to the Missouri Bar.

He made Kansas City his home in more senses than one. For one thing, he married Miss Katherine M. O'Flaherty in 1891, and in Kansas City these two brought up a jolly family of eight boys and girls. For the rest, he was a member of the Kansas City Tenement Commission, attorney for the Kansas City Board of Public Welfare, and president of the Kansas City Board of Civil Service. He spoke of the unsympathetic attitude of the courts toward the efforts to smooth out industrial relations. "We can't amend the Constitution," he said, with his genial smile, "but we can put men in the courts who will be for the rights of man rather than for the wrongs of property."

QUIZZING MR. ROCKEFELLER AND HIS EMPLOYEES

When labor troubles in the West came to a head in a bomb explosion the country began to be uncomfortable about "the general unrest." The President decided to appoint a committee to inquire into the causes of that unrest, and if possible to suggest a method of quieting it. That committee, whose work lasted from 1913 to 1915, was known as the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations. The man who was chosen to head it was Frank P. Walsh. He handled this job as he handles all jobs that come to him. He is said to have one of the finest law libraries in the West. But he is not legal-minded. He is

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Frank P. Walsh

The friend of the people. He upheld the rights of Ireland at the Peace Conference as a delegate of the Irish Race Convention.

human-minded. He traveled from one city to another, and into the lumber region of the far Northwest; he quizzed millionaires with embarrassing persistence; he tried to find out what labor conditions were, not in terms of dull statistics, but in terms of human hunger and human weariness and human ambition and despair. The report of the Committee on Industrial Relations makes interesting reading. It is not a "judicial" report. It is clear, terrible, and inspiring.

WALSH AND THE WAR WORKERS

Then came the war. The broad-browed, dark-eyed, keen-tongued man who had made some bitter enemies and many unchanging friends in his fight for labor was called to a novel undertaking. Frank P. Walsh was made a member of the new National War Labor Board, which was to keep the industries of the country going without a hitch or strike, and without the desire for a strike on the part of the workers.

Mr. Walsh explained the problem. "Heretofore," he said, "the law has recognized the right of the workers to strike, but it has not recognized their right to live. In case they lost their strike, in case they were not powerful enough to enforce their demands for a living wage, the employer could reduce them as far below a reasonable standard of health and comfort as the law of supply and demand would permit.

"Then suddenly the government was confronted with a situation where strikes could not be tolerated. To permit a constant interruption of war industries would mean sure defeat upon the firing-line. But to take away the strike meant to take away labor's only weapon. The only way the government could deny the right to strike was to give full assurance that no strike would be necessary."

A writer said, "He is not happy when he is not fighting for something he thinks is right." One of the things Francis Patrick Walsh, educated in St. Patrick's Academy and a devout Catholic, thinks is right is a free Irish republic. When his war work in the United States was over he set sail for the Peace Conference. There, as a delegate of the Irish Race Convention, he upheld the rights of that small nation whose home is the home of his fathers.

HENRY P. DAVISON, OF THE RED CROSS

From Bank Runner to President—Head of the World Red Cross

ONE day a crank walked into the Astor Place Bank, pointed a revolver at the head of the paying-teller, presented a check for $1,000 drawn to the order of Almighty God, and demanded the money on the spot. The teller took the check calmly, with all the respect that he would have paid to a real check, and then read it aloud so as to attract the attention of the other employees. "You will have to be identified," he said. The crank demurred. "Well, do you want the thousand in dimes, or otherwise?" the teller asked in a louder voice, so as to be heard by those near by. And he slowly proceeded to count out the money until the bank detective suddenly seized the man from behind.

That courageous paying-teller was Henry P. Davison, to-day John Pierpont Morgan's right-hand man and the dominating hero of the Red Cross in the world's greatest war. Davison started from the bottom. When a man comes into a great metropolis like New York, penniless and without a friend, and within fifteen years works his way from a place as messenger in a bank to the presidency and to a partnership in one of the greatest banking concerns the world has known, the feat is sufficiently amazing. But Mr. Davison, in addition, after working for almost nothing, became a millionaire and then the head of the world's most gigantic relief organization during the war.

Yet thirty years ago Mr. Davison was actually looking for a job in New York City; furthermore, though he trudged its streets for three whole days, he did not find one.

Instead he went to Bridgeport, Connecticut, and became a runner in a bank there. Davison was born in the little town of Troy, Pennsylvania, in 1867. He attended school there until he was fifteen, was teaching before he was sixteen, and through his grandmother, who recognized his abilities as a student, was enabled to attend Greylock Institute, at South Williamstown, a fine old New England institution. "Davison would always help a chap out with his lessons when he was stuck," a friend said. He obtained a position in an uncle's bank, and then tutored in the hope, not to be realized, of getting to college. It was then that he tried his luck at the Bridgeport bank—the only alternative was to become a grocery clerk—and, by keeping his eyes open, he rose to the position of receiving teller. "I believe it is wise not only to learn the job of the man ahead, but to teach yours to the man below," he has since said.

About three years later, he made several successive visits to New York in one week. On the last of these days he went to the theater. He had apparently been under a great mental strain, and this was the first recreation he had allowed himself. "Do you know who I am?" he suddenly said to the man sitting next to him, who took him for a lunatic. "I am paying-teller of the Astor Place Bank." It developed that his visits to town had been concerned with getting, solely on his own enthusiastic recommendations, this post in the new bank, at which he was later to distinguish himself by the "crank" episode. The rest was rapid. At thirty-two he became president of the Liberty National Bank, a few years later vice-president of the First National Bank, where he conceived the idea of forming a new million-dollar corporation. He was but forty when he got an invitation to meet Mr. J. P. Morgan at his library and became a member of the firm.

"When the suggestion was first made to me that I should take this work," Mr. Davison said, referring to his activities as chairman of the War Council of the Red Cross, "I thought I was the busiest man in the world. When I went to bed that night I felt it would be absolutely impossible for me to accept that trust. When I got up the next morning—not when I woke up—I felt that it would be absolutely impossible for me to decline." He proved to be ideal for the position. His own personal abilities, his talent for organization, combined with his comprehensive financial connections, enabled him to collect hundreds of millions in the United States, assisted, of course, by great Red Cross campaigns. When he assumed direction of the Red Cross it had 486,000 members; in less than a year it had 22,000,000 members. Mr. Davison made frequent visits abroad, and three times narrowly missed death. He worked right up to the very end of the war, and his wonderful vision resulted in something that will outlast the war, the formation of the League of Red Cross Societies at Paris, May 5, 1919, that has for its purpose the spreading of the light of science and the warmth of human sympathy into every corner of the world.

Mr. Davison used to be known as "Harry" to the reporters, who seemed almost always sure to find him when some big Morgan conference was on. Although we must regard Mr. Davison as essentially a master in the world of finance, he is by no means one-sided. He is fond of sports; as a young man he used to ride to the bank on a bicycle, and later used to walk four or five miles each morning to the great Morgan Bank at Broad and Wall streets. He is the father of a happy family of four children, of whom two sons were in the war. There is a bit of humor in the straightforward, clerical-looking man; and he is a man most at home in his home.

FROM "WAR"

By Dana Burnet

All down the reeking trail of years the mailèd armies go,
With mock of flags and bitter drums, and dead hearts in a row,
Behind them, in the gloom of blood, the broken nations lie—
And o'er them wheels their grewsome god, a buzzard in the sky.[1]

[1] *Poems*. By Dana Burnet. Harper & Brothers.

The Spirit of Belgium

CARDINAL MERCIER OF BELGIUM

A Sword of the Spirit—The Man the Germans Could Not Silence

"SUCH spiritual heroism as Cardinal Mercier has displayed since the beginning of the war has been rarely exceeded in the world's history. His arm has never lifted a sword—has carried nothing heavier than a book, or a crozier, in fact, yet it wields more power over countrymen and foe alike than any other in Belgium."[1] Thus wrote the American Protestant Episcopal bishop, the Right Reverend Samuel Fallows, of the Belgian prelate.

Throughout the world Protestants and Roman Catholics alike have united in acclaiming Cardinal Mercier as a man and a patriot. His faith in his country's ultimate triumph never wavered. "God will save Belgium, you cannot doubt it," he said to his priests. His mighty utterances during the war sustained the Belgians in their darkest hours.

In appearance, as in his acts, Cardinal Mercier can be compared only with the apostolic figures of the early Christian era. In height six feet four or five inches, thin almost to emaciation, he looks even taller than he really is. The face is scholarly, ascetic, illumined by deep-set eyes that seem always to be looking beyond. In his black garb, which accentuates the pallor of his skin, the cardinal-archbishop might have stepped from the canvas of an old master who portrayed the saints.

Before the war Cardinal Mercier was little known outside of Belgium and the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church. He was born on November 22, 1851, at Braine-l'Alleud, a village adjoining the battlefield of Waterloo. He came of a humble, hardworking, and deeply religious Belgian family, such as are always proud to have a son enter the Church. A maternal uncle, the Very Reverend Adrian J. Croquet, was an American pioneer missionary who became known as "the Saint of Oregon."

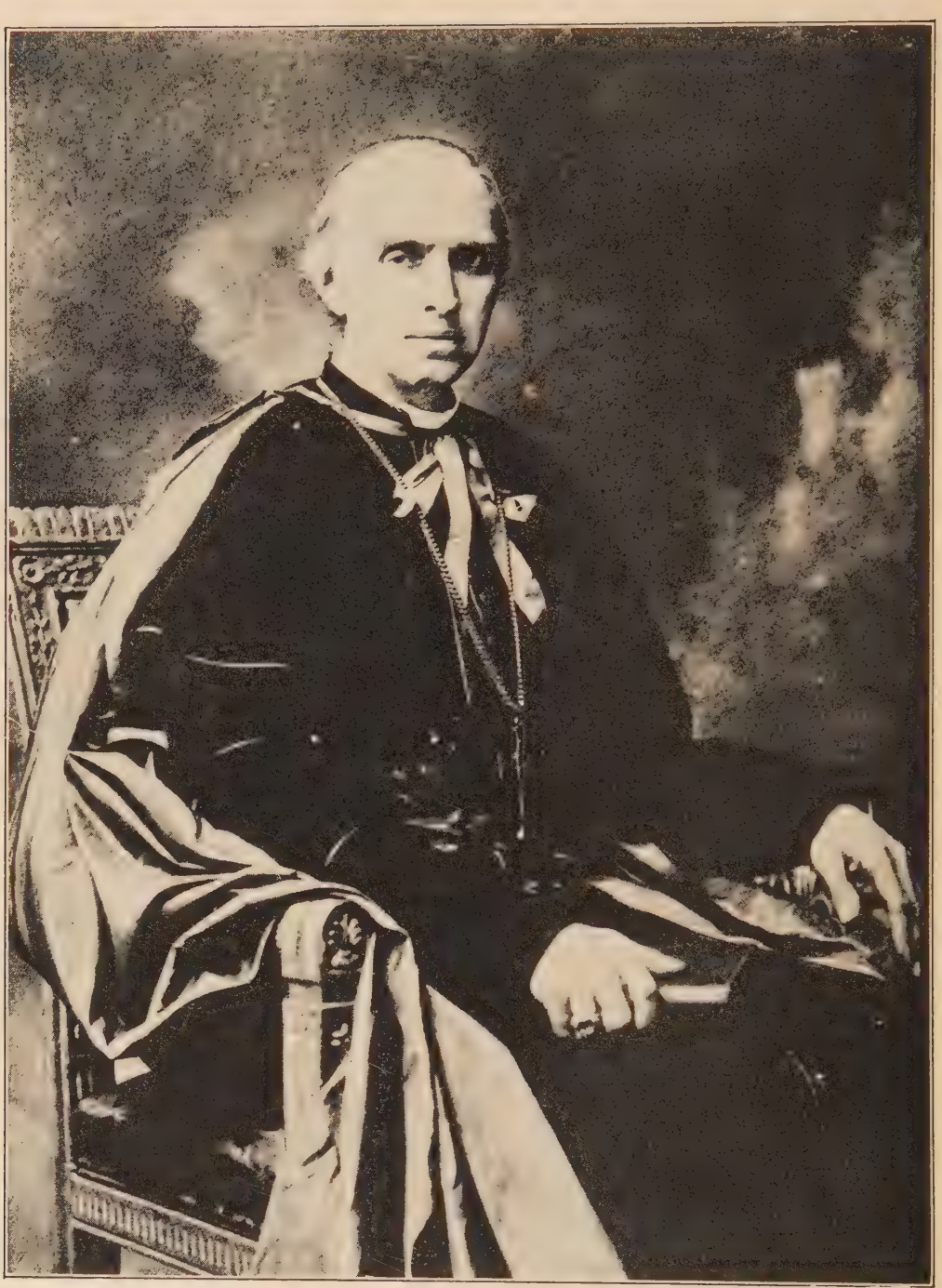
Désiré Mercier, after completing his studies at St. Rombaud's College of Malines and the seminary there, was raised to the priesthood in 1874. He studied philosophy at the University of Louvain and in time became successively professor of philosophy at Louvain and Malines, and in 1882 was appointed a domestic prelate by Pope Leo XIII. His most important published works are *Psychology*, *Logic*, and *Criteria*, which have been translated into the principal languages. He succeeded to the cardinalate in 1906 and is the head of an immense diocese of not less than two million five hundred thousand Catholics, divided into nearly eight hundred parishes.

HE DEFIED THE INVADERS

When the Germans overran Belgium and occupied Brussels, Cardinal Mercier instructed his people not to renounce their rights as citizens. "On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligation of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in the face of the power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that power is no lawful authority, and therefore, in soul and conscience, you owe it neither respect nor attachment nor obedience."

His "pastoral letter" of 1914, in which he cited examples of German "frightfulness" of his personal knowledge, of murdered priests and civilians and ruined homes and libraries, roused the Germans to a pitch of fury. They imprisoned the cardinal in his palace for a day, and tried to force him to retract his charges, but failed. They seized sixteen thousand copies of the "pastoral" and yet the priests were able to communicate to their people the contents of this famous letter. The attempt to suppress the document gave it additional weight and the cardinal's message rang round the world. The Germans tried in other ways to humiliate him, by withholding a local passport,

[1] *War Bread.* By E. E. Hunt.



Brown Brothers

Cardinal Mercier of Belgium

His arm never lifted a sword, but he became a sword of the spirit, wielding more power over his countrymen and their foe than any other in Belgium. Scholarly and ascetic, in appearance as in his acts Cardinal Mercier suggests one of the early Christian apostles.

by hindering him from presiding at meetings, but they never succeeded in ruffling his dignity. His attitude was invariably polite and correct.

In Germany every attempt was made to suppress the "pastoral" and demands were made that the intrepid priest be silenced. The Kaiser denied to the Pope that the cardinal had been imprisoned. He had merely been warned to discontinue anti-German propaganda in Belgium

Those familiar with Belgian ecclesiastical history had expected that the voice of the cardinal would ring out when his native land was invaded. Throughout the ages the bishops of Belgium have been champions of liberty and determined patriots, and neither imprisonment nor exile deterred them from doing their duty. Throughout the war Cardinal Mercier by his burning words inspired hope and courage among the Belgian people and kept alive the patriotic fire in the hearts of her soldiers at the front. How much the Belgian spirit of resistance admired by the world was due to the patriot-priest the Belgians alone appreciate.

D'ANNUNZIO, POET-PATRIOT

A Modern Rienzi—D'Annunzio's Address to the Romans—In the Clouds

POET, aviator, orator, d'Annunzio stands to-day a pre-eminent figure in the destinies of Italy. His reputation and popularity in America and other lands are based chiefly upon the production of his dramatic works. Duse twice visited America, and her wonderful acting in his tragedies, "La Città Morta" and "Francesca da Rimini," can never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to see her. During the war d'Annunzio the poet gave place to d'Annunzio the patriot, who saw himself a Rienzi, destined to revive the ancient Roman spirit. In the "Song of the Dardanelles" he attacked the old enemy, Austria, in words of virulent enmity.

Italian painters, sculptors, and poets for centuries had passed on the symbolic torch of the Greeks. When Carducci died, d'Annunzio vowed to take the torch from his dead hand and keep it burning. There were not wanting those who scoffed at him and refused to credit the young poet with any true patriotic ardor. His critics, especially the foreign-born, heaped abuse upon his earlier works, often read in translations utterly unworthy of the original.

One critic would deprive the poet of his very name. "The taking of the name, 'Gabriele of the Annunciation' (his real name is said to be Gaetano Rapagnetta), shows at once the colossal vanity of this young man, who apparently thinks he is the herald of a new era of renaissance, destined to restore Italy to her hegemony in the world of art and literature." It is scarcely necessary to say that d'Annunzio's father was called Francesco Paolo d'Annunzio, which proves a clear title to his son's use of the name.

Gabriele was born at Pescara, March 12, 1863, and when he left there for the College of Prato he wrote to his former master that "his mission upon this earth was, in the first place, to teach the people to love their country and be honest citizens, and also to hate unto death the enemies of Italy and ever to fight them."

ADEST ROMA

Much of the abnormality in his earlier literary achievements may be set down as being merely the ebullition of mind of an active man weary of inaction. His great chance of action came in that fateful month for Italy—May, 1915. After making his Quarto speech at Genoa, he went to Rome. There he was met at the station by a vast crowd and escorted to the Hotel Regina, opposite the palace of the Queen Mother. In reply to cheers and demands for a speech, d'Annunzio appeared on the balcony and said:

"Romans, Italians, brethren in faith and in anxiety: my friends of to-day and my comrades of yore! It is not to me that you address this greeting of ardent courtesy, of generous recognition. Not me do you salute, but the spirit that guides, the love that inspires me, the idea which I serve. . . .

"As yesterday the pride of Italy was wholly turned toward Rome, so to-day toward Rome is turned Italian anguish. For three days I know not what odor of treason has begun to suffocate us. No; we will not be a museum, a hotel, a summer solace, a horizon painted with Prussian blue for international honeymoons; a peasant market for buying and selling, haggling and defrauding! Our genius calls us to put our stamp on the fused and confused matter of a new world. Across our heavens passes again the breath that inspired the prodigious line in which Dante represents the flight of the Roman eagle. O citizens! the flight of the eagle, it is yours! . . .

"Let Italy arm not for parade, but for mortal combat." . . .

"Fifty years ago this evening at this very hour the Thousand of Garibaldi fell asleep to awaken at dawn for the onward march, not against Destiny, but toward the destiny which for them was fused with the light of the rising sun into one sole splendor. Let Rome awaken to-morrow in the sun of her need, and shout the cry of her right, the cry of her justice. . . .

"Youth of Rome . . . as it is Roman to do and to suffer strong things, so it is Roman to conquer and to live in the eternal life of the mother country. . . . Long live Rome without shame! Long live Italy, grand and pure!"

D'ANNUNZIO SOARS IN FACT AS IN FANCY

When d'Annunzio followed up his appealing oration by offering himself as a sailor in the Italian navy, the critics smiled again and thought he did not mean it. But again they were deceived, for his services were accepted, though in another field. He joined the Fifth Army in the aviation corps. It may be said that the poet followed his soaring imaginations into those war clouds which he had so ably pictured and gave proof of that physical courage and daring which he had urged his countrymen to display. During a reconnaissance over the enemy lines he was wounded, and it was thought he would lose his eyesight. When Maurice Barrès wrote a letter of sympathy d'Annunzio answered: "If the light should fail it will matter little. One soldier is no better than the next and I would easily be replaced."

Upon the entrance of America into the war, d'Annunzio sent the following message:

> For the soul of Italy to-day the Capitol at Washington has become a beacon-light. Now the group of stars on the banner of the great Republic has become a constellation of the spring, a spiritual token for all nations fighting a righteous war. I give the salute of Italy, of the Roman Capitol to the Capitol at Washington; a salute to the people of the Union, who now confirm and seal the pledge that liberty shall be preserved. . . . "Ah, liberty! Let others despair of thee. I will never despair of thee!" once cried your rugged poet. In this hope your nation arises to-day, in the north, south, east, west, to offer your strength, proclaiming our cause to be the noblest cause for which men have ever fought. You were an enormous and obtuse mass of riches and power; now you are transfigured into ardent, active spirituality. The roll of your drums drowns out the last wail of cowardice.
>
> April 15th is the anniversary of Lincoln's death. From his sepulcher there issue again the noble words which fell from his lips at Gettysburg, on soil sanctified by the blood of brave men. All your States, north, south, east, west, hear them. I say to you that "this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."
>
> GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

After the war had ended, d'Annunzio supported Italy's aspirations to dominance in the Adriatic Sea. In the case of Fiume, he early became the spokesman for the Latin race which claims the city as essentially Italian from the days of the Roman Empire. A despatch dated Rome, May 28, 1919, announced that "Gabriele d'Annunzio, former lieutenant-colonel, started for Venice to-day to hand over to his successor the airdrome he commanded. He resigned when the government refused to let him make a speech which it was believed would be an attack on the Allies for their attitude regarding Italy's Adriatic claims." In September he headed an expedition that seized Fiume by force and took command there in defiance of the Peace Conference.

RASPUTIN, UNCROWNED RULER

A Siberian Peasant—His Famous Prophecy—A Power at Court

THE career of Rasputin was possible only at the Russian court, where saints of humble origin and shady antecedents were a tradition, but none of his predecessors exercised such power as this unlettered adventurer who for a time defied the Orthodox Church and made and unmade governments. Born in 1871 in a small village buried among the marshes in the province of Tobolsk, he was christened Gregory, or Grigory, and was the son of a Siberian peasant. Rasputin, a name which some say he adopted and others consider a village nickname, is derived from a Russian word signifying a dissolute fellow; and according to the records in the Tobolsk court-house, where he is charged with horse-stealing and more serious crimes, he seems to have lived up to his adopted title. All he learned in his brief schooling was to write his name and read the Bible.

Married at twenty-five, he became the father of two girls, and at the age of thirty his life underwent a sudden change. The thief became devout and lived in a cave, presently setting out as a religious pilgrim to travel from shrine to shrine. He acquired the reputation of a saint and his fame reached the northern capital. In 1903 Gregory went to Petrograd, where he found no trouble in gaining admission to society. Having prophesied that the next child born to the Czar and Czarina would be a boy—a prophecy that came true in 1904—he was summoned to court, where he established himself securely

Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr, in a volume entitled *Inside the Russian Revolution*, gives some interesting facts concerning Rasputin which she obtained from Madame Anna Virubova, for twelve years the intimate friend of the Czarina and by many believed to be the chief accomplice of the mysterious monk. Madame Virubova said that, like the Czarina, she was deeply interested in religion, and this first attracted them to Rasputin. They liked and trusted him and to the end everything he did justified their confidence. "I give you my solemn word of honor," said Madame Virubova, "that the Empress's feeling for him was solely that of a grateful mother and a devout member of the Orthodox Church. . . . She had an only son who came into the world a weakling, one whose life always hung on a thread, and that child was suddenly and mysteriously restored to health, not by a doctor, but by a monk of her own Church. It was only natural that she should want to keep the monk near her, at least until the child grew up, in order to have the benefit of his advice and help in case of the return of his illness. That is the whole truth about the Empress and Rasputin."

RASPUTIN CURES THE CROWN PRINCE

Madame Virubova described how the Czarina was torn this way and that by different court cliques. Each one had a remedy which it wished applied to the child. Then Rasputin came and promised that the boy would begin to improve when he had reached his twelfth year, and so it happened. After his twelfth birthday there was a marked change for the better. He could walk alone. For the first time in her life in Russia, said Madame Virubova, the Czarina was happy. "Do you blame her, do you blame me for being grateful to Rasputin? Whether he cured him or God cured him I know no more than you do. But Rasputin told us what was going to happen and when it was going to happen. Make of it what you will."

This was the beginning of the friendship between Rasputin and the royal family, said Madame Virubova in this interview, but it was not the only tie between them. Whatever might be said of the irregularities of the monk's private life, of his plotting, she was convinced that he was clairvoyant

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The Monk Rasputin

The Siberian peasant who became a power at the Russian court.

and had second sight. The Czar and Czarina consulted him at several crises of their lives and always his advice was "miraculously wise."

THE TRAGIC FATE OF THE IMPOSTOR

Different accounts have been published of Rasputin's death. Mrs. Dorr, in the volume quoted, describes the tragedy as she heard it from Prince Yussopoff, "the man who fired the shot that freed Russia." When evidence was presented to the prince that Rasputin was trying to influence the royal pair to have Russia make a separate peace with Germany, Yussopoff decided that the time had come when the monk must die. Rasputin was invited to the Yussopoff palace, and accepted. When he came, he sat down to supper in a basement room. The food and drink were poisoned, but affected him no more than water. The young Prince Yussopoff watched beside him, waiting for the collapse. Then he hurried away to tell the incredible news to his fellow-conspirators waiting in an upper room. When he returned to his guest he carried a revolver. He called the attention of the monk to a splendid jeweled icon on the wall, and while Rasputin was examining it shot him in the side. Rasputin fell on the floor and the prince rushed from the room to consult with his friends about the disposal of the body. One went for a motor-car. The prince returned to the basement room where the body of the monk lay. Suddenly Rasputin came to life, rose, and clutched at the prince's throat. Horror-stricken, the young man tore himself loose and escaped to the room up-stairs.

A hurried consultation followed. The band then rushed down and fell upon the wretched monk, who was crawling to the stairs. A terrible scene followed. Rasputin was beaten insensible and, bound hand and foot, was hurried in a car to the Neva River and pushed through a hole in the ice. Such is the story as told by the principal actor in the tragedy.

By order of the Czar the body of the monk was embalmed and buried. The whole royal family walked in the funeral procession. No arrests followed the murder, though all the participants were known. The Czar and Czarina would have sent them to Siberia if they could have had their way, but there was a meeting at the Tsarskoye Palace where all the Romanoff clan were present. They told the royal pair that no one should suffer for the deed, that they were fortunate that only one assassination had taken place. The young Grand-Duke Dimitri, who had participated in the execution of the monk, was sent to the Caucasus; Prince Yussopoff was banished to his estates.

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RUPERT BROOKE

(*In Memoriam*)

By Moray Dalton

I never knew you save as all men know
Twitter of mating birds, flutter of wings
In April coverts, and the streams that flow—
One of the happy voices of our Spring.

A voice forever stilled, a memory,
Since you went eastward with the fighting ships,
A hero of the great new Odyssey,
And God has laid his finger on your lips.

BELOVED BABUSHKA

The Exiled Teacher—Work in Prison and Out—The Little Grandmother

WHITE-HAIRED Catherine Breshkovsky, whose kindly blue eyes have seen so much sorrow, and whose sturdy frame such backbreaking as well as heartbreaking labor, descended, on her father's side from the Polish aristocracy, on her mother's from the Russian nobility. She was born in 1844 on her father's estate in Little Russia, and from her earliest years her naïve generosity was at once the amusement and despair of

Madame Breshkovsky
"The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution"

her parents. As a little girl she would give her velvet cloak to a poor peasant child, and when reprimanded at home, say, simply, "But that is what Christ taught, didn't He?"

When Catherine Breshkovsky was a girl of seventeen, what we might call the first Russian revolution took place: the serfs were liberated by a decree of the Czar. But, though this meant a tremendous change, it did not radically improve the condition of the peasants. Under the old régime each peasant had owned his own poor strip of ground. Under the emancipation he was robbed even of that, with the result that the peasants became a landless proletariat, in a country where agriculture was the mainstay of economic life. Catherine had been trained by her father in the sciences, and was already well read in the works of Voltaire and Rousseau. At about this time she made the acquaintance of Prince Peter Kropotkin, then a young and ardent revolutionist. Her native sympathies, her studies, the misery she saw all about her—everything conspired to turn the girl to the difficult road she was to follow all her life. At nineteen she went to Petrograd to study with a group of Liberals, and when she was persuaded to come home it was to open a boarding-school, as well as a free cottage school for the peasantry, earning her own living with proud independence, and devoting everything above a meager livelihood to the peasants. Three years later she married a broad-minded young nobleman, with whom she established a co-operative bank and an agricultural school.

THE MISSIONARY OF REVOLUTION

But she knew that the effort to overthrow the autocracy would mean imprisonment, torture, exile, and death. She felt that the work which she and her husband were doing was merely ameliorative, and she asked him frankly if he would face these things with her. He was too weak. They parted with regret and affection, and she went her way alone.

She traveled from one city to another, working with the revolutionists, studying, giving lessons to support herself, and engaging in propaganda. She belonged to the

Bakuninist group of the Socialists, the more radical party; and it was not long before she became one of those who were popularly known as "the flame-seekers," men and women who went from one village to another, working with the peasants, as one of them, under the most wretched conditions, seeking to fan to flame the smoldering spirit of revolt. It was while she was engaged in this work that she was apprehended for the first time. For two years she lay in a Petrograd prison cell awaiting trial, in solitary confinement; the one thing that kept her from madness was the secret code of the prisoners, who tapped messages from one cell to another on the heating-pipes. It was from this cell that she went on her first trip to Siberia, a 5,000-mile journey. Romantic is the story of her exile, romantic the story of her frustrated escape. After years of agonizing hardships she became a "free exile," and the last four years of her term in Siberia were spent in traveling from town to town, a missionary of revolution.

When her term was up, the work really began for her again. Dressed as a peasant, hunted from village to village, from house to house, sometimes from room to room, Catherine Breshkovsky continued her brave and bitter labors. She had given up her husband, she had renounced even her dearly loved son when he was a mere infant, for the movement. Her own life interested her only in so far as she could use it for the cause of the revolution. In 1900 she was a member of the Socialist Revolutionary party, which concerned itself chiefly with the peasants, and she was in full sympathy with the terrorist movement. This gentle-faced, motherly woman was one of the three most feared persons on the black-lists of the Russian autocracy.

In 1904 she set sail for the United States, there to enlist American friends of Russian freedom in the cause. Her reception was wildly enthusiastic. Not only radicals and liberals, but numbers of sincere conservatives came together in all the cities she visited to do her honor.

A year later came the revolution of 1905, the season of great hopes and vast and terrible disappointments. Three years later Madame Breshkovsky and the veteran revolutionist, Tchaykovsky, were arrested. He was acquitted. At the age of sixty-eight she was sentenced to exile, imprisonment, and hard labor. But her courage was undefeated even by the sulphur-mines of Siberia. The story of her attempted escape in 1913 aroused sympathy all over Europe and America.

THE LITTLE GRANDMOTHER AND KERENSKY

A woman of seventy-three, unbroken by thirty-three years of exile, Catherine Breshkovsky knew the most exultant moment of her life when she traveled again over the 5,000 miles of the Great White Road to take the chair as the senior member of the preliminary parliament of revolutionized Russia in 1917. She adored Kerensky, whose privilege it had been to call upon her to take the chair, and who constantly sought the old grandmother's advice.

It was a bitter blow to her when the ardent-eyed young man lost the power he had held over the people. She had founded the hope of years upon him, and when he fell she became obsessed by the idea that the leaders of the new régime were her enemies, and went into hiding. Eventually she came again to America, to appeal for funds for the education of the Russian peasants. Raymond Robins, who saw Trotzky daily during the months when he served on the Red Cross Mission, has publicly discredited the old revolutionist's fear for her safety. Trotzky was even willing to give her continual escort of Red Guards. But if she was mistaken as to her position after the retirement of her darling Kerensky, one word of hers will never lose its shining truth: "We may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something will come of it at last."

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ZEPPELIN, CONQUEROR OF THE AIR

Veteran of Our Civil War—The Daredevil Soldier—His Dream Came True

IN 1863 a young German officer, a military attaché to the Union Army, ascended in a captive balloon that was sent up by the Federal corps to which he was attached to spy upon the Confederate forces. The incident passed almost without notice, but it had far-reaching results on him as well as on the world. From that time a dream of a giant airship filled his mind. He worked for it, he slaved for it, he gave up his time, his energy, his money. Laughed at as a half-mad inventor, struck down by fate, storms, and winds, scorned and spurned by his own country, he plodded on persistently, fashioning his dream into reality. That man was Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin; and the idea for his Zeppelin, the pride of Germany, the forerunner of all dirigibles, was really born in the United States of America.

He is supposed to have got his bent for science from his mother's family; and when he was only five his mother wrote of him: "His scientific studies have not yet begun, but he is using his inborn gifts successfully in herding cattle, tilling the soil, carrying wood, and carting stones. He knows always exactly on which field the helpers are working, and takes great interest in plows and sowing-machines." [1]

His own letters record his fascination with mechanics, with factories, and steamboats.[1] He went through the Polytechnic School at Stuttgart, studied science at the University of Tübingen, and then, being the son of a Württemberg court official, he devoted himself to that great profession of his caste, the Army.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES

A daredevil spirit always characterized Zeppelin, a love of romance and adventure. When he was in the United States as military attaché and observer with the Union Army he could not be content with the rôle of onlooker, but threw himself into the fight. At Fredericksburg he narrowly escaped capture by his daring horsemanship.

Once, when watching Niagara, he noticed that some pieces of wood, whirled along in the eddies, always landed on a point of rock. He immediately decided to follow their example and plunged into the rapids. He reached the rock safely, but one story goes that he had to be taken off with ropes. Later, he started off to discover the source of the Mississippi and in the process nearly starved.[1]

In the War of 1866 between Prussia and Austria he swam a river in full uniform, booted and armed; and though he sank six times, he reached the other bank—and swam back. In 1870 he conducted that amazing dash into France, the first fight of the Franco-Prussian War, where he and four other officers and seven horsemen were pursued by two regiments of French cavalry and were caught and surrounded. The count's horse was wounded, but he made his escape by cutting down a French lancer with a saber, seizing his horse, and riding off like mad.

Foolhardly and wild he was. But he always stuck to what he set out to do; and he reached his goal. His vision and his persistence stood him in good stead in his work with Zeppelins, and in the long, hard, troublous years when disappointment and disaster blighted his invention.

AN UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT

Zeppelin's career contradicts the idea that a man discovers his bent and accomplishes his best work early in life. It was not till the year 1892, when he was fifty-three years old and a retired major-general, that he began to work seriously on the idea which had for so long flitted tantalizingly before his mind.

[1] "The Man Who Built the Zeppelin." By T. R. MacMechen. *Everybody's Magazine*, March, 1915.

[1] *Ibid.*

"I intend to build a vessel which will be able to travel to places which cannot be approached—or only with great difficulty—by other means of transport; to undiscovered coasts or interiors; in a straight line across land and water where ships are to be sought for; from one fleet station or army to another carrying persons or despatches; for observations of the movements of hostile fleets or armies, not for the active participation in the operations of actual warfare. My dirigible balloon must be able to travel several days without renewing provisions, gas, or fuel. It must travel quickly enough to reach a certain goal in a given number of hours or days, and must possess sufficient rigidity and non-inflammability to ascend, travel, and descend under ordinary conditions."[1]

To the world this was a mad scheme. No one would listen to him or furnish money for his experiments. "Impracticable," he was dubbed by the German Emperor; "cracked," he was called by a rich American to whom he appealed for a loan of $25,000. But the count kept on, regardless of ridicule. Though his fortune and that of his family disappeared, he was never daunted. By supplying the money for the venture himself, he built his first airship on a floating house on Lake Constance; on July 21, 1900, it flew—the Zeppelin I.

This flight vindicated the principle of his long, rigid sheath-airship. Yet people were still wary of the invention, and he could get no financial backing. None the less, he struggled on and again he launched a dirigible. But the Zeppelin II came to early grief. He was blown into a storm, and though he was able to make a landing, the airship, the work of years, was wrecked. At that he almost gave up the fight; but, encouraged by his wife and daughter, he plunged his last resources into a new undertaking. This time he came closer to success. The Zeppelin III flew for more than two hours. In 1907 he made six successful flights, the last one a sensational trip that covered over two hundred miles in eight hours. To-day, when it takes a transatlantic voyage to astonish the world, that flight may seem almost amusing; but in 1907 it was a great feat. The Ministry of War began to take notice; and people whispered the name of the inventor. Zeppelin IV made a voyage of twelve hours, and though it was subsequently wrecked, the government took up the invention and funds were provided with which Zeppelin could continue his work. So great had become his popularity and the belief in him that a national fund of $1,540,000 was raised, and the Zeppelin dockyard at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance was built.

The Zeppelin V, which was in reality the Zeppelin II rebuilt, sailed into success by staying aloft thirty-seven hours and covering nine hundred miles. It was accepted by the government in 1909. Its inventor became a national hero. When he flew a Zeppelin to Berlin he was greeted by cheering crowds; and on his seventy-fifth birthday, in 1913, a great celebration was given in his honor at his native town of Friedrichshafen. From all over Germany telegrams of congratulations poured in. The Emperor proclaimed him the "ruler of the air." Yet, in spite of these ovations and the crowds of hero-worshipers who flocked to see him, this white-haired old man kept his modesty. His head was not turned by his belated success. He lived quietly at Stuttgart, frequently taking the helm on trial flights, as when he flew over the North Sea on the maiden cruise of a naval Zeppelin.

In all his exploits, his shipwrecks, and accidents, Zeppelin retained his old daredevil spirit. Fear and worry were foreign to him. He took calmly whatever happened. The story is told of one accident in which a Zeppelin blundered into a tree and lodged in the branches. There it tossed around in the wind. "The count's childlike assurance was charming. Sighing as his hand brushed his chin, he gazed ruefully at the wreck and murmured, 'What shall I do now?' His fingers scraped on thirty-six hours' growth of beard. His eyes lighted as he answered his own question decisively, 'Get shaved!'"[1]

He always retained the curious simplicity of the child that is so often found combined with the persistent devotion of the scientist.

[1] *Men Around the Kaiser.* By Frederic W. Wile.

[1] "The Man Who Built the Zeppelin." By T. R. MacMechen. *Everybody's Magazine*, March, 1915.

"THE ZEPS ARE COMING!"

It is doubtful whether Zeppelin foresaw the use to which his invention would be put in the World War. In his original plan he distinctly stated, "Not for active participation in the operations of actual warfare." In February, 1915, he told a correspondent of the United Press: "No one regrets the death of non-combatants more than I do. But have they not been killed by other engines of war? One does not always see at a great height the objects our bombs may strike."[1]

Zeppelin had originally conceived his invention as a commercial venture, for exploration; or, in the event of war, for scouting and messenger purposes. But that the Emperor and the Ministry of War had a hint from the very beginning of the value of the Zeppelin as a war weapon is much less doubtful. In any case, it early became one of the new terrors of war.

[1] *Silhouettes allemandes.* By Paul-Louis Hervier.

As a war weapon, however, the Zeppelin has to a large extent been superseded by the aeroplane. For scouting the latter, because of its comparative lightness and cheapness, has proved more useful. The Zeppelin has accomplished many raids—raids which did not subdue the enemy by frightfulness, but rather roused his fighting spirit. But even in raiding the heavier-than-air machine has partially supplanted it; the Zeppelin has the advantage of being able to stop and float in the air over its prey; but its huge bag makes an excellent target for anti-aircraft guns. It has been found particularly valuable for naval purposes in making observations and for submarine defense.

Count Zeppelin died March 8, 1917. His life had indeed been one of ups and downs. At fifty-three he was a rich nobleman with an estate; at seventy he was a poor, penniless workman. At seventy-five he was a national hero and a world figure. But he was still dreaming of greater flights and of exploring the regions of the North Pole.

BUSINESS MEN OF GERMANY

Krupp, Dernburg, Helfferich—The German Duponts and Morgans—Their Part in the Struggle

THE echo of "Big Bertha" was heard across thousands of miles of land and water. It is impossible to estimate how great a part was played by "Our Lady of Thunder," as Bertha Krupp is called, in the world conflict. So efficient is this woman of wealth and power that her father, who had no male heirs, left her sole owner of the works. "It is as if Sheffield and Pittsburg had miraculously been transplanted and rolled into one throbbing area of one thousand two hundred acres, two hundred and thirty-five of them under roof, which comprises Messrs. Krupp's Essen works alone," writes an English correspondent. Bertha Krupp's husband, Dr. Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach, who was born in the peaceful Hague and trained in the diplomatic service, took the name of Krupp to perpetuate it. He is the managing director of these huge death-factories. It was his custom to be at his office daily at nine o'clock. But Madame Krupp was as deeply interested in the work her family had followed for over a hundred years. She visited the administrative offices regularly, and is said to have a genius for business. The fortune of Krupp von Bohlen and his wife has been estimated at $15,000,000. Although one of the richest families in Germany and one of the most powerful in the world, they live very simply. "Yachting is their keenest hobby. But the vast bulk of their time and thought is devoted to their home, their three children, and their work-people." Toasted by the Kaiser at their wedding, themselves toasting "*Der Tag!*" in every draught of molten iron poured through the blast-furnaces, Bertha and Krupp von Bohlen, charitable, friendly, home-loving people, have been engaged in

the ghastliest trade of civilization, partly responsible for the bitterest agonies of modern history.

BUSINESS VS. BUREAUCRACY

One of the best-hated men in America, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg must nevertheless be recognized as a sincere and efficient worker for his native land—so efficient, indeed, that he earned the cordial dislike of Junkerdom. In 1906 this plain business man was "summoned to clean out the Augean stables of muddled German colonial administration." A clever banker, trained in Wall Street as well as in the famous Deutsche Bank, Doctor Dernburg made the innovation of visiting the colonies he was to administer and of throwing out of office the bureaucratic gold-seekers. These in turn forced his retirement in 1910. A loyal servant of the Empire, however. when war came he traveled to the United States, and from a Broadway office made his vain, if earnest appeal to the American public to turn a neutral ear to the Teutonic argument. Dernburg speaks English excellently, and the fact that his career was typically American in its self-made success gained him a number of friends. He was not able, however, to withstand the hostility of a country steadily heading toward war, and in spite of really heroic efforts for his native land he was forced to return to Germany, defeated rather by the country he had served than by his own mistakes. When the revolution arrived he became a member of the National Assembly. His policy was thoroughly consistent. He demanded reforms that would check Bolshevism, and urged a treaty strictly in line with President Wilson's Fourteen Points. He has the conservatism and the acumen of the business man and the strict loyalty of the sincere patriot.

A GERMAN FINANCIER

Dernburg was made Colonial Secretary when he was only forty-two years old. Dr. Karl Helfferich won the important post of Chancellor of the Exchequer for the Empire when he was but forty-three. He had previously been a professor of political science at the University of Berlin, and entered the Foreign Office in 1901, where he dealt with German interests in the near East. Von Gwinner is the Morgan of Germany. To be known as "one of von Gwinner's young men" is to be marked out for distinction. Helfferich's work with the Anatolian railways attracted the attention of the head of the Deutsche Bank. In 1908 Helfferich was made a director in that enormous and powerful institution. The scheme for the Berlin-to-Bagdad Railway was very largely in Helfferich's hands. A few months after war had been declared he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. The fact that Germany, fighting some twenty-three nations practically single-handed in a world where money and credit are literally the sinews of war, held out as long as she did was largely the result of Helfferich's successful labors.

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Bertha Krupp

She was one of the Kaiser's main supports in the war. The daughter of the late Alfred Krupp, the gunmaker of Essen, and goddaughter of the Emperor, she has been much in the public eye.

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Dr. Karl Helfferich, German Chancellor of the Imperial Exchequer

As director of the famous Deutsche Bank he was largely responsible for the fact that Germany, fighting some twenty-three nations single-handed financially, was able to hold out as long as she did. He is now one of the most important leaders in the German Republic.

IV. RULERS AND POTENTATES

KAISER WILHELM II

Three Pictures of Germany's Many-sided Ex-Emperor—"*Von Gottes Gnaden*"—Leader of the New Germany—His Part in the War

"THE Kaiser!" For a generation past these two words, without an explanatory name or phrase, have flashed around the world and gained a new significance in the uttermost parts of the earth. Not since the time of Napoleon a hundred years ago has any ruler become so universal a figure nor so completely dominated the imagination of millions of people. "Napoleon the Little" the French scornfully call him. Yet the fact remains that no one but Napoleon so completely enthralled his own nation nor roused such insensate hatred among his foes. Until his flight he retained the deep devotion of his people. Even the radical Germany that abhorred his personal rule and fought his feudal pretensions felt a pride in the energy, the intelligence, the self-devotion of their Emperor. His worst detractors before the war acknowledged his ability. For better or worse, the Kaiser commanded the attention of the world.

In the checkered life of Wilhelm II, last of the imperial Hohenzollerns, three pictures pass before us—the Emperor in the day of his glory, the man in his family, the royal exile. The first is painted by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the English publicist, who has long studied this most challenging figure in the courts of Europe. He wrote in 1908:

IMPERIAL WILLIAM

"When I think of the Kaiser I think of a bright May morning at Potsdam. It is the spring parade. . . . Officers gallop hither and thither shouting their commands. Regiments form and reform. Swords flash out and flash again. A noble background of trees frames the gay picture with cool, green foliage. There is a sudden stillness. The closely serried ranks are rigid and motionless. The shouts of command are silenced.

"'The Kaiser!'

"He comes slowly up the parade-ground on his great white charger, helmet and eagle flashing in the sunlight, sitting his horse as if he lived in the saddle, his face turned to his men as he passes by.

"'*Morgen, meine Kinder!*' His salutation rings out at intervals in the clear morning air, and back from the ranks in chorus comes the response, '*Morgen, Majestät.*'

"And as he rides on, master of a million men, the most powerful figure in Europe, one wonders whether the day will ever come when he will ride down those ranks on another errand, and when that cheerful response of the soldiers will have in it the ancient ring of doom, '*Te morituri salutamus!*'" [1]

A DEVOTED FAMILY MAN

The second picture was sketched in 1914 by Miss Anne Topham, for several years the English governess of the Kaiser's only daughter, in her delightfully human book, *Memories of the Kaiser's Court.* Miss Topham shows the former Kaiser in the bosom of his family and describes her first impression of him thus: "His keen blue eyes look at me with that characteristically penetrating, alert, rather quizzical brightness. They seem almost too violent a contrast with the deep sunburn of his face. My hand is enveloped in a hearty, almost painful, handshake, and I am confronted with a few short, sharp questions.

"The Emperor always talks with great energy, and has a habit of thrusting his face forward and wagging his finger when he wishes to be emphatic. He has a very hearty, infectious laugh, and often stamps violently

[1] *Prophets, Priests, and Kings.* By A. G. Gardiner.

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The Kaiser in the Eastern Campaign

A photograph of a painting by Felix Schwormstadt, showing the Kaiser as he appeared on the scene of action when he personally directed the eastern campaign. Once he barely retreated with a division across the river Niemen in time to escape capture. At Kovno there was a race for life against the shells. He was on the Russian, French, and Serbian fronts in turn.

with one foot to show his appreciation of a joke. His characteristic attitude and manner of rocking incessantly from one leg to another and nodding his head as he talks makes it easy to identify him in a crowd. . . .

"Sometimes, but not frequently, the Emperor talks of his mother, always in terms of affectionate pride and appreciation. . . .

"The Emperor to his sons was stern enough . . . but toward his little daughter he allowed himself, perhaps unconsciously, to be somewhat lenient. Her bright, alert intelligence evidently responded to something in himself. . . . On every possible opportunity the Emperor liked to have his daughter with him; he would seize and carry her off, sticking her bodkin-wise in the carriage between himself and the Empress.

"To see the Emperor with children is always amusing. . . . To see the Emperor with his grandsons is perhaps one of the pleasantest sights in the world; to hear them explain their picture-books to *Grosspapa* . . . or to see the four small boys in white sailor-suits stooping in turn to kiss His Majesty's hand. They are on the very best of terms, for *Grosspapa* has a wonderful knack of finding his way to childish hearts."

THE ROYAL EXILE

The third picture shows the Kaiser an exile in Holland, old, gray, broken, alone with the devoted Empress and a few faithful followers. "His house of mirrors is shattered and he has passed into a valley of humiliation more bitter than that traversed by any man in history."

Yet his life began auspiciously. Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert was born on January 27, 1859, at Berlin, when his grandfather was still merely King of Prussia and his father Crown Prince. His mother was the Princess Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain, oldest daughter of Queen Victoria, so that William is more closely related to the British royal family than to any other. At birth his left arm was atrophied, and to this day it remains shorter than the right—an infirmity almost overcome by the Emperor's struggle against it. Like most boys, he was fond of playing with soldiers and with boats, and imaginative biographers have read his future interests in these childish sports. According to all accounts he seems to have been a delightful, intelligent lad as unspoiled and democratic with his German and a few American playmates as boys normally are.[1] He underwent the severe Hohenzollern training, which is even more exacting than that of most German children. The Franco-Prussian War, in which his father fought in person and as a result of which his dynasty became the rulers of the new German Empire in 1871, came at a time when the Prince was eleven years old, and it seems to have stirred in him a patriotic fervor that became the dominant motive of his life.

At fourteen he began to attend the gymnasium at Kassel, where he was officially ranked as one of the three best students, and at seventeen entered the University of Bonn, where he specialized in the study of law and political science. Here he met on terms of equality in the fraternal good-fellowship of youth many of the men who were later to become his aids. He has always shown an affection for his brother-Borussians, as the members of the exclusive student corps of the famous university on the Rhine are called—among them Foreign Minister von Jagow and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg.

In 1881, at the age of twenty-three, William married Princess Auguste Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein - Sonderburg - Augustenburg, and in the next twelve years six sons and one daughter were born to them. The marriage was destined to be a happy one, for the quiet, sympathetic nature of the Empress formed a fitting complement to her husband's dominant personality.

THE YOUNG EMPEROR

A picture used to be very popular in Germany showing four generations of Hohenzollerns together—the old Emperor William I; his son Frederick, then Crown Prince; the young William; and his baby son, the present ex-Crown Prince, in his great-grandfather's arms. In a brief three months two of these had passed away.

[1] *Prussian Memories.* By Poultney Bigelow.

The old Emperor died on March 9, 1888, when his only son was feeling the grip of death at his throat in the form of a malignant cancer. On Frederick's death, on June 15, 1888, at the age of twenty-nine the young Crown Prince became Emperor William II of Germany.

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The Abode of the Former German Ruler in Amerongen, Holland

In this castle the ex-Kaiser lived in exile with his host, Count von Bentinck. It is in the province of Utrecht, in the heart of Holland.

Mr. Harold Frederic, the American novelist who was then a correspondent for a New York paper, wrote at about that time: "Picture to yourself a young man in his thirtieth year, six feet in height, straight as an ash sapling, with finely formed, slender limbs, narrow hips, swelling chest, and square, broad shoulders, with a smallish head on a long, full-throated neck, held proudly upright, and an oval face, with an aquiline effect of profile, clear-cut, strong chin, bended nose, prominent though not high cheek-bones, and good, open forehead—all as regular in ensemble as a Greek triumphal arch—with clear, sharp, cold, gray-blue eyes, light-brown hair, close cut behind, but longer on the crown, and rising from the temples to form a sort of ridge from the parting across the brow, and a yellowish mustache loosely curled up at the ends, and you have such a portrait as words can paint of William, Crown Prince of Prussia and coming German Emperor.

"All Europe, with its thousand sons of royal houses, does not present another such regal figure . . .

"The young man is practically all German in blood. It is true that his mother is called English, but as a matter of fact one has to go back among her ancestors to Shakespeare's time to find a strain of anything but Teutonic blood in the Guelphs. It is true also that his great-grandmother was a daughter of the Czar Paul. But it happens that the Romanoffs have scarcely a trace of Tatar blood in their veins, so steadily have all males for ten generations married German wives.

"Prince William is, in truth, as purely North German by heredity, as wholly a product of Wend and Saxon, and Goth and Borussian intermixture as can be found. One may call him, indeed, a culmination of the Hohenzollern type of soldier-statesman, reached, curiously enough, by the same crossing of blood which produced Frederick the Great. The mother of that wonderful warrior was also a Guelph."

THE KAISER AND BISMARCK

The young Kaiser's differences with his mother and with the old Chancellor Bismarck during the early years of his reign have been embellished with such wealth of legendary detail that even now it is difficult to sift the truth. Maximilian Harden wrote of this momentous division: "The story of the youth of the Emperor William is the story of his relation to a kingdom by the grace of God and his relation to Otto Bismarck, his servant and Chancellor, the genius in the service of the legitimate ruler. This dual relation was the fate of the youth of William II." The outstanding fact is that the young Prince, impetuous, intelligent, but afflicted with his belief that he ruled "*von Gottes Gnaden*," was irked by the mighty but domineering personality of the man who had welded the Empire. William could brook no rival. His uncle, the Duke of Baden, unwisely and unfairly suggested that it seemed a question "whether the dynasty Bismarck or the dynasty Hohenzollern should reign." Bismarck, accustomed to being absolute in the province of statesmanship, had become difficult in his old age. He himself said: "An old cart-horse and a young courser go ill in harness together. But political problems are not so easy as a chemical combination; they deal with human beings." Young William was long in learning this lesson.

This disagreement between the two culminated when Bismarck disputed the right of the Emperor to act directly through any of his ministers except the Chancellor. On March 15, 1890, Bismarck handed in his resignation. It was accepted with alacrity, and the young man practically became his own Chancellor. The four successors to Bismarck—Caprivi, 1890–94; Hohenlohe, 1894–1900; Prince Bülow, 1900–09; and Bethmann-Hollweg—have subordinated their wills to his in foreign and domestic affairs. He described his feelings with characteristic effectiveness when he wrote: "I have the position of officer of the watch on the bridge of the Ship of State. The course remains the same; and now, full steam ahead!"

William Hohenzollern

He dispensed with Bismarck, and Germany later dispensed with him.

"FULL STEAM AHEAD!"

It was indeed full steam ahead with the impetuous ruler, while Germany and Europe watched with bated breath. Restless, active, versatile, self-confident, his first independent actions were yet of a sort to inspire confidence. Immediately after his inauguration the young Emperor made an impressive demonstration in favor of peace by means of a series of journeys to foreign countries, the first being to the Czar of Russia, Alexander

III. On his return he visited the King of Sweden at Stockholm and then ventured into what was then, for a German ruler, the lion's den, Copenhagen. Everywhere his frank, magnetic personality won friends and his receptions were cordial. Later he visited Vienna and Rome. At the conclusion of these journeys he declared, in 1889, that, according to his sincere conviction, peace had been secured for a long time to come. He next undertook a trip to England in pursuance of his object, where his grandmother, Victoria, was then ruling. In the same year the Emperor visited the Orient. His youngest sister, Sophie, was marrying the Crown Prince of Greece, Constantine, at Athens, and from there he went to Constantinople. At the end of 1889 the Kaiser again said, "I still believe that with God's help I have succeeded in prolonging peace for long years to come." In the next year he visited Russia and Austria once more, and then the Queen of the Netherlands. In 1898 he made his famous visit to Palestine, strengthening the bonds of friendship with Turkey.

His motto seemed to be "*Rast' ich, so rost' ich.*" So numerous were his journeys and so abrupt his decisions to visit every court within reach that some of his own people who believed that his place, like woman's, was at home, called him in jest, "The Traveling Emperor," "The Restless Emperor," or "William the Sudden." But William was not flashing like a comet across Europe from one court to another from sheer restlessness, although this quality explains many of his actions. His ambition was to make Germany great, and for this it was necessary that she should have friends and peace. Thus the most feudal monarch outside of Russia became the most modern and practical of rulers in his efforts to forward his nation's destiny. Medieval in his conception of his relation to his people, he was modern from top to toe in his methods of advancing her industrial progress. The Knight in Shining Armor served as a sort of commercial traveler over the universe to advertise his country's achievements. William, the last survivor of the romantic ages, with his histrionic sense and his unconquerable energy, became the best advertising agent in the world.

FOUNDER OF INDUSTRIAL GERMANY

The Kaiser was the patron of organized commercial and industrial life. As early as 1899 he said: "My principle is to find everywhere new points of departure for our activity. . . . With a German, a spark has always ignited the fire of an idea; everything will soon be aflame." Industry, commerce, a mercantile marine, a navy, coaling-stations, colonies—these were the logical steps in the development of the greater Germany of which William dreamed. Mr. David Jayne Hill, former Ambassador to Germany, says in this connection: "In view of the whole history of colonization by the states of Europe, and the imperial pretensions that had sometimes been made by them regarding remote portions of the earth, the desire of the Kaiser to see his people equally fortunate was not unnatural."[1] His people responded, and the Navy League and the Colonial party grew in power.

THE NAVY

When his uncle, Edward VII, came to the Kiel regatta in 1904, the Kaiser could say: "Your Majesty has been welcomed by the thunder of German guns. It is the youngest navy in the world, an evidence of the growing importance upon the sea of the German Empire. It is designed to protect its commerce and its territory, and it serves, like the German Army, for the maintenance of peace." Again at Bremen on March 22, 1905, at the unveiling of the monument to Frederick III, he said, feelingly: "I have made a vow, as a result of what I have learned from history, never to strive for an empty world dominion. For what has become of the so-called world-empires? . . . The world-empire of which I have dreamed shall consist in this, that the newly created German Empire shall first of all enjoy on all sides the most absolute confidence as a quiet, honorable, and peaceful neighbor; and that, if in the future they shall read in history of a world-empire of a Hohenzollern world-ruler, it shall not be founded upon acquisitions won with the sword, but upon the mutual trust of the nations who are striving for the same goals."

[1] *Impressions of the Kaiser.* By David Jayne Hill.

Again he asserted that his ambition for his country was "To develop steadily; to shun strife, hate, and jealousy; to rejoice in the German fatherland as it is, and not to strive for the impossible."

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC POLICY—THE SOCIALISTS

The Kaiser's foreign policy supported strongly the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy; but after repeated attempts he abandoned the effort to maintain the close relation with Russia that had been the key to Bismarck's policy. He early entered the sphere of *Weltpolitik*, encouraging German colonial expansion, friendship with Turkey, and German interests in Asia Minor. A stronger navy was the logical result, and the German fleet was soon the second in the world. The Army, needless to say, was never forgotten.

His internal policy stood in strong contradiction, in its obstinate adherence to the past, to his quick response to many aspects of modern development. Although the Kaiser encouraged schools and universities and spoke in favor of modern technical education, he upheld the antiquated Prussian electoral system and the divine right of kings. In passing from an agricultural to an industrial state Germany suffered from the discontent of the laboring classes, and the Social-Democratic party grew by leaps and bounds. The Kaiser adopted a sort of state socialism to offset this, but this paternal socialism was a failure. The Socialists grew to be the largest political party, controlling one-third of the electoral vote. Yet the Emperor made no effort at conciliation. He called them "a horde of men unworthy to bear the name of Germans."

His clash with the Social-Democrats, beginning in 1888, ended only in 1914 when they supported the war which they believed had been hatched against their country's existence. In 1889 he addressed the Socialists thus, "To me every Social-Democrat is synonymous with enemy of the nation and of the fatherland." (At that time the party counted three and one-half million members!) In 1914 these enemies of the nation sprang to its support. Mr. A. G. Gardiner in *The War Lords*, published in 1915, says: "To-day he is not fighting the Socialists. They are fighting for him. They are falling in thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands. . . . It is the strangest irony in all the history of war."

THE DIVINE MISSION

The Kaiser's deep-rooted belief in the divinity of kingship was the fatal flaw in his character, the vulnerable spot by which he was destroyed. It was a belief as sincere as it was outworn, and explains his seemingly colossal egotism. In the nineteenth century he held to what the Germans call "*ein überwundener Standpunkt.*" "It is a tradition of our House to consider ourselves as designed by God to govern the peoples over which it is given us to reign," he said in one speech. "*Suprema lex, regis voluntas,*" he wrote in the Golden Book of Munich. Again he said: "There is only one master in this country. That am I. Who opposes me I shall crush to pieces," and "My Church of which I am *summus episcopus.*" These were indiscretions of his salad days, to be sure, when he was green in judgment; but as he grew older, he still believed in the divine mission of the House of Hohenzollern. His references to "my army," "my people," cannot, of course, be counted against him, since these are inherited forms, which George V in democratic England used as freely and similarly; nor must the grotesque popular mistranslation of *Kriegsherr* as "War Lord" instead of as "Commander-in-chief" be accepted. Yet conceding that these two common misconceptions were used against William abroad, among his own people his feudal attitude was genuinely harmful.

THE KAISER'S SPEECHES

"The Kaiser fills, no doubt, an exceptional position in the world's eye. He is a bundle of contradictions. His double lineage—Hohenzollern and Guelph—accounts for that. His complex nature is nowhere mirrored more dazzlingly and yet impartially than in his very speeches. The words from his own mouth convict and then again acquit him. As the most picturesque personage on

the public stage . . . as a forceful, masterful individuality he impresses himself on the general imagination. . . . I do not doubt for a moment the sincerity of his convictions and notions. In fact, his most inveterate foes within the Empire, the Socialists, admit so much themselves." Thus wrote an American correspondent in 1903, after he had been expelled from Berlin for writing the truth as he saw it about the Emperor. He declared that the Emperor's speeches in the main had the following purposes: "To preserve the peace of the world, enabling Germany to develop internally and to reap calmly the fruits of her efforts in industry, commerce, science, invention; to strengthen the bonds of cohesion which hold the Empire together; to foster and direct the expansion of Germany in political and commercial fields. No one reading his speeches in their totality can help the deduction that his main program as a ruler is bounded by the limits defined above.

"But there is an entire category of his speeches which has achieved not good, but evil. In it belong his many public utterances against political liberalism . . . ; his amazingly violent diatribes and insults hurled against the Socialists of Germany, comprising, it must be remembered, one-fourth or more of the entire population; those against the freedom of the press and against the new literature and art of Germany; and also those many wild and irrational sayings and orders to his officers, soldiers, and recruits. Of the latter, no doubt, some at least were momentary ebullitions, not to be taken seriously . . . they have been excluded, at the implied behest of the Kaiser himself, from recent compilations. But enough of them remain to make the calm observer stand aghast." [1]

The Emperor had the fatal gift of words that led him into so many indiscretions, but he was also master of the telling phrase. Half a dozen of these have become familiar the world over for their pregnant terseness—"Full steam ahead!" "The mailed fist," "In shining armor," "Our future lies upon the water," "A place in the sun." His style is distinctive. One of his translators has said, "His German is very idiomatic—bristling with proverbs, sayings, and peculiar modes of speech (many of them self-coined), and showing that wonderful flexibility of German syntax, coupled, however, with as wonderful complexity of construction." He knew well how to adjust his style to his audiences. "When speaking to representatives of other nations—to Americans, Englishmen, even Frenchmen—he never makes use of the flamboyant, dictatorial, oracular mode of delivering himself which he, as a rule, employs in his public utterances to his own people."

[1] *The Kaiser's Speeches.* By W. von Schierbrand.

THE EMPEROR'S POLITICAL INDISCRETIONS

In 1913 Mr. Price Collier, the American writer, said in *Germany and the Germans:* "Here we have a versatile and vigorous personality with no shadow of a stain upon his character, and with no question upon the part of his bitterest enemy of the honesty of his intentions or of his devotion to his country's interests. So far as he has been assailed abroad, it is on the score that he has made his country so powerful in the last twenty-five years that Germany is a menace to other powers; so far as he has been criticized at home it is on the score of his indiscretions." William's chief political indiscretions were the telegram to President Kruger in 1896 which alienated the English; his interview in *The Daily Telegraph* (London), in 1908, in which he expressed his views on international affairs; and his letter to Lord Tweedmouth, in which he discussed naval affairs. In the Moroccan affair he was accused by hostile critics of having been too aggressive, by his own people of having allowed Germany to be humiliated. These and his constant and familiar allusions to God and his repetition of his responsibility to God were the most serious arraignments made against him up to August, 1914. They were mainly due to the Kaiser's impulsive character. "His actions are swift and unexpected. The spur of the moment drives him. . . . The telegram form, indeed, is the symbol of his mental processes." [1]

WILLIAM THE MANY-SIDED

The versatility of the Kaiser was at once his great strength and his weakness. He

[1] A. G. Gardiner.

could write an opera or conduct an orchestra, sketch and paint, or discuss biblical criticism with equal facility. He played the piano, spoke five languages fluently, and could preach a sermon with the fervor of a prophet or denounce the Socialists with capitalistic wrath. He owned pottery-works at Cardinen that were an excellent business enterprise, and he was an exceptional shot as well as a sailor and a yachtsman. Mr. Gardiner concedes that without his office he would still have been "one of the half-dozen most considerable men in his Empire," while Mr. James W. Gerard, former American Ambassador to Germany, says: "In my conversation with the Emperor I have been struck by his knowledge of other countries, lands which he had never visited. He was familiar not only with their manners, customs, industries, and public men, but with their commercial problems." The artistic temperament was strongly developed in the Kaiser, although his artistic and literary tastes were conventional. Mr. Gardiner writes of his impression in 1908: "It was the impression of enormous energy and mental alertness, of power, wayward and uncertain, but fused with a spark of genius, of a temperament of high nervous force, quickly responsive to every emotional appeal. His laugh is as careless as a boy's, but you feel that it is laughter that may turn to lightning at a word. . . . He is a man of moods and impulses, an artist to his finger-tips, astonishingly versatile, restless, and unnerving."

His personal fascination and magnetism, according to most observers, were great. One wrote: "He commands respect. His people admire his character. They are proud of his clean, vigorous life, of his devotion to his family, of his high sense of duty to the fatherland. . . . No one can be more fascinating. His smile is irresistible. But if you are a bore, or if you are out of favor, his looks run you through like a sword."[1] Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone, wife of the Danish Ambassador to Berlin, described in her memoirs, *At the Kaiser's Court*, the extraordinary social charm of the Kaiser. Among the examples recorded the following are notable: "Saint-Saëns and Massenet came to Berlin to assist at a sort of Congrès de Musique. Massenet was invited to lead the orchestra in 'Manon,' and Saint-Saëns in 'Samson and Delilah.' . . . They had come, they said, with prejudices on fire. They were sure that they would dislike everything German, but, having been begged to visit the Kaiser in his *loge* after the performance, they came away from the interview burning with enthusiasm. How charming the Emperor was! How full of interest! So natural, etc., etc. They could not find words for their admiration. That is the way with the Emperor. He charms every one.

"The first of my articles about Compiègne appeared in *Harper's Monthly* in the summer. At the ball at court in the following January the Kaiser came to speak to me, his face beaming with the kindest of smiles.

"'I can't tell you how I have enjoyed your articles. I read them to myself and read them out loud to the Empress.'

"'How,' said I, 'did Your Majesty discover them?'

"'I have always taken *Harper's Magazine* ever since I was a little boy, . . .' the Kaiser answered."

In another amusing anecdote she relates that an American lady "having met the Emperor in Norway while their yachts were stationed there, and, feeling that she was on familiar enough terms, said to him: 'Is it not lovely in Paris? Have you been there lately?'

"'No, I have not,' answered the surprised Kaiser.

"'Oh, how queer! You ought to go there. The French people would just love to see you.'

"'Do you think so?' said the Emperor, with a smile.

"Thus encouraged, she . . . continued, gushingly, 'And if you would give them back Alsace and Lorraine they would simply adore you.'

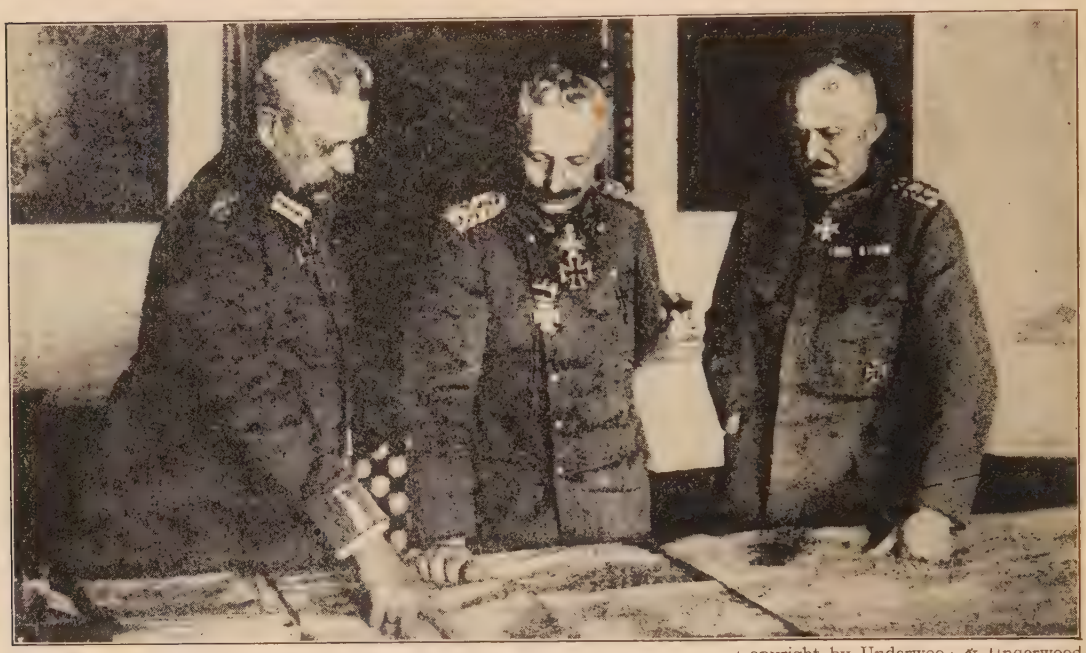
"The Kaiser, looking at her gravely as if she had solved a mighty problem, said, 'I never thought of that, madame.'"

THE WAR AND THE KAISER'S RESPONSIBILITY

He had to think of that before many years, when the war of 1914 caused thrones to fall and empires to crash into ruins. What-

[1] *Prophets, Priests, and Kings.* By A. G. Gardiner.

ever the verdict of history may be, popular judgment among the Allies has blamed the Kaiser largely for the beginning of this world cataclysm. Among his own people he is believed to have resisted the military group to the last, and to have acted under compulsion. He himself said on August 1, 1914, when he appeared in the balcony of the royal palace at Berlin: "A fateful hour has fallen said in *The War Lords* as early as 1915: "It is the opinion of those in this country most intimate with the inner history of the diplomatic struggle that culminated in the war that both the Kaiser and his Chancellor wanted peace. . . . 'Let us be just to Bethmann-Hollweg,' said a distinguished Foreign Office representative when the conduct of the Chancellor was being criticized. 'You



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Hindenburg, the Kaiser, and Ludendorff

The three greatest figures in the German Empire during the war gathered together to remap the world.

for Germany. Envious peoples everywhere are compelling us to our just defence. The sword has been forced into our hands. I hope that if my efforts at the last hour do not succeed in bringing our opponents to see eye to eye with us and in maintaining the peace, we shall, with God's help, so wield the sword that we shall restore it to its sheath again with honor.

"War would demand of us an enormous sacrifice in property and life, but we should show our enemies what it means to provoke Germany. And now I commend you to God. Go to church and kneel before God, and pray for His help for our gallant army."

Mr. Gardiner, himself an Englishman, see only his failure. We have seen when he has not failed—when he has fought for peace and won. He fought for peace this time—but lost.' And so with the Kaiser. The indictment that history will make against him will be not that he wanted war, but that his policy was fatal to the cause of peace. For years he had been increasingly unpopular with the military faction. . . . There is negative evidence in the Yellow Book that up to August, 1913, he was considered by the French Foreign Office to be an influence for peace." The same observer had written in 1908: "Impressive, imperious, dramatic, a militarist from his cradle, governed by one passion, the passion to make his land great

and powerful, how can we cast his horoscope? Is he a menace or a safeguard? Let his past be his witness. For twenty years he has had the peace of Europe in his keeping and for twenty years not a German soldier has fallen in war. 'We are a military people,' said a Minister to me in Berlin, 'but we are not a warlike people. It is you who are warlike without being military.' And so we may say of the Kaiser. He is a militarist, but he is not a warrior. 'There will be no war without grave cause while the Kaiser is on the throne,' said the politician I have quoted. 'He is distrusted by the warlike party.' . . . He keeps his powder dry and his armor bright. But he stands for peace—peace armed to the teeth, it is true; peace with the mailed fist; but peace, nevertheless."

THE KAISER IN THE WAR

Yet after twenty-six years of peace the Kaiser's reign ended in the most tragic war the world has known. His part in it has been variously described. While he kept up his characteristic physical activity, constantly changing his headquarters in the field, it would appear that he interfered little with the strategy and tactics of the General Staff. One American correspondent in Berlin made the following first-hand study of the Kaiser after the war was half over: "For, whatever else may be said of the Kaiser, he is a man, and, considering this war a man's job, he is ever on the job. No occasional trips to the front for Wilhelm II. No remaining quite comfortable in a palace and every so often, at intervals of months, going on a royal sort of Cook's tour to visit his army. Rather the Kaiser ever holds his hand on the war pulse. One hears of him in France, then in Russia, then in Serbia. . . .

"Yes, the Kaiser has seen this war. He has seen it at the front. He has seen regiments surge into action for him and die. . . .

"Yes, war has made its imprint on the Kaiser's mind. One can see it to-day. The rebellious lock of hair over the temple is more gray. A deep furrow between the brows where there was none before, a shadowing in his gray-blue eyes that used always to be clear. At times on the imperial face the gambler's expression is discernible, the Monte Carlo face intensified illimitably. The Kaiser seems then like a man who has thrown everything on the wheel—people, country, dynasty—and the uncertainty, the stress of waiting and waiting for a result, is portrayed there. Correspondingly, the Kaiser's reactions of expression are violent to-day.

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William in a Confidential Mood

The Kaiser, just before the armistice, giving some secret instructions to one of his generals.

"For the religion of the Kaiser has been his corner-stone or his poison in this war. Calling upon the Almighty for aid in everything he undertakes, the Kaiser has come to approach the fanatically religious sovereigns of centuries gone by. In religion and his belief that God is on his side the Kaiser is appallingly sincere. Better were it a pose, he could have made peace long ago. . . .

"What of the Kaiser to-day? Always dignified, the war has thrown about him a grave, almost reverential, mood. Conceptions of

the Kaiser have been written, presenting him as an arch-hypocrite, the greatest actor in the world, and as a madman. The conception I have is neither of these. He is dangerously sincere. He believes in himself and in the destiny of the German people. He believes strongly in the Nietzschean 'will to power'

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Ex-Emperor and ex-Empress of Germany

This picture shows them at the time of the Kaiser's Silver Jubilee in 1913.

—in his speeches to his soldiers during this war he has called it the 'will to victory.'

"Always religious, the war has made him more so, until it approaches almost mysticism." [1]

Mr. Herbert Bayard Swope, another American correspondent, wrote in the third year of the war, "I could not find one single dissonant note in the chorus of support, sympathy, admiration, and affection that the Kaiser's name always calls out."

During the war the Kaiser began making political concessions to his people. Mr. Swope reported: "The Germans have met the test of their right to self-government . . . and the Kaiser himself has approved." . . . "My people have shown that nothing is beyond them, and they shall have as large a share as they desire in the affairs of their government," the Kaiser said.[1] But his people took their share in the affairs of their government by another way—the Revolution. Abdication and flight to Holland in November, 1918, ended the imperial career.

[1] *The New York Times Current History.*

THE VERDICT OF THE FUTURE

At the time of his Silver Jubilee in 1913 a correspondent wrote: "Vigorous and virile at fifty-four, his Silver Jubilee finds the Kaiser still the world's model of an aggressively able and ambitious monarch. Posterity alone can decide whether he is the sinister figure portrayed by detractors, a prince who preaches peace and plots war, or whether his strength and talents . . . are sincerely and inviolably dedicated to the cause of international amity. Back of William II, at any rate, lies a reign of unbroken peace." [2]

Mr. David Jayne Hill, formerly American Ambassador to Germany, wrote in 1918: "With these annexationists and expansionists to impress the business world, and the Army and Navy ever ready for action, Kaiser William has looked upon war not as a misfortune to be always avoided, but as a part of his mission in the task of increasing the power and might of the German Empire. . . . The Kaiser is susceptible to appreciation of the romantic side of war simply as an interesting contest." [3]

At present we still "see through a glass, darkly." We are still too near the events and the characters involved in the World War to form a just estimate of the man who played the chief rôle on the world's stage for a generation. Romantic and practical, a mystic and an egotist, with his enormous energy and wayward force, he remains a baffling figure. To-day the tangled web of the Kaiser's life seems well-nigh spun. His fortune was great. Fate endowed him with many gifts, but she vitiated all when she bestowed a medieval spirit on a modern man. William II knew the curse of being born out of his due time.

[1] *Inside the German Empire.* By H. B. Swope.
[2] *Men Around the Kaiser.* By F. W. Wile.
[3] *Impressions of the Kaiser.* By David Jayne Hill.

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Impressions of the Kaiser, by David Jayne Hill, is a serious and scholarly study of the Kaiser as the embodiment of the Prussian conception of the state and of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

In *Imperial Germany*, Prince Bernhard von Bülow writes with authority of the Empire under William.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

An All-round Sportsman—Conquered at Verdun

"AN unwritten page," the German people styled Friedrich Wilhelm, the heir to the throne, not so very many years ago. That description seems sadly out of date. The page to-day is by no means a blank, although the story of the former Crown Prince of the former German Empire, now an exile in Holland, is not yet ended.

"The most dangerous man in Europe," said Edward Lyell Fox in 1918, adding: "Our conception of the Crown Prince that he is a butterfly, an eternal chaser after pleasure, is absurd. That type of man is harmless; the heir to the German throne is sinister. He works hard. He takes his military duties seriously."[1]

It must always be remembered that when Friedrich Wilhelm Victor August Ernst was born in 1882 he was born a prince. The only official ceremony at which he did not appear in uniform was his baptism. He was brought up in a militaristic atmosphere. At the age of three he donned a uniform; he had his tin soldiers to play with; and in the palace gardens Krupp made him a model of a fortress for a plaything. When yet young he was taught to shoot; he had his regiment, the members of which he addressed as "My children." His education was that of a German prince; he had his tutors; he went through the practical military training of a lieutenant in the Guards, and he attended the University of Bonn.

He was the only man who dared tell the Kaiser of the Eulenberg and von Moltke scandal; and in 1911, in the midst of the Morocco episode, he applauded violently the anti-Bethmann-Hollweg war speeches in the Reichstag, thus opposing his father and at the same time gaining popularity with the Army and the military firebrands.

His love-affairs and flirtations were always a source of irritation and concern to the Kaiser. Many princesses were picked out for him; but he was determined to make a love-match, and he had his way. He fell in love with Cecilie, the pretty, dark-eyed Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin; and in 1905 married her. The Crown Prince and Princess are genuinely fond of each other and their marriage seems to have been more or less happy. They have five children, four sons and a daughter.

The Crown Prince is very fond of children. Once on shipboard a little sick child said to him: "Are you the Crown Prince? Where is your crown?"

He answered, lightly: "Oh, that's packed up, you know. I hardly ever wear it when I'm traveling," and sat down and told the child stories.[1]

[1] "The Most Dangerous Man in Europe." By Edward Lyell Fox. *The Forum*, 1918.

[1] "The Crown Prince of Germany." By Lady Wilson. *The Living Age*, 1916.

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The Crown Prince and One of His Children

Before the war he was considered a democratic prince, and was very popular in Germany, but his ill success as a military leader rather dulled his prestige.

Painting by Edward A. Wilson

The Return of the Belgian People

HIS PASSION FOR THRILLS

Till lately Friedrich Wilhelm had been immensely popular. The people adored his pranks, as well as his militaristic leanings and his clamors for war. He has always been very approachable and easy to talk to. Unlike his father, who travels with pomp and majesty, the Crown Prince has driven around in a runabout with his wife and his sons, like any head of a family.

Such incidents had endeared him to the German people as a democratic prince. It is said that he knew his soldiers personally, and has an extraordinary gift of remembering the name of a man who means absolutely nothing to him.

He has always been a great sportsman and is devoted to golf, tennis, football, polo, yachting, and hunting. He has reveled in risk and adventure. He went up in one of the first Zeppelins; and he flew in an airplane with Orville Wright. Many are the tales of his exploits in daredevil horsemanship. He used to lead his dragoons up the terraces of the palace at Potsdam and do "stunts" at the top. He is also fond of music—he plays the violin well—of the theater, the opera, and of dancing.

As a general and military strategist the Crown Prince soon proved himself a failure, and his popularity had suffered. In the battle of the Marne his was the first army to be defeated; and though Falkenhayn was made the scapegoat in the eyes of the people, Verdun stands as a monument to the death of Friedrich's military ambitions. His words to a *Sun* (New York) correspondent, "Without doubt this war is the most stupid, the most useless, the most senseless of all modern wars," contrast with his earlier, much-quoted statement about a short and merry war.

His great historical admiration and passion is Napoleon.

AN AMERICAN ESTIMATE

Mr. James W. Gerard, former American Ambassador to Germany, had this to say of him in 1918: "The Crown Prince is about five feet ten, blond and slim. In fact, one of his weaknesses is his pride in an undeniably small waist which he pinches, and his characteristic pose is with one foot thrown forward and one hand at the waist, elbow out and waist pressed in. He is well built, his face much better-looking than his photographs show, nose rather long and eyes very keen and observing. Possessed of a great youthfulness of manner and a boyish liveliness and interest in life, his traits are somewhat American rather than German. He is a good sportsman and excels at many sports, is proud of his trophies, but not afraid to meet other men in contest for them.

"His manners are open and engaging. . . . His education has been strenuous. He has not been coddled or spoiled and is far better fitted for the battle of life than most graduates of our colleges. . . .

"The Crown Prince attended the Technical High School of Charlottenburg. Here he gained some knowledge of machinery, chemistry, etc. In 1909 he went to work in the Ministry of the Interior, where he learned something of government administration. . . .

"While the Crown Prince has not set himself in direct opposition to his father or at any rate taken a part in public affairs with the view either to force his father's hand or take a dominant political part, nevertheless he has allowed no occasion to pass when he could encourage the Army and war party even if this brought him into conflict with the policy of the Emperor, and so there have been periods of coolness between the Emperor and the Crown Prince son. . . .

"There is only one defect in the character of the Crown Prince and that is his fondness for war, his regard for war not as a horror, but as a necessity, an honorable and desirable state. . . .

"The Crown Prince has been pictured as a libertine and a pillager. His face has been caricatured so often that people have the cartooned impression of him and believe him to be a sort of monstrous idiot.

"On the contrary, he is a good sport, a clever man, a charming companion, but the shadow of military ambition hangs over all, and I doubt if the effect of his infernal military education, commencing when he was a child, can be entirely removed."[1]

[1] *Face to Face with Kaiserism.* By James W. Gerard.

TWO AUSTRIAN EMPERORS

The Curse of the Hapsburgs—Francis Joseph's Popularity—Charles I, the Last of the Hapsburgs

THE story of the last Hapsburg who died an emperor reads like an ancient Greek tragedy; and surely not even the tale of Thebes nor Pelops' line exceeds in tragic pity the story of Francis Joseph, who reigned longer than any modern European monarch. Sixty-eight years before his end his drama of calamitous events began in the bloody year 1848, when a revolution in Hungary was taking place. A legend of those turbulent days relates that the young Emperor, proud and ignorant of the value of clemency, refused a mother's prayers for her son's life, an officer in the revolutionary army. That mother was Countess Károlyi, a member of one of the oldest Hungarian families, who is said to have laid on the Emperor the curse that has become historic. She called on Heaven "to exterminate his family, to strike him through those he loved, to wreck his life, and to ruin his children."

The series of events that brought death and sorrow to the powerful Emperor throughout his life and to its very end lacked only one crowning feature—he was spared seeing the actual dissolution of his ancient empire. His brother Maximilian was executed in Mexico; his sister-in-law was fatally burned in Paris; his cousin, Archduke John, went on a voyage in a sailing-ship and was never heard of again; his only son Rudolph committed suicide or was murdered; his wife, the beautiful Elizabeth, was killed by a madman at Geneva; three attempts were made on his own life; and, finally, the double assassination of his nephew and heir with his consort, at Sarajevo in June, 1914, brought on the World War that wrecked the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

During a reign crowded with political troubles, in which Austria lost Lombardy and Venice and other possessions, Francis Joseph endured through it all. He learned to reign and govern, and in spite of mistakes, he succeeded during his lifetime in holding together his heterogeneous empire, a "ramshackle house, built with bad bricks," as Bismarck called it.

HIS POPULARITY

He accomplished this difficult task largely through his personality. He made himself liked, even beloved. An accomplished linguist, he could converse with ease with his people in a dozen tongues throughout his many-tongued kingdom. His attitude was attractive, free from claptrap, agreeable, and easy. Yet his pride of rank was enormous. A description is given of him at Karlsbad a few years ago: "Francis Joseph walked along, bowing to right and left, with none of that flamboyant salutation which one sometimes sees in other prominent people. In appearance and manner you might take him for some quiet old gentleman, suddenly imprisoned by a crowd of soldiers, he calmly going to his prison surrounded by his gorgeous captors. For nothing can be more splendidly esthetic than are the Austrian uniforms. Some good genius must have presided over the choice of colors for the army. When they are blended as they were at Karlsbad, because the chiefs of many regiments had come together, the effect was like that of the sun shining through a stained-glass window.

"And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, alongside this aristocratic Hapsburgism was their Kaiser's democratic desire to serve in the ranks, and the Viennese appreciated this equally. He always slept upon a common army cot; he rose at dawn like any other soldier; his fare was their fare, and when an assassin wounded him, his first words were, 'I am only sharing the lot of my brave soldiers.' Even the Socialists felt this and were sometimes dubbed 'the Imperial and Royal Socialists' because of the respect they showed not only for a mon-

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The Late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria

This most unfortunate emperor reigned for sixty-eight years; he saw his family and his heirs die violent deaths, due, it is said, to a curse that he brought upon himself during the opening years of his reign.

archical form of government, but for the person of the Emperor."[1]

Traits like this made him intensely popular with his people. Once, when a riot occurred in Vienna, an official wished to put it down by force. Francis Joseph refused. "I know my people," he said. Then he ordered out the military band of the regiment, without escort and unarmed. The riot broke up in dancing and gaiety.

When, in the early years of his reign, he yielded to the Hungarian leader Déak, he received the latter standing in a window and looked away from the visitor for some moments. Then he turned, held out his hand, and said, "Well, Déak!" This friendliness won for him the future friendship of his opponent.

On another occasion a station-master refused, on principle, to upset the running of the trains, against the Emperor's personal request. The ruler had to wait his turn and was evidently displeased. But perhaps the god of abstract justice gave a nudge to his thoughts, for the perturbed station-master was not dismissed, but made a Knight of the Imperial and Royal Order of Francis Joseph, by direct appointment.[2]

On his solitary shooting-trips Francis Joseph was fond of playing the part of Haroun-al-Raschid. He would take his walk in huntsman's dress among peasants, laborers, shepherds, and wood-cutters, passing himself off as a keeper, talking to them in the common tongue garnished with slang, clinking his glass against theirs, and then would sometimes suddenly dazzle the poor fellows' eyes with a revelation of his rank.

Born on August 18, 1830, son of the Archduke Francis, Francis Joseph lived to be eighty-six years old. He was married in 1854 to the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, and they had four children, most of whom he survived. He was a conscientious ruler, and he attended to his official duties almost to his last day. The end of the Empire came soon after his death, and his successor's reign was brief and troubled. It is a curious coincidence that a descendant of the Countess Károlyi, the bestower of the curse, labored in this war in behalf of the Allies.

[1] Francis Joseph and His Reign." By Elbert Francis Baldwin. *Review of Reviews*, January, 1917.

[2] *Behind the Scenes at the Court of Vienna.* By Weindell and Sergeant.

CHARLES THE LAST

The successor of the old and beloved Francis Joseph ascended the throne at an hour when the hopes of his countrymen were high, for the joy-bells were ringing out the capture of Bucharest. The youthful Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, the eldest son of Archduke Otto, a younger brother of the murdered Francis Ferdinand whose death brought on the war, was crowned as Charles I. He was born August 27, 1887. On October 21, 1911, he married Princess Zita of the Bourbon House of Parma. He has two sons.

The new Emperor, who took the reins at a critical though apparently auspicious time, was described by Lieutenant Joseph Hofman, in *The Times* (New York), at the time of his assuming the throne: "Of course, the larger part of what I know of the new Emperor comes from military records, barrack-room and social gossip. In our regiment the story was often retold of Charles's school-days at Vienna. There, when seven years old, he was sent to a public school, where his playmates were sons of the people, from the butcher to the baker. It was said that his association with these boys of more humble parentage was a period of continual popularity.

"His bride, the Princess Zita, accompanied him to Bohemia, where they lived eighteen months. At Brzezany they lived in a one-story house, as unpretentious as a summer-colony bungalow here.

"In all his career the new Emperor has shown by his daily life the characteristics of utmost democracy. He never forgets or slights a friend—not even the humble school-boys of the butcher and baker of his public-school days."

His democracy will now stand Charles in good stead, and the butcher, the baker, and other humble friends can show whether they were at heart snobs and tuft-hunters or real admirers of the now dethroned Prince. For events moved fast and disastrously for the Empire of Austria, and to-day Charles I, the last of the Hapsburgs, is an emperor without a country, an exile in Switzerland.

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Emperor Charles of Austria

H- was the nephew of Franz-Joseph and became Emperor after the latter's death, early in the war.

NICHOLAS, THE TOY OF FATE

Richest of Men –Weakest of Rulers—Last of the Romanoffs

FATE early began her cruel sport with Nicholas of Russia. She endowed him with a strange disposition and a weak will; she bestowed upon him untold wealth, made him absolute ruler over millions of ignorant and superstitious peasants, and then entangled him in political and international complications with which he was as little fitted to cope as a child. Only a genius or an imbecile could have escaped failure with such a legacy. A genius could have met the problems, an imbecile would have allowed others to settle them. Nicholas attempted to rule; he might better have abdicated the day he came to the throne.

A. G. Gardiner in *The War Lords*, written after the war had begun, says of the Czar: "He is weak and subject to influences, and his career has been a strange record of noble impulses and despotic acts. It is difficult to reconcile the author of the Hague Tribunal with the author of Red Sunday and the decorator of Black Hundreds. But while he is profoundly subject to external suggestion, the Czar is at bottom a visionary with a sincere, though inconstant, tendency toward the light."

Other students of this unhappy ruler do not dwell on his noble impulses. The pictures of court life, especially after the advent of the monk Rasputin, are not inspiring. Nicholas is accused of a lack of loyalty to his advisers and of a general lack of straightforwardness. The fear of assassination got on his nerves, and an unkingly picture is painted of the Czar's crouching in a carriage when a little girl threw a bouquet of flowers at him which he mistook for a bomb.

He began early to be a target for assassins. When he was traveling in Japan as a young man, an attempt to kill him was made by a maniac. Assassination was an ever-present dread in later years. When visiting Paris many years ago he seems to have been in a state of constant uneasiness. Twice a day he received absolution from his chaplain. In his clothes he concealed talismans against the plots of his enemies and he practised all sorts of superstitious rites to prevent the machinations of his enemies. He never stood fearlessly alone, but always looked for strength in a more dominant personality—his mother, his wife, or Rasputin.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD

This autocrat of all the Russias, who knew less peace of mind than the humblest *muzhik*, was literally the richest man in the world. He paid no income tax, though it is estimated that he received a million dollars annually. A summary of his "holdings" was made during his lifetime as follows: "As head of the Church, he owns all of the Church property of the realm, amounting to billions. But that can be left out of consideration. He owns in his own name a hundred and fifty million acres of land, and upon this land are the most magnificent timber, the most colossal mines, and agricultural lands enough to furnish food for a nation of people. The state, or government, pays him a salary of ten million dollars a year; and if he wanted more, all he would have to do would be to sign an order demanding it, since he is the state himself, in a sense.

"The Czar pays his own expenses. That is, he maintains his own palaces and royal residences, some one hundred in number, and takes care of the cost of the households of all of the royal personages of the nation. This involves some thirty thousand servants, three hundred automobiles, five thousand horses, and a small army of soldiers and secret-service men. So it is necessary that he have considerable income.

"All of the mines of Siberia are owned by the Czar personally. He gets a royalty upon every ounce of mineral that is mined. The agricultural lands are rented, and the forests are being worked up into timber which must be accounted for."

THE END OF THE STORY

This vast income, these enormous royalties were paid for in the misery and suffering of the Russian people. Then came the war and the crash of the revolution.

"Why was I not told before?" cried Nicholas. "Why tell me now when all is finished?" Later he added, with a gesture of helplessness: "Let it be so. Thank God, I will abdicate if that is what the people want. I will go to Livadia, to my gardens. I am so fond of flowers." But fate had no flowers nor gardens in store for his future.

There is a wretched town called Tobolsk, in the midst of a vast swamp, where there

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Nicholas II of Russia

Well-meaning, weak, and vacillating, the last Czar of All the Russias failed both as an autocrat and as a would-be democratic ruler. Possessed of an unstable mind and of a superstitious temperament, he fell a victim to the influences of the worthless grand-ducal clique and of the mysterious Rasputin.

are sheds in which legions of the best Russians were lodged like animals, exposed to the worst climate in Siberia. For Tobolsk was the distributing station for exiles to Siberia, and Nicholas Romanoff had sent two hundred thousand there during his reign. For nine months of the year Tobolsk is extremely cold. It does not suggest a paradise of flowers for a deposed czar.

Adversity is a stern test of character. How did the Czar and his family, children of luxury, comport themselves in their little flat in Tobolsk with its four bedrooms, a startling change from the Peterhof Palace, one of their many palaces, where two hundred servants had been employed merely to direct guests through its spacious ramifications? A sketch of the life of the royal family, when they were practically prisoners at Tobolsk, is interesting:

"The former Czarina is very lively in her conversation and bitter with her tongue. . . . The former Czar, on the other hand, is very silent, gloomy, and reflective. He has grown very haggard, gray, and old-looking. He wears ordinarily the old undress uniform of a colonel of the Preobajensky Regiment, which he is allowed to use, although he no longer enjoys the rank. His chief dissipation is drinking tea. He usually consumes twenty to thirty cups a day, and the failure of his health is evidently due in large part to this cause. He also smokes a great many cigarettes.

"Perhaps the most interesting news of the Romanoff family relates to the daughters. There are four of these girls, all pretty and attractive—Olga, aged twenty-two; Tatiana, aged twenty; Marie, aged eighteen; and Anastasia, aged sixteen. They were nearly frightened to death at the outbreak of the revolution, but now, under just treatment, they are developing into good republicans, and perhaps even socialists.

"The government nas very kindly, and no doubt wisely, allowed these young girls to come and go as they please, without any watch being kept upon them. They mix freely with the people of the town and travel to other parts of the country if they wish. They are usually addressed, according to the regular Russian style, as 'Olga Nicolaievna,' meaning 'Olga, daughter of Nicholas'; 'Tatiana Nicolaievna,' and so on. The former Czar is addressed as 'Hospodin Romanoff' and his wife as 'Hospasha Romanova,' the prefixes used being the Russian equivalents of 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.'"[1]

The Czar was one of the younger European rulers, to many of whom he was related. He was born in 1868, and married in November, 1894, Princess Alexandra (Alix), daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. An heir, Alexei, was born in August, 1904, after four daughters had been born to the royal pair.

Nicholas had received the ordinary training of the Russian grand dukes and in addition the military training of all heirs-apparent to the throne. The most notable act of his reign was the peace rescript of 1898 which led to the meeting of the Hague Peace Conference. When the Russian-Japanese War was followed by the revolution of 1905, Nicholas proved neither determined nor progressive. He had the opportunity of his lifetime to prove himself a liberal, if not a conservative monarch. Instead he had his people shot down by the hundreds until the streets of St. Petersburg ran red with blood.

The tragic end of the unhappy Czar and that of his family is still shrouded in mystery, although it now seems probable that both the Czar and the Czarina were killed.

[1] *The Literary Digest* for November 10, 1917.

FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

He juggled with the scales of war—
  Which side to take? the Central Powers
Or the Entente? Oh, stupid Czar!
  Of what avail those pondering hours?
Fate mocked thy craft, thy cunning wiles:
False were thy scales as are thy smiles!

D. S. P.

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The Czarina of Russia

This picture is in striking contrast to most of the Czarina's photographs because of her happy expression. It was taken when the health of the Czarevitch had improved.

FERDINAND OF BULGARIA

The Superman of the Balkans—A Disciple of Machiavelli—Abdication

THIS bewildering figure has provided almost as much material for the cartoonists as the Kaiser; his impressive stature, his large nose, his unerring "picture-sense" all make him a fit subject. And yet, familiar as we are with his outward appearance, the real man is for most of us a mystery. *The Daily Mail* (London) sums him up as being "at once an artist and a *grand seigneur*, consummately skilled in the study of human nature, especially on its weaker side, with gifts of ingratiation that he rarely deigns to exercise, a man of many moods and many stratagems, a botanist and a bird-stuffer by inclination, a disciple of Machiavelli by trade, the incarnation of some hero in the mind of a moving-picture melodramatist."[1]

HIS INHERITANCE AND ROYAL EDUCATION

Ferdinand is the son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (therefore a nephew of Albert, Queen Victoria's Prince Consort) and Princess Clementine. His mother, reckoned the cleverest woman in Europe in her day, was a daughter of King Louis Phillippe, inheriting her father's canniness, his love of scheming, and his shrewdness in driving a bargain. She was gifted, moreover, with compelling charm. It is easy to see where Ferdinand gets his fascination. She had the same imperial wave of the right hand, so pleasing to the cartoonist, the same voice, loud but pleasing, and a genius for conversation. Ferdinand is rated the best talker and the wittiest *raconteur* in Europe.

When he was a baby a gipsy prophecy foretold that he would one day wear a crown, and his ambitious mother firmly believed it, accordingly bringing up this little Coburg prince, with no claim whatever to any throne, in *l'art d'être roi*.

By the time he was twenty his education was complete; gifted with a profound and dazzling intellect and a prodigious memory, firmly opposed to candor and straightforwardness, and having no very high sense of integrity, he was always ready with specious reasoning to justify his political ambitions. He was sent on rounds of visits to his exalted relatives, who, it must be confessed, did not share his mother's unqualified admiration.

HE ACQUIRES A THRONE

In 1887 Alexander, Prince of Bulgaria, was kidnapped, and his abrupt disappearance left the land without a head. Ferdinand seized the opportunity, and through agents hastily despatched had himself proposed as ruler. When the crown was offered he accepted it with becoming reluctance and the gipsy prediction was fulfilled.

At first he was but a figurehead, the real power being in the hands of the Regent, Stambuloff, the uncouth and rough son of an innkeeper, who ruled the country with a strong, firm hand in that period of chaos. It is said that he roared with laughter at the cultivation, the fine manners, the perfumes of Ferdinand, who for his part heartily disliked Stambuloff.

From his mother, the Princess Clementine, Ferdinand had received a piece of advice that he clung to. It was to conceal rather than reveal his true capabilities, as well as his true motives. His genius for intrigue and his remarkable charm carried him farther and farther from straightforward dealings with people. If he could not get what he wanted by fascinating—and indeed this rarely failed—he employed an elaborate spy system to secure evidence of a scandalous nature concerning the man he wanted to use. Sometimes he resorted to violence, but that was foreign to his natural method of procedure.

The breach between him and Stambuloff widened; Stambuloff could not get over his mistrust, nor Ferdinand over his jealousy.

[1] *Current Opinion*, November, 1915.

Brown Brothers

Ex-Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria

This "superman of the Balkans" has been a fertile subject for cartoonists because of his impressive stature, his large nose, and his imperial wave of the right hand. By luck and cunning he became ruler of Bulgaria in 1887. He joined the Central Powers in 1915, and was the first to surrender in September, 1918.

Finally, through an insult so pointed that it could not be ignored, Stambuloff was forced to resign, and on July 15, 1895, he was mysteriously murdered. Ferdinand could not contain his grief; he sent high officials, bearing personal messages, to the widow of the murdered man. She, however, would not admit them, and it is said that she is keeping a hand of her dead husband, to be buried only when he is avenged.

Ferdinand's first wife was Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon-Parma, a direct lineal descendant of Louis XIV. She died in 1899, just five years after their marriage; and Ferdinand married, in 1908, Eleanor, a princess of the German House of Reuss.

INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY

From the diary of Ferdinand's secretary we are able to get a vivid picture of this amazing man who took advantage of the confusion in 1908 caused by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, to proclaim the independence of Bulgaria, assuming the title of Czar. The secretary speaks of a friend who first described Ferdinand to him. "He sketched the character of the Czar in a few strokes, laying stress, among other things, on his passion for natural history, his linguistic gifts, the capricious distribution of his working-hours, his unreasonable demands on his staff, his cult of the past, his devotion to the memory of his mother, Princess Clementine."[1]

He says further: "The truth is, Ferdinand seems gifted with an extraordinary memory. He furnished new and striking proofs of this in the pavilion of the jewelers of the Rue de la Paix. Precious stones have no secrets for him. He knows all the methods of cutting, every variety of pearl, all the details of the process of setting, as if he were a professional jeweler."[1] And again: "We had hardly arrived when we made a spurt for the zoological garden—literally a spurt, for Ferdinand recovers the agility of youth when it comes to visiting a zoo. We spent at least two hours with the animals. His Majesty is a terror for exact ethnological knowledge; he knows the Latin names of every species without looking at the signs and never makes a mistake as to their habitat."[2]

The comprehensiveness of his intellectual activities made him quick to perceive ability wherever he saw it, and Bulgaria has a long list of men whom Ferdinand "discovered." Moreover, he was constantly trying to civilize and educate the Bulgarians.

"The Fox of the Balkans," as the English call him, was credited with being infallible in scenting the winning side in every war; but in the Great War he went wrong. On October 13, 1915, Bulgaria joined the Central Powers and reduced Serbia with the aid of the Austro-German armies. Then came defeat. Bulgaria was the first state to surrender to the Allies, in September, 1918, and on October 3rd Ferdinand abdicated in favor of his son Boris, and left Bulgaria.

[1] *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1919.

[1] *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1919. [2] *Ibid.*

CONSTANTINE I OF GREECE

A Cosmopolitan Ruler—The Balkan Wars—His Early Popularity

CONSTANTINE I, formerly King of Greece, was a true cosmopolitan, for his father had been a Dane, his mother a Russian, his wife was a German, and he himself tried earnestly to be a representative Greek. Small wonder that his task proved difficult for the King of the Hellenes!

Born in Athens on August 3, 1868, as the first native Crown Prince, Constantine was reared in the Greek orthodox faith. His early training had been somewhat neglected, for his father, George I, did not concern himself with the mental and moral development of his children; and his mother, for-

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The Royal Family of Greece

The ex-King of Greece, Constantine I, his wife, formerly Princess Sophie of Prussia, and their children. From left to right these are: Prince Paul, Prince Alexander (now King of Greece), Prince George (the former Crown Prince), Princess Helene, and Princess Irene. When Constantine was forced to abdicate, the Allies chose Prince Alexander to succeed him, as Prince George was considered pro-German in his sympathies.

merly the Russian Grand-Duchess Olga, who was beautiful and good but not over-burdened with intellectuality, had few interests outside of her own country.

When, at the impressionable age of nineteen, Constantine was sent to Germany to complete his education, his mind was open to German influences, and he soon became impregnated with German ideas on education, right, and justice. He studied at the universities of Berlin and Leipzig. He saw the efficiency of the German Army and the smooth-running government, and under German teachers he studied military tactics. He was received intimately into the imperial family and he always felt great affection and admiration for the Kaiser.

In 1889 Prince Constantine married Princess Sophie of Prussia, a younger sister of Emperor William II, an event which further cemented his strong affection for Germany and German institutions. Six children were born to them, three sons and three daughters.

A LEADER IN THE BALKAN WARS

As heir to the throne Constantine was known as the Duke of Sparta. He was commander-in-chief of the Greek forces in the Turkish War of 1897 and was undeservedly blamed for a time for its disastrous ending. But in the First Balkan War of 1912–13 he was so successful against the Turks in Macedonia that he became a national hero. He entered Salonica in triumph on November 8, 1912, and from that day held first place in the hearts of his countrymen.

On the assassination of his father at Salonica, Constantine became constitutional King of the Hellenes on March 21, 1913. As king, he wrested territory from the Turks and drove the Bulgarians out of Macedonia and part of Thrace, in the Second Balkan War; and by the Treaty of Bucharest he secured sovereignty over an area twice as large as he had inherited.

Constantine, after the First Balkan War, maintained a strong hold on the affections of his people, and was especially popular with the Army. His physical bravery, his soldierly bearing, and his innate simplicity were largely the cause of his popularity. He hated etiquette. "He talked with his soldiers; he shared their burdens, their troubles, their joys, and often their soup. . . . He joked with them and, knowing all the popular vocabulary of the streets, the insults and profanity, he fascinated his men." [1] His simplicity of conduct, however, carried with it also a simplicity of mind and reasoning. Shades and subtleties escaped Constantine. Politics was for him a Chinese scroll. "His intelligence never was brilliant; it was, on the contrary, clouded by his obstinacy and by the frequent fits of temper to which he was subject from childhood." [2]

HIS ABDICATION IN 1917

During the Great War Constantine strove hard to keep Greece neutral. He had a firm belief in the superiority and invincibility of Germany; and in the first two years of the war the collapse of Serbia, the disaster of the Dardanelles, and the defeat of Russia strengthened his opinion. Venizelos, the Prime Minister, had in 1914 offered the Allies the support of Greece, and when this had been refused, for obscure political reasons, he still awaited the most favorable moment for Greece to intervene. Constantine, on the other hand, believed firmly that the only salvation for Greece and her only chance of escaping annihilation lay in maintaining her neutrality. The struggle between the followers of Venizelos and of Constantine culminated on June 12, 1917, when Greece joined the Allies and Constantine was forced to abdicate in favor of his second son, Alexander.

King Constantine was described by those who saw him in 1917, before his abdication, as being, in appearance, what kings should be—tall, well-built, magnetic, and full of charm. He looked thirty-five instead of the forty-nine years to which he admitted; and his blue eyes, clear and honest-looking as a child's, and his attractive smile were noted even by those who were wholly opposed to his policies.

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[1] *Constantine 1er Roi des Hellenes.* By Leon Maccas.
[2] *Ibid.*

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The Grand Duchess of Luxemburg

Marie Adelaide of Luxemburg was one of the romantic figures of the war, and one of its innocent victims. From 1912 to 1919 she was the youngest sovereign in Europe; gay, rich, and beautiful. In 1919 she was forced to abdicate.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF LUXEMBURG

The Youngest Sovereign of Europe—Her Abdication

SO much has been written about Belgium and the violation of its neutrality that people often forget another little country whose neutrality had been pledged by the powers—Luxemburg. This country protested against the invasion by Germany and appealed to the powers, but resist it could not and did not. It was spared a Liège and a Louvain, but it has been somewhat neglected and almost forgotten.

During the war many tales floated around about its twenty-year-old ruler, the Grand-Duchess Marie Adelaide, and her attitude. She is a romantic figure; from 1912 to 1919 she was the youngest sovereign in Europe. Before the war she was a rich, beautiful princess of a lovely, peaceful land, with all the glamour of a historical past; and she lived in a quaint old city built upon the ruins of a medieval fortress. A queen indeed, she had the final voice in all decisions and international matters; she was the high court of appeal; and having been brought up to rule, having studied statecraft and the laws of Luxemburg, she played her part well. She even had a pretender to her throne. . . . Then came August, 1914.

Marie Adelaide's position was a difficult one, and she was only a young girl, twenty years old. Her family ties and training drew her to the side of Germany. Her country was small; its inhabitants scarcely numbered 300,000. Surrounded by belligerents—France, Belgium, Germany—it was already menaced by the problem of hunger. The only thing she could do was to let the Germans pass through under protest.

And after the war was over life became no easier. Her people were on the eve of revolt; and so, in January, 1919, she abdicated in favor of a republic. She had been a sovereign for seven years of one of the smallest countries in Europe; and four of these years had been years of war and turmoil.

"She does not take a good picture, the society organs say, nor have the court painters caught her wistfulness of expression. She has the long, oval face so characteristic of the princesses of the House of Orange in the elder branch, and she blushes with almost no provocation at all. The hair is of the fine silky sort, not over-abundant, rebellious to the brush. The full red lips manifest a wealth of temperament, nor does the Grand Duchess feel called upon to dissemble her emotions from the populace. The figure is very slender and girlish, the gait revealing the proficient dancer.

"Marie Adelaide, in addition to being born royal, was born 'chic.' One evidence of this is the ease with which she has her hair done without regard to fashion, the result being in every case precisely harmonious with her type. It is the sanguine and statuesque type, very conventional in attitude to all things, inclined to seriousness. This makes her seem every inch a queen along the traditional lines of the part." [1]

At her "inauguration" in July, 1912, Marie Adelaide had said: "International treaties guaranteeing the independence and neutralities of the Grand Duchy are the true source of our prosperity, but they also impose on us an obligation toward Europe. Our force lies in the Right. Right and Duty are brothers. Let us fulfil our duty exactly. Let us act so that no suspicion can be cast on the rectitude of our intentions. I love my country. I am proud and happy to wear its name and its crown. I desire no other joy than to serve it and in co-operation with you to assure its prosperity. To the hand of a young girl the guardianship of the flag is intrusted. I will hold it upright, and, with the aid of God, I will fight for its honor.

"Daughter of the Nassaus, I, like my forebears, will be faithful to the noble device of our ancient house, *Je maintiendrai!*"

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[1] "Sorrows of the Youngest Reigning Queen in the Theatre of War." *Current Opinion*, April, 1915.

ALBERT, BELGIUM'S HERO KING

Eating Pie With Royalty—"I Am a Democrat"—The Royal Family—"God Will Be With Us!"

IT was in Butte, Montana, back in 1898, and Jim Keegan, the superintendent of the mines, was showing some guests around. He had been a bit afraid of one of these guests, had Keegan; but when the young man in question arrived and smiled and shook hands so whole-heartedly, Keegan had forgotten his alarm.

"Are you going to drop him down with a slack cable, the way you did me the first time I went down the mine?" a miner asked Keegan.

"Oh no," he replied. "This young fellow is valuable and it won't do to take any chances. There's a big job waiting for him. He will be a king some day, and he's going to be a mighty good king, too."

Keegan was right. A big job was waiting for this fair-haired, straight-limbed, tall youth; a bigger job than most people imagined; and he was to be more than a mighty good king, a hero king, admired and loved by many nations of the world.

"This young fellow" was Albert of Belgium.

But who would have thought in 1898 that he was heir to a throne? He walked around the mine like an ordinary young man, interested and observant; he leaned against the bar in Jim Riley's saloon; and he ate his dinner with scores of miners at the Mullins House off a red table-cloth; and when a little red-haired miner down the table called across to the royal guests: "Hey, young feller, pass me over some of that high-grade, will you?" the prince shot the pie without the slightest fumble.[1]

This unpretentiousness was not assumed. He wasn't trying to "mix in" with the crowd; he was being himself, a democratic prince, without snobbery, without affectation. He was interested in the people around him, felt friendly toward them, and met them as man to man. He was at home with these American miners, just as he was with his royal relatives in the palace of his old uncle, Leopold of Belgium.

It was the same in his own country. When he was at the Military School he did not hold himself aloof from his fellow-students, nor did he seek favors; he wore the same uniform, ate the same food, and was "ragged" and "kidded" like all the other boys. Later when he went to England, disguised as a reporter, to investigate shipyards, ship-building, and the lives of the workmen, he took his assignments, wrote his stories, and carried his police-card, like any cub.

When he visited the Congo Free State, a Belgian colony, to get first-hand information about the natives' grievances, he was never too busy to take his place at a reception. At the same time he laughed and joked with the natives. He gave them gifts and smiles and he won their hearts—this "tall Man, Breaker of Stones."

The story is told of the time when he was traveling in Egypt, and the royal party was forced to wait outside the tomb of one of the Pharaoh's as some tourists were inside. Some one suggested speaking to them and asking them to hurry.

"No, please do not disturb them. We would rather wait till they have finished," said the King, adding, with a smile, "I am a democrat, you know."[1]

No wonder this unassuming, unsophisticated prince "got along" so well at Butte, Montana; no wonder the little waitress at the Mullins House took Keegan aside the next day and asked, "Say, who was that good-looking fellow with you?"

The same qualities that had made him a favorite in Butte stood him in good stead when he was called to the throne of Belgium.

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[1] "Eating Pie With Royalty." *The Literary Digest*, September 8, 1917.

[1] "King and Queen of Belgium," in *The Delineator* for January, 1916.

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Albert, Belgium's Beloved King

King Albert, who is one of the most democratic rulers in Europe, came to America in 1898, and ate pie with the miners of Butte, Montana. He later became a reporter in England. During the war, although he was a king without a country for a time, he conquered the heart of the world. In 1919 he again visited America.

Painting by Edward A. Wilson

After the Storm of War—King Albert

KING OF THE BELGIANS

On December 23, 1909, Brussels was full of flags waving in the breeze, and the avenues and boulevards were overflowing with people in holiday attire, for it was a great day, the coronation day of Albert.

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The Palace of the King of Belgium at Brussels

This is the home to which King Albert and his family returned after the German evacuation.

When he was born in 1875 his mother and father, the Count and Countess of Flanders, had no thought that some day he would succeed his uncle, the powerful, eccentric Leopold. It was as a younger son that he spent his childhood in Brussels and at the château of Les Amerois where, in the summer-time, his cousins and his uncles and his aunts gathered and where the young people romped in the woods and the gardens. Upon the death of his elder brother in 1891 he became heir, and conscientiously applied himself to the task of preparing to rule. Always inclined to be serious—one can note in his portraits the earnest expression, the straightforward eyes—he studied hard, military tactics, diplomacy; he talked with Socialists and Jesuits; and he went deep into sociology and economics. Those problems have always fascinated him.

When he was young he had asked his father: "It doesn't seem right that so many people should have to beg for what they need from others who have so much more than enough. Isn't there some way that all can have a fair chance?" [1]

With eyes open and brain alert, he had traveled in many countries and visited the

[1] *Fighters for Peace.* By Mary R. Parkman.

Belgian colonies. And now the great moment for which he has been preparing is at hand—he is to be crowned king.

A blare of trumpets—the band bursts into the "Brabançonne." The people raise their voices. He is coming down the street—"the handsomest king in Europe," as he has been called. He is very tall and straight and broad of shoulder. His features are regular; his hair is golden and inclined to be curly and unruly; his blue eyes are direct and frank.

In another carriage rides his Queen, Elizabeth, daughter of a duke of Bavaria, a pretty little woman, with an unaffected manner and real charm of face and personality. In simplicity of taste and interest in her people she is like her husband. She has had training both as a nurse and as a doctor, and she never tires of visiting hospitals and giving her time and her sympathy, as well as her money, to the poor and sick. With her are her two sons, Leopold, the Duke of Brabant, a serious, sensitive boy, with a long, oval face; and Charles, the younger son, a gay little fellow, with a little, turned-up nose.

It has been said: "King Albert did not mount the throne alone. He took his family with him."[1] For the royal family is a real family. The children have been brought up simply and carefully and know the word "discipline." The King and Queen are devoted to each other. The story is told of how the Queen went out in a launch to meet her husband, when he returned from Africa, and, hurrying up the ladder as if she could not go fast enough, threw herself into his arms.

The little princess is not with her mother in the carriage. But when the procession goes by the house of the old Countess of Flanders an elfin-like little girl with a mass of curly hair is standing at the window, cheering wildly and waving her handkerchief first with one hand, then with the other, then with both, and at last, throwing it aside, waving a huge slice of bread, from which she has just taken a bite: it is Marie-José, the Princess of Belgium![2] In later, tragic days her name became familiar to children the world over.

[1] *Life of His Majesty Albert, King of the Belgians.* By John MacDonnell.
[2] *Ibid.*

CHAMPION OF HONOR

Five years passed, five happy years for Belgium. Albert had proved himself a king indeed. From the day of his coronation, when he took the oath in Flemish and French, he had tried to merge the two strains into one nation. He had gone among his people to learn of them and their lives. Dressed in the common garb, he had worked in their mines, seen their trades, and driven their railway trains.

"I want to know the how and why of everything," he once said, and he followed his bent.[1] He knows about ships and airplanes; he is a good mechanic and a skilled chauffeur, though he is a trifle fond of "hitting it up." To him being a king is a business, just like being a banker or a doctor. He has his strict working-hours and is up at six in the morning, breakfasts at seven, has a siege with his correspondence, and then two hours of study at mechanical engineering. The Belgians have appreciated his attitude.

"Why haven't you your crown on your head?" a little boy once asked him.

He lifted the child to his knee before answering, gravely, "My little boy, I wear my crown in my heart."[2]

On August 4, 1914, this crown was threatened. The flags were floating in the sunshine over Brussels—the yellow, the black, and the red—and the people were crowding the streets; but over them hung a cloud. Germany had sent an ultimatum to Belgium, demanding passage for her troops into France, and Belgium had replied that she could not with honor grant such a request. Germany had answered that she would use force, and Belgium had appealed to the powers.

"Germany appears to believe that Belgium is a road, not a country," the King remarked.[3]

The King is going to Parliament to address the Deputies. The people cheer wildly as the royal family ride by. Perhaps a few of them remember that their "good little Queen" is by birth a German; for her, war will mean the breaking of many ties. But

[1] *Fighters for Peace.* By Mary R. Parkman.
[2] "King and Queen of Belgium," in *The Delineator* for January, 1916.
[3] "King Albert of Belgium." By Demetrius C. Boulger in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1915.

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Queen Elizabeth of Belgium

The wife of King Albert has had the professional training of a nurse and a doctor, and is a skilled as well as a sympathetic visitor in hospitals. Unaffected, simple, and direct, Elizabeth has been a model queen to her people. She visited America with King Albert in 1919.

no, she is a German princess no longer; she is Queen of the Belgians.

The King goes into Parliament. Again the cries ring out, from Walloons, from Catholics, from Socialists and Liberals:

"*Vive le Roi!*" "Long live the King!"

A KING WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Brussels fell, Antwerp fell; the gray-clad German armies swept across Belgium. Only a few miles of coast to the southwest remained, but there, on that ridge of sand,

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The Entry of the King and Queen of Belgium Into Bruges

The burgomaster of Bruges is here welcoming King Albert and Queen Elizabeth to Bruges, after four years of German occupation.

After a tense silence the King begins to speak:

"Never since 1830 has a graver hour sounded for Belgium. The strength of our right and the need of Europe for our autonomous existence make us still hope the dreaded event will not occur. If, however, it is necessary for us to resist an invasion of our soil, that duty will find us armed and ready to make the greatest sacrifices. . . . Are you decided to maintain inviolate the sacred patrimony of our ancestors? . . .

"If a stranger should violate our territory, he will find all the Belgians gathered round their sovereign, who will never betray his constitutional oath. I have faith in our destinies. A country which defends itself wins the respect of all, and cannot perish. God will be with us!"

The decision of Belgium and the part she played in the Great War are known to the world.

was Albert. Up to the last moment he stayed in Antwerp; in the disastrous retreats he led his men in person.

"The King marches at the head of his troops and after the battle he comes to shake them by the hand."[1] King of the Belgians he still is; not of a piece of land, but of a people. When urged to go to England, out of danger, he answers, "My place is with my brave soldiers."[2] He goesin to the trenches with them; he lives their lives.

One soldier wrote: "The King came and placed himself at my side in the trench. He took the rifle of a soldier so exhausted he could not stand, to give him a chance of rest, and fired *comme le plus petit pioupiou*—just as one of his own soldiers—during an hour and a half. He himself carries their

[1] "The Well-beloved King of the Belgians," *The World's Work* for January, 1915.

[2] "King Albert of Belgium," By Demetrius C. Boulger in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1915.

letters to the soldiers and distributes among them the little *paquets* which their friends, their parents, send them from the homes now destroyed. He shares—what do you call it?—*la ratatouille* (soldier's mess) with his soldiers and he calls them always 'my friends.' He does not want that they shall render him honors; he wishes simply to be a soldier in the full strength of that term. One night he was seen, exhausted by fatigue, sleeping on the grass at the side of the road."[1]

The Queen also is with her people, caring for the wounded and the homeless, hungry refugees. She has taken her youngest two children to England—the oldest, Leopold, is a soldier, fighting for his country—and occasionally she goes over to see them. But she never stays. She returns to her post.

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Belgium's New War Decoration

The Queen Elizabeth Medal. Awarded in appreciation of the acts of kindness that have been bestowed on the war-ridden country.

All that is past now. The Germans have evacuated Belgium and amid untold rejoicing Albert has returned to his country and once again entered his capital. Of him Maurice Maeterlinck has said, "Of all the heroes of this enormous war, one of the purest, one who can never be loved enough, is the great young King of my little country."

[1] "The Well-beloved King of the Belgians," *The World's Work* for January, 1915.

ALBERT OF BELGIUM

By Dorothy S. Phillips

He tossed his little army 'gainst a mighty foe.
Exceeding great was his reward, for, though
A King without a country, yet again
He ruled the world—his land was in the hearts of men.

GEORGE V OF ENGLAND

The Most Popular Man in England—His Energetic Queen—The Royal Family in the War—The Prince of Wales

WHENEVER kings and queens make their appearance in public the populace is expected to indulge in a becoming amount of demonstration, cheering and shouting "God save the King!" and similar sentiments, in the language of the country. Unless a revolution is in progress the people usually respond with as much sincerity as they can muster. But it is not hard to gage a nation's affection for its sovereign when he is greeted by a spontaneous burst of genuine enthusiasm such as is described by a London paper in speaking of England's king: "'Good old George!' This may not at first blush appear to be a very respectful way of hailing one's sovereign, but it is the shout that rang out in Hyde Park when His Majesty reviewed the Legion that marches under the Silver Badge. Among Englishmen the adjective 'old' when applied to a man indicates not age, but affection, that he is loved. It was in this sense that it was applied to the King in Hyde Park, and none knew better than our sovereign how to take it. It told him, indeed, the depth of homely affection in which he is held. And it is betraying no royal confidence to say that it went straight to his heart."[1]

EARLY LIFE

George V, son of Edward VII and grandson of the adored Victoria, was born at Marlborough House, London, on June 3, 1865. He was brought up very simply, without much of the intensive training for kingship that one might expect. The reason was, partly, because he was the younger of the two boys, with consequently a more remote chance of ruling, and partly because his father had been forced to spend his life in arduous preparation for the throne that he waited for so long, and he was determined that his son should not be so burdened.

[1] *The Literary Digest*, February 15, 1919.

Edward, agreeing with an earlier king that "the best training for an English gentleman is aboard an English man-of-war," sent the two boys to Dartmouth to be trained for the Navy. In 1879 they embarked on the *Bacchante* for a three-year voyage around the world, accompanied by their tutor, Canon Dalton. The young princes received no homage for their rank; in the democracy of the sea they were know as "Sprat" and "Herring."

After this voyage George was sent to the Continent for the customary princely tour, to learn French and German. He became proficient in these languages, but was never the accomplished linguist that his father was. He continued his career in the Navy; in 1884 he was appointed sub-lieutenant on the *Canada;* he served subsequently on the *Dreadnought* and the *Alexander*, and before he was twenty-five he had command of the *Thrush.*

THE QUEEN

Queen Mary seems to fit exactly the definition of a queen given by Bossuet, "*Il n'y a rien que d'auguste dans sa personne, il n'y a rien que de pur dans sa vie.*" This only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck was born at Kensington Palace on May 26, 1867. She was christened, in the lavish fashion of royalty, Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Clementine Agnes, and known until her marriage, in 1893, as Princess May. Her mother in a letter wrote of her: "She really is as sweet and engaging a child as you can wish to see, and playful as a kitten, with the deepest blue eyes imaginable, quantities of fair hair, a tiny rosebud mouth, a lovely complexion, and a most perfect figure. In a word, a model of a baby." She was brought up very carefully by her mother, a person of great good sense, and taught many useful and domestic accomplishments. She darned

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King George V of England

He is a very popular king and is said to be the busiest man in Europe.

her brothers' socks and became a skilful cook.

When Princess May was sixteen she was sent to Florence to learn Italian; she already knew French and German. Her education

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The Dowager Queen of Great Britain

Alexandra, mother of the present King, before her marriage was a princess of Denmark.

was carefully watched and included a thorough religious training. She has had from childhood a lively interest in history and her favorite authors are Macaulay, Froude, and Motley. She is fond, too, of fiction, but considers the moderns a bit too advanced.

The Queen was always a favorite of Queen Victoria and was a prominent figure at court. Indeed, through her charities and various interests she is well known and loved throughout the kingdom.

AN INDEFATIGABLE WORKER

Since the beginning of the war the King's popularity has increased tenfold. When he ascended the throne in 1910 little was known of him, and indeed for some time after he was overshadowed by the memory of his father. But he soon showed the people that he was a ruler that could be trusted, and since the war no one in all England has worked harder for the nation than the King.

"The barest recital of a fraction of what he has accomplished, accompanied often by Her Majesty, makes one marvel at the endurance and high sense of duty which could accomplish this and much more. His Majesty has carried out well over 200 inspections, reviewing in doing so over 2,000,000 troops; no division has left these shores for any of our seven fronts without either being inspected by the King or, if circumstances rendered that impossible, hearing a farewell message from him; he has visited with his sympathetic smile and

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Queen Mary of England

She was formerly known as the Princess May of Teck. Because of her many charities she is well liked throughout the kingdom.

kindly word the wounded in more than 300 hospitals; he has gone through 150 munition-factories, charming all, men, women, and girls, with his *bonhomie*, and has pre-

sented with his own hand more than 12,000 decorations won on the field of battle. Four separate visits have been paid to the Grand Fleet. . . .

"The King is probably one of the busiest men in the Empire, his work being in many unthought-of and unheard-of labors. For this Mr. Lloyd George vouched when he said, 'There is one man in England who is working as hard as the hardest-worked man in this country, and he is the sovereign of the realm.'"[1]

In his hours of ease the King likes to shoot. He is one of the best wing shots in the world, an expert navigator, an authority on men-o'-war, and domestic in his tastes. He hates classical music and likes sprightly melodies and he makes the collection of postage-stamps a hobby.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

This well-beloved Prince has been most democratically educated. He followed his father and went first to Osborn, then to Dartmouth for naval training, and later shipped as a middy on the *Hindustan*. At eighteen he went to Oxford, where he was extremely popular, as he is wherever he goes.

When his country entered the war he could not wait to join the Army. His commission had been given him, together with a lieutenancy in the Navy, on his eighteenth birthday, but Lord Kitchener was strongly opposed to his going to the front. He had his own way at last, however, and the letter of a private in the Coldstream Guards gives the general attitude toward him as a soldier: "I must tell you about the Prince, who is here with us. I can assure you he is as brave as a hero. Only last night he passed me when German shells were coming over. You can take it from me that he is not only the Prince of Wales, but a soldier and a man, and we are all proud of him. He is not very big, but he has got a bigger heart than a lot who are hanging back in Great Britain."

In the summer and autumn of 1919 the Prince of Wales visited Canada and the United States, thus repeating the famous experience of his grandfather, Edward VII, who, in his youth, came to America as Prince of Wales; and his unaffected simplicity won him a host of friends.

[1] *The Literary Digest*, February 15, 1919.

VICTOR EMANUEL, DEMOCRATIC KING

His Severe Training—"I Dedicate Myself to My Country"

VICTOR EMANUEL MARIA FERDINAND GENNARO was born at Naples, November 11, 1869, the son of Prince (later King) Humbert and the beautiful and adored Margherita of Savoy. It is said that one day when the royal baby was about a month old, Queen Margherita was met in one of the long corridors of the palace by a stalwart soldier, a Garibaldi veteran, who fell on his knees before her, kissing her hand and exclaiming, as the tears ran down his face, "Italy has a son!" The Queen, greatly moved, replied, proudly: "Italy has a son. Italy will have a good king!"

The little boy was a frail, delicate child. Few believed that he would grow up to a vigorous manhood, but his mother never lost heart and bent all her devotion and care, as well as expert and scientific advice, toward strengthening and developing him. The Queen surrounded her son with English nurses and governesses. He was taken from feminine hands, however, at twelve, and intrusted to the care of Colonel Osio, a fine soldier who had seen much active service, and who combined a passion for rigid discipline with an unfailing good humor that promptly won the admiration and affection of his pupil.

PREPARATION FOR KINGSHIP

Beginning at six in the morning, winter and summer, and lasting until bedtime, the

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Victor Emanuel of Italy

He has become a popular king and takes great interest in the affairs of his country. In the war he proved himself a brave soldier and a noble leader.

Prince's day was a long schedule of things to be learned. The range of subjects he studied is appalling and must have completely daunted any boy less gifted with intellectual curiosity. His tutors followed the principle that real education consists in knowing something about everything. Accordingly, he studied modern languages and Latin, all branches of mathematics, history, military sciences, chemistry, physics, philosophy, music, and painting. But his knowledge of these widely diverse subjects was far from superficial. As a Dante scholar alone he would have made a reputation; his water-colors show real talent; his collection of coins and medals is world-famous. Queen Victoria, who saw something of him on her periodical visits to the Continent, described him as "the most intelligent Prince in Europe," and an eminent Italian statesman and author, Prof. Ruggiero Bonghi, has declared that "no youth in Italy has been educated with greater care or more scrupulous diligence."

The Prince's physical equipment was superintended as thoroughly as his intellectual life. No matter how inclement the weather, the daily ride was never omitted. Once when the Prince had a severe cold and the day was bitter, a protest was made. Whereupon Colonel Osio demanded, fiercely, "And if there were a war to-morrow, would the Prince not mount his horse because he had a cold?" He was taught fencing and became expert with the foils; he was taken to Venice for the swimming, to the mountains for climbing and chamois-stalking; he became also a skilful fisherman.

A ROYAL WEDDING

At an exposition in Venice, Prince Victor Emanuel met the lovely and accomplished Elena of Montenegro, and promptly fell in love. Moreover, he determined to marry her, contrary to the laws that govern royal marriages, which stipulate that the couple concerned shall have nothing to say in the matter. There was some opposition on the grounds that Montenegro was not of sufficiently high rank among principalities, and that the unconventional, vigorous life the Princess had led had not fitted her for the important and exalted position of Queen of Italy. For Elena was accustomed to a boyish freedom, she was a skilful huntress, and could be seen daily galloping through the woods on her great horse. But the Prince was firm and declared that he would marry her or no one. Fortunately his father, King Humbert, sided with his son and said, "The House of Montenegro, like my own, is synonymous with Liberty." The wedding took place in Rome in 1896 and was announced by the flight of five-hundred pigeons to all parts of Italy.

The Prince and Princess took up their residence in Florence, where they were not greatly liked. The Prince was too simple in his tastes, too trenchant and frank in his speech, and the Princess's charming gentleness of manner was not thought exalted enough. It probably added nothing to her popularity that, with her tall, slim grace, her amber skin and dark eyes, she easily outshone the ladies that surrounded her. Her general culture—for she spoke several languages perfectly and played the violin beautifully—escaped them; they saw in her love for Russia and the Russians a formidable alliance, and they resented the fact that she had been a devotee of the Greek Church. However, the royal couple were completely wrapped up in each other and were happiest when they could go off on long yachting-trips or spend weeks hunting on Monte Cristo.

HE SUCCEEDS AN UNPOPULAR FATHER

At the close of the nineteenth century Italy was in a critical condition, and it is thought by some that the revolver-shot of Bresci saved the country from a revolution Although the people were passionately devoted to Queen Margherita, King Humbert throughout his long reign of twenty-two years was never regarded with popular affection. He was punctilious in his performance of the tasks that duty laid upon him, but he preserved an aloofness to the every-day life and needs of the people which was, naturally enough, resented. But when the third attempt on his life, at Monza on July 29, 1900, succeeded, there was a reaction in favor of the dynasty.

Victor Emanuel III made his first speech as King in the Senate Hall at Rome, setting forth his conception of the aims and ideals of Italy in words that sent an electric thrill throughout the whole Peninsula. "I dedicate myself," he said, "to my country with all the warmth, all the vigor within me, all the strength derived from the examples and traditions of my House. We need the concord of all good men to develop our intellectual forces and our economic energies. Let Italy have faith in me as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human force shall destroy that which, with such self-sacrifice, our fathers have builded."

To the amazement of his Ministers he demanded that all their projects must be submitted to him before their discussion in the Council. He made surprise visits all over the country, inspecting schools, barracks, hospitals, unannounced. Within a few years after his accession he had won the trust and love of his people, for they saw that his every thought was for their well-being. His Queen, too, became more and more understood, and, especially since the coming of their family of four children, she, too, has gained a real and sincere popular affection.

Italy's King in temper is liberal. He has realized the modern idea of kingship and has long been in sympathy with the Socialist idea of government. During the war he proved himself a brave soldier and a noble leader of his people, sharing their hardships as well as their triumphs.

KING PETER OF SERBIA

Fighter and Fugitive—A Carousing King—A Royal Library

AMONG the remnants of a shattered army in Eastern Europe appeared one day an old man, hobbling along on a stick. Old, ill, and infirm, he would in medieval times have been accounted one of the "useless mouths" that beleaguered and starving cities thrust outside their walls to perish. An unlikely savior he must have seemed to those disheartened and war-worn soldiers. But a miracle occurred. The old man burst into a torrent of eloquence, dropped his stick, seized a rifle, and fired it at the enemy. The troops responded, rallied, attacked—and in twelve days there was not an Austrian on Serbian soil.

That is a heroic picture of King Peter of Serbia during the early days of the war. Later we see him fleeing, an outcast, wandering, homeless king. But there is another picture, painted and perhaps touched up with intensive care by his enemies. He is no hero to them, and, considering his ancestry and environment, he may easily combine primitive virtues and modern vices.

Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. And, at any rate, the portrait of Peter when he achieved the throne, after the usual preliminary assassinations, hardly serves as a model for royalty, although it is oddly picturesque. There are, to begin with, the nose, made fiery, we read, by incessant potations, and the bleary eyes, lighting only at the prospect of fresh dissipation. The bristles crowning the cranium are snow-white, and the mouth drools when he talks. His aspect, when he walks on his crooked legs, is that of trousers fluttering on a clothesline in a breeze!

Lurid tales of dissipation are told of the Serbian monarch. Bars are established on every floor of the palace to satisfy the regal flowering of a taste for drink that was pursued under disheartening circumstances during his previous abode in a hall room in Geneva. Outside that little room stood rows of empty bottles—champagne on rare occasions, beer for every-day enjoyment. There he waited many years before he came to the throne. Some of his relatives have literally "waited" in restaurants and served in the army until their branch of the family got in. For the House of Karageorgevitch, though only three generations old, is old enough to be divided against itself.

SWINEHERD AND ROYALTY

Peter the First was born in 1844. He served with distinction in the Franco-Prussian War under Bourbaki, and was three times captured. In August, 1883, he married Princess Zorka, eldest daughter of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, and had by her three children, two boys and a girl. Zorka's sister Militza married the Grand-Duke Peter Nikolaievitch; her sister Anastasia the Grand-Duke Nicholas Nikolaievitch; and her sister Helena became the consort of Victor Emanuel III. Yet Peter's great-grandfather is said to have been a swineherd, born near Belgrade. This same ancestor killed a Turk, ran away from home, became a brigand chief in one of the Hapsburg dominions, and finally led an insurrection against the Ottomans.

The descendant of this versatile creator of the dynasty, having eaten and drunk and made merry—for, old as he is, he can do all the native dances with spirit on those fantastic legs of his—among other things achieved a royal library. The library was typical. Among the thirty thousand volumes were a very few old books, one dated 1528. Then came a heterogeneous collection ending in modern novels by Edna Lyall and the *Old, Old Story* by Rosa Nouchette Carey. But the cream of the collection were the "royalty" numbers of obscure provincial magazines and papers, publications with small circulations that made up for their financial limitations to some extent by humbly dedicating these special copies to King Peter—and reaping a prompt reward.

Peter also had a passion for brass bands and kept his own Guard band working overtime learning new pieces. Military marches innumerable were dedicated to him, sometimes with his face and the Serbian flag on the title-page. In any case the composer was sure to be received with open arms and given a drink.

Peter is no snob. The humblest waiter can be his bosom friend and he is never unapproachable. Perhaps he keeps in mind that little room in which he lived; at any rate, he keeps it in actual possession, for he has never given it up. Through all the glamour of palace life and all his dissipation he has kept his hold on that early refuge. Was it sentiment—or prudence?

Owing to continued ill health, King Peter delegated full royal authority to his son Alexander for the purposes of government.

ROYAL RUMANIANS

Ferdinand and Queen Marie—A Hohenzollern Fights the Hohenzollerns

KING FERDINAND of Rumania and his Queen, Marie, began their reign at a tragic period in their country's history. Ferdinand was of the House of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, a nephew of King Charles I of Rumania, who died October 10, 1914. Born in Prussia on August 24, 1865, Ferdinand, the second son of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, was heir presumptive to the Rumanian throne from 1888. On his accession he seized every occasion to familiarize himself with his new people. A soldier in spirit and an accomplished sportsman, he quickly learned to know every road in his kingdom. He interested himself in the development of national art and in the building of libraries, hospitals, and theaters. He also established the Boy Scouts in his country. His most popular acts were agrarian and political reforms.

When Rumania cast in her lot with the Allies, this decision was doubtless due in part to the influence of the Queen, formerly Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, an English princess, the daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and granddaughter of Queen Victoria. When Rumania finally entered the war in September, 1916, Ferdinand led the troops in person during the brief, disastrous campaign when Rumania fell a swift victim before the brilliant strokes of Generals Falkenhayn and Mackensen.

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King Ferdinand of Rumania

He succeeded to the throne at the death of his uncle, Charles I, on October 10, 1914. In the brief campaign against Generals von Falkenhayn and von Mackensen, he led the troops in person.

THE QUEEN AS A NURSE

The defeat of the Rumanian army had caused the removal of the capital to Jassy, a quaint old city near the Russian border. There, in the latter years of the war, Queen Marie carried on her activities in hospital work and in many other ways; for the Queen seems not only to have supervised the country in general, but on one occasion at least she visited the first-line trenches. A correspondent, William T. Ellis, describes her as follows: "The Queen of Rumania is a woman of remarkable beauty, gifted alike in feature and texture of skin, the whole played upon by the glow of a charming graciousness of manner and spirit. No picture is adequate to portray the unique quality of her loveliness. When she speaks, it is not only with her lips, but also with the swift play of her countenance, the flash of her eyes, the motions of her head and body, and the gestures of her hands. . . . Queen Marie is the mother of a son of twenty-three years, but she is only forty-two years old, having been married at seventeen.

"Three sides of her Majesty's nature were shown that first evening: the literary woman keenly interested in the craft of writing and in the public to whom it ministers; the Queen, with a regal part to play in her nation's most tragic hour, and with the spirit of one who said, 'My people,' in a tone of tenderness and responsibility; and the mother, with a good-night kiss for her son and a passionate interest in her children. While we talked, the fourteen-year-old Prince Nicholas appeared in his Boy Scout uniform to bid his mother good night and farewell. A fine, upstanding youngster, avowedly eager to go to America, as other Boy Scouts of Rumania hope to do, for the duration of the war, he was in his mother's arms for a loving embrace as they separated for a week. Later in the evening I was presented to Princess Elizabeth, the artist and eldest daughter, who is also at the head of a war-work for children. Subsequently I met his Majesty, the Crown-Prince Carol, and Princesses Marie and Ileana."[1]

On another occasion he saw the Queen in the uniform of a nursing sister, wearing the white-enameled Cross of Marie hung around her neck by an orange ribbon, going up and down the long line of hospital cots and giving individual attention to each of the men. Later, on that same day, came a visit with the Queen to a little town near by, with a shrapnel accompaniment directed at an enemy machine high up in the air; and, after that, dinner. "Conversation at that meal was entirely in English, most of those present understanding that tongue. It touched lightly upon many subjects, the one seriously discussed theme being American writers and books in general. Her Majesty grew enthusiastic over Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc*, and spoke with special appreciation also of Bret Harte and O. Henry. She had questions to ask about who is who in American literature, her acquaintance with our contemporary writers being only fragmentary."[2]

[1] *The Century Magazine* for July, 1918. [2] *Ibid.*

WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

Walking the Tight-rope of Neutrality—A Will of Her Own

TO be a queen at all would seem an unenviable lot; but during the World War to be a ruler of a little neutral country like Holland, with the barbed wires of one belligerent on her border, and with the cruisers of another belligerent along her coast, with her overseas trade vanishing, with the full strength of her army mobilized, with hungry, homeless refugees filling her towns, with spies everywhere—that indeed were a hard task for any man. It was accomplished by the only woman at the head of a government in Europe.

Between the devil and the deep sea was Wilhelmina for four years. But she steered her craft with care and with vision, and

Queen Marie of Rumania

This granddaughter of Queen Victoria, formerly Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, is considered one of the most beautiful queens in the world. When Rumania was badly defeated in 1916, the Queen carried on her activities in the hospitals and in the field, undaunted.

she has brought it safely into harbor. Once she was on the verge of war with the Allies; once conflict with Germany was close, but still she kept Holland neutral. The Netherlands would have been a prize to either side; for Germany it would have meant more coast and submarine bases, and for the Allies a spot from which to menace the frontiers of the enemy. So both were at Wilhelmina's heels, threatening her, dangling bait, and watching out for any violation of neutrality. Now it was England who complained that contraband was being smuggled from Holland; now it was Germany who came forward with a grievance. But Wilhelmina was always ready for them. She had these complaints carefully investigated; she had her officers and agents on the lookout for any hostile or illegal act.

Her troubles were increased by her royal consort, a German prince of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. With careless disregard of his position, he helped some of his old German friends out of Holland across the border. Immediately the Allies complained of this violation of neutrality. Even the Dutch general protested to Wilhelmina: "Madam, you will please see that your husband is kept away from the zone where my troops are mobilized. If he is allowed to go there again, I shall have to tender my resignation. Such incidents as the last will ruin the discipline of the Holland army." [1]

Wilhelmina did not hesitate. Her husband was her husband, but he was only the royal consort; she was Queen of Holland. He was forbidden certain parts of his wife's country, and his comings and goings were carefully watched to avoid further difficulties.

"NO FIGUREHEAD IS THIS QUEEN"

"No dazzling creature of operetta who marries the tenor. Rather, Wilhelmina is very much business. Picture an ordinary little woman (she is anything but stately), a woman who by no stretch of the imagination could be called beautiful, just a plain, capable-looking, Holland *bourgeoise* of the double-chin type, plainly dressed, wearing extremely virtuous-looking shoes, a prim suit that has 'Made in Holland' written all over it—and you have her Majesty the Queen.

"One moment, please: Should you get close enough—and it is quite easy, for she goes about with no ceremony, frequently escorted only by her little daughter, Princess Juliana—should you get close enough to study her face, it is at once evident that she is an extremely capable woman. Thoughtful, almost sad eyes, quite wide apart, a forehead that indicates brain power, ears a bit sentimental yet secretive, an extremely determined chin—in such ways does Queen Wilhelmina impress one." [1]

It is not beauty nor charm of personality that binds the Dutch people so closely to their queen. Yet their affection and devotion are real and strong. From that glad day, August 31, 1880, when she was born, the longed-for heir to the throne, through her childhood to the time when at eighteen she became queen, through her marriage in 1901, and the wonderful day when her daughter, the Princess Juliana, was born, through the hard and trying times of the war, their loyalty and love for her have increased.

Her childish pranks and caprices endeared her the more to them. When she was still a little girl she showed the tendencies of her family—the strong will of the House of Orange, descended from the great William the Silent. She wanted to walk her own path. Her aged father always gave in to her, but her mother believed in training and discipline.

"I am naughty," Wilhelmina would say. "Mamma says so with her eyes." [2]

There is one story that is known to every child in Holland. Wilhelmina was not allowed to speak after she was in bed at night. But one evening she felt talkative and she addressed her English governess.

"Good night, dear."

No answer.

"Good night, Miss Winter."

No answer.

"Good night, pig!" [3]

This same Miss Winter was puzzled as

[1] "The Strong Woman of Europe." By Sigmund Henschen in *The Forum*, June, 1917.

[1] *Ibid.*

[2] *Kings and Queens I Have Known.* By Elena Vacarescu.

[3] "Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands." By one of her subjects. *Pall Mall Magazine*, Vol. 23.

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Queen Wilhelmina of Holland

She and her subjects did much to alleviate the sufferings of all who sought and found safety in Holland during the war.

to what to call her young Queen-charge. "Your Majesty" was too formal, and "Wilhelmina" seemed a bit familiar.

Her Majesty herself solved the problem. "Call me darling," she said; "I hope to deserve the name."

The people of Holland know their queen. They know that she is strictly business-like, that she is not afraid of hard work, that she would endure and has endured discomfort and hardship for them. They have a queen of energy, of common sense, of determination, a queen whom, above all, they can trust.

"I intend to carry always in my heart," she has said, "the words of my beloved father, who said that the House of Orange can never, no, never, do enough for the Netherlands."[1]

[1] "The Strong Woman of Europe." By Sigmund Henschen in *The Forum*, June, 1917.

BENEDICT XV, PREACHER OF PEACE

The Neutral Papacy—*Campione della Chiesa*—"I Wish to Become a Priest"

"EVIL days are those in which my lot is cast," said Pius X, shortly before his death;[1] and Giacomo della Chiesa, who as Benedict XV succeeded him, might well have echoed the words. For it was hardly a month after the beginning of the World War that he became Pope. His faithful were at one another's throats—Austria, a great Catholic country, on one side; France and Belgium on the other; Italy soon joined the Allies; in Germany, in England, in Ireland, in neutral Spain, in ravished Poland, in the United States, were scattered the people of his Church. His position was indeed a hard one.

"From the beginning of our pontificate," he said, in his peace note of August, 1917, "in the midst of the horrors of the awful war let loose on Europe, we have had of all things three in mind: to maintain perfect impartiality toward all the belligerents, as becomes him who is the common father and loves all his children with equal affection; continually to endeavor to do them all as much good as possible without exception of person, without distinction of nationality or religion, as is dictated to us by the universal law of charity as well as by the supreme spiritual charge with which we have been intrusted by Christ; finally, as also required by our mission of peace, to omit nothing as far as it lay in our power that could contribute to expedite the end of these calamities by endeavoring to bring the people and their rulers to more moderate resolutions, to the serene deliberation of peace, of a just and lasting peace."

Consistently Benedict XV followed out his purpose. He was neutral to such an extent that in some countries his prestige has suffered. He worked for peace, sending appeals to all the warring nations, and bringing forward peace proposals on the basis of mutual concessions and mutual restitutions. He tried to soften the sufferings of the victims of war—the starving children and the aged prisoners of war. He maintained himself as the spiritual head of the Catholic Church, above party, above politics, above country, above nations, for Benedict XV is a diplomat and a statesman, as well as a priest, a scholar, and a humanitarian.

He was born in Genoa, in 1854, of an old and aristocratic family, who got their name from a captain who defended the Church against Arianism in the Middle Ages, one of the "Champions of the Church," or, as they were called in Italian, "*Campioni della Chiesa.*"

When he was yet young Giacomo della Chiesa showed a great interest in study, so great that his mother became worried and, it is said, insisted on his digging in the garden. His family intended him for the law, but when he was seventeen years old he said to his father, "I wish to become a priest."

His father jestingly answered: "Well, my

[1] *The Independent*, September 14, 1914.

son, study law first. When you have graduated we can speak of theology."

The boy made no further mention of his wish until he had finished his law course at the University of Genoa, then he spoke to his father again: "Here is my diploma.

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Swiss Guards in the Pope's Palace

When their demands, presented in a memorial, were rejected, they went on strike and caused a siege in the palace—an example of modernism in an ancient setting.

As you see, I have graduated with honors. I am now going to enter the priesthood."[1]

STEPS TO THE PAPACY

In 1878 he was admitted to the priesthood, and very soon after became secretary to Mariano Rampolla. It was under this great and influential man, who later became Cardinal and Leo XIII's Secretary of State, that della Chiesa served his apprenticeship. He followed his master to Madrid, then back again to Rome, until at last, after several promotions, he filled the position of Assistant Secretary.

For four years after the accession of Pius X he held his place in the secretariate; in 1907 he was made Archbishop of Bologna. But, though the see of Bologna usually carried with it a cardinalate, he did not become cardinal until May, 1914. He is the only man who has been elected to the papacy after being cardinal for so short a time as three months. His election came as a surprise to the world, but it is said it was an even greater surprise to him.

Shrewd, firm of purpose, modest, reserved, with a large amount of *savoir faire*, an absence of show or ambition, a dislike of display, so Benedict XV has been described. A certain magnetism of personality is his, though "his outward appearance is neither majestic nor attractive." In fact, he is rather short in stature. Immediately upon his election a tailor had to be called to make smaller the smallest of the three robes which are kept in readiness for the chosen Pope.

"He has an ascetic pale face . . . and a slightly limping, though distinguished gait. When asked, 'How do the affairs of the Holy See go on?' he used to reply, 'Well, more or less like myself.' But his firm mouth, square forehead, keen eyes, which miss nothing and read deep, his aristocratic, charming manners, and melodious voice, make him a striking figure which commands notice and respect." [1]

"During two miserable years," said the Pope during one interview, "we have prayed for guidance and we have sought diligently a way in which we could show our love for our people and help them practically. On all sides we have been besieged with requests for action—impossible requests for the most part, because all these people are our people. . . . Our children are murdering one another.

"And further, we thank you that you have presented to us a practical plan of service, a plan in which there is no politics, only love."

[1] Robert Garland. *The Outlook*, November 25, 1914.

[1] "Benedict XV." Giovanni Pioli, *Contemporary Review*, October, 1914.